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April 29.
1694.

THE ART OF *Knowing One-ſelf:*

OR,

An *ENQUIRY* into

THE

Sources of MORALITY.

Written Originally in *French*,
By the Reverend Dr. ABBADIE.

In Two PARTS.

The Second Edition.

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TO

MY MUCH

Esteemed Friend,

Mr. HENRY LEVET.

I SHALL not excuse my Adventure, by extolling this Author's Worth, lest I should seem both Unjust, and Impertinent: For should I go to enumerate his Praises, I might fail of rendering him all that is his Due; and to repeat his Fame, whom the World sufficiently knows, and this very Work not a little commends, would be foolishly Vain and Impertinent.

I hope, by my pouring his fragrant Essences, into a new Vessel,

Veſſel, they are better expos'd to the Senſe of my Countrymen, and have not Loſt much of their genuine Odour: However I am pretty well aſſur'd, That the Majeſty of the Senſe, will ſhine thro' the Meanneſs of my Expreſſion; and that, ſo, whilſt it gathers new Praiſes to its Author, 'twill obtain, at leaſt, a Pardon for me.

'Tis not my Deſign, in preſenting you with a Treatiſe of this Kind, either to Inform your Mind, or Reform your Manners; ſince I doubt not, but you already underſtand the Rules for Knowing Your-ſelf, and carefully Tranſcribe 'em into Practice: I offer it to you as a Part of that Homage, which all Men Owe, and, thoſe that

that Know you, juſtly Pay to your real Merit; and particularly as a Token of Gratitude, to that Generous and Friendly Temper, which I always Admir'd, and frequently Experienc'd in you.

As you have hitherto, even in Proſperity, freely embrac'd an uſeful Knowledge of your Self, as related both to God, and the World, ſurely the Heavens will ſee no Reaſon to Frown upon you, with whom their Smiles have been ſo prevailing, and that they never may, is the hearty Prayer of,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble, and
Moſt Obedient Servant,

T. W.

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THE

The ART of KNOWING ONE-SELF: Or, An *Enquiry after the Sources* OF MORALITY.

MORAL Philoſophy, or the Knowledge of Manners, is the Art of regulating One's Heart by Vertue, and of rendering One-ſelf Happy by Living well.

This *Science*, which the Ancients call'd by the Name of Wiſdom, and which One of them boaſts of having brought down from Heaven, hath not always been Treated of, either in the ſame Method, or with the ſame Succeſs: For it ſeems to have taken the Tincture of the different Prejudices of Men, which every Time has produc'd, and of the divers States, thro' which their Mind hath paſſed.

Paganiſm, in general, had taken from it its Force, its Motives, and its Examples. 'Tis eaſy to conceive, That Men did not find

themſelves very much diſpo'sd to Live well, by the Motives of a *Religion*, which they lookt upon as a Collection of Ridiculous Dreams, and a prodigious Complication of Fictions, that were Incredible even to the groſſeſt of the Vulgar.

Juv. Sat. 2.
Eſſe aliquos manes, & ſubterranea regna,
Et contum, & ſtygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Atque una tranare vadum tot millia cymba,
Nec pueri credunt, niſi qui nondum ære lavantur.

The *Philoſophers*, who made Profeſſion of a more refin'd Doctrine, have nevertheleſs not made a much farther Progreſs in this reſpect: For ſome of them have not had any true Idea of the natural Dignity of Man, whom they took delight to confound with the Beaſts, that they might with an equal freedom plunge themſelves without ſcruple in the *Ocean* of Pleaſure: Others have waver'd on this account in perpetual Uncertainties, which permitted them not to eſtabliſh their ſpecious Precepts upon very certain Foundations.

Even the Morality of the *Stoicks*, the moſt pure and ſublime of all, as they themſelves imagin'd, hath not been without ſome Defect: *It could Elevate Man, but failed to Humble him.* One may ſay of all theſe *Philoſophers*, what was ſaid of One of them, who deſpis'd the Vanity of the Others with too much Oſtentation. They Trampled upon *Pride*, with a yet greater *Pride*. They acknowledg'd

ledg'd the Defects of Humane Nature, that they might lay hold of an Occasion to extol their own Wisdom that had freed 'em from them, and renouncing such a Life as other Men led, they dared prefer themselves before the Greatest of their *Gods*.

The Morality which springs from the *Old* and *New Testament* hath Characters altogether opposite to those we have just now remark'd: It hath certain Principles; it follows the Light of Truth; it is supported by most powerful Motives, and most perfect Examples; it considers Man as coming from *GOD*, returning to *GOD*, and having no less than an Eternity in view: It lifts up Man abased by his Passions, vilified by Superstition, and degraded by the Infamy of his Applications; and which is admirable, it raises him in such a manner as not to puff him up with *Pride*, and humbles him so as to make him lose nothing of his proper Dignity: It divests him of his *Pride*, by communicating to him real Glory, and raises his Excellency in forming his Humility by this Divine Commerce of our Souls with *GOD*, which *Religion* acquainted us with, in which *GOD* descends quite to our lower Region, without losing any thing of His Grandeur, and we mount up to *GOD* without remitting any thing of that Abasement which we owe to his Presence.

This Science, which not only teaches us to Live well, but alſo to obtain an Eternity of *Happineſs* by Living well, is ſo Important a part of Religion, that *GOD* was not willing it ſhould be in our Power to pretend the Ignorance of it. And whereas we have no other means of attaining to the Knowledge of moſt things, but either by *Reaſon*, *Senſe* or *Faith*, He was willing that the Morality of His *Goſpel* ſhould be known after all theſe ways: Faith makes us embrace it, becauſe *Jeſus Chriſt* and the Apoſtles have taught and practis'd it; the inward Senſe of *Conſcience* makes us approve of it, becauſe it ſatisfies, raiſes and comforts us: Reaſon at laſt gives its Suffrage unto it, becauſe it contains nothing but what is Comformable to the Maxims of good Senſe, whether in the Principles whereupon it is eſtabliſhed, or in the Rules which it preſcribes unto us.

GOD goes almoſt the ſame way to Work, when the *Soul* is to be Nouriſhed, as he doth when the Nouriſhment of the *Body* is performed. He doth not only give us a Faculty of Reaſoning, to provide for the Subſiſtence of the latter: For altho' this Rational Faculty be neceſſary, yet 'tis not ſufficient to determine us to take the Aliments, that are deſign'd for our Preſervation, in ſuch a Regularity as is requiſite to make them produce their Effect. He thought good to add the Faculty of *Senſe*, whereby we perceive theſe Ali-

Aliments to be agreeable; and the *Faith* we have in thoſe who fed us with 'em before we were capable of making an Enquiry into 'em our ſelves. For the *Author* of Nature, who knew how inconvenient it was to ſend Men to Eat and Drink, ſo as that they ſhould have known by Reaſoning how the Aliments are changed into Chyle, the Chyle into Blood, the Blood into Fleſh, Bone, *&c.* And how the Effluxes and Waſtings of Corporeal Nature, which are cauſed by Tranſpiration, are repair'd by Nouriſhment, thought fit to engage Men to take their Food by a more Compendious way, which is that of *Senſe;* whereunto may be added the *Faith* they have in their Parents the Imitation of whom, is to them a Natural Reaſon, which ſaves them the Diſcuſſion, and particular Enquiry.

It may likewiſe be ſaid, That were it neceſſary for Man to know, by Reaſon, the Immortality of his Soul, his End, and his Duties, which are the moſt general Principles of Morality, in order to capacitate himſelf for the Performance of the Duties it enjoins, 'twould be requiſite he ſhould be a *Philoſopher* before he can be an honeſt Man. *GOD*, who is the Author of *Religion*, as well as of *Nature*, hath therefore abridg'd and ſhorten'd our way in this reſpect, by Exhibiting to us, thro' *Faith*, the Principal Truths of Morality, and by giving us a Taſt of them thro'

Channel of *Senſe*: For the Faith we have in *Jeſus Chriſt* tells us, that we ought to be Conformable unto him in time, in order to partake of his Glory in Eternity; and *Conſcience* makes us perceive, in the Piety which it preſcribes unto us, an agreeable Feeling, and a Divine Taſt, which engages us to practice it.

But as *Reaſon* is not uſeleſs to the Conſervation of the Body in *Nature*, neither is it ſo to the Sanctification of the Soul in *Religion*; it ſupports *Faith*, and confirms *Senſe*.

They who deſire to know Morality by *Faith*, need but read the Goſpel: They who deſire to know it by inward *Senſe*, need but ſearch for it in their own Hearts, with the help of *Revelation*, which GOD directs them unto; and the Conjunction of theſe Two Methods will not fail to furniſh them with all the Principles of the Science of Living well.

But 'tis to be hop'd, That no One will blame our Deſign in this Writing, of Conducting Men by Reaſon, as far as it ſhall be poſſible towards that End, whereunto Religion conducts us by Faith, and Conſcience leads us by Senſe. Reaſon, as well as Faith and Conſcience, is a Gift which GOD hath beſtow'd upon us: Its Lights do aſſuredly proceed from the Father of Lights, the Author of every excellent Gift; and I know not what better uſe we can make of our Mind,

Mind, then by employing it in the Consideration of what is of greateſt Importance and Concernment to us.

This Study is none of the ſhorteſt, in order to the pure Learning of theſe Duties; but it is extreamly proper to nouriſh the Gratitude, which we ought to bear to the Author of our Being; to confirm the Faith we have in *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to remove from the Incredulous this haughty Prejudice, That our *Morality* is calculated only for ſuch Perſons as have not Wit enough to avoid Deception: And laſtly, To elevate our Mind and Heart, by ſhewing us the Ways of GOD, in the Inclinations of Men, and the Duties of Man in the the Ways of GOD.

We ſhall ſee, thro' this Meditation, the Divine Relations that are between Nature and the Goſpel; and that Reaſon leads us to the Confines of Religion. We ſhall learn, that Natural Light, when it is pure and exempted from Prejudices, doth of it ſelf conduct us to the moſt ſublime Duties of *Man*, and repreſent unto us his lofty Deſtinies, and the Glory of his Condition.

We ſhall endeavour to ſay Nothing but what relates to the Principles of our *Faith*, which we will evince to be the ſame with thoſe of Nature, as far as they concern the Knowledge of Manners; and if we be oblig'd at firſt to inſiſt upon abſtract Truths, we ſhall do this no farther than as they conduct

us to ſenſible Truths. In a word, We will ſearch not only after Truth, but alſo for Advantage and Profit in our Diſcoveries, remembring the Deſign of the *Science* which we treat of.

Indeed *Morality* being to our Soul the ſame that *Phyſick* is to our Body, and having for its End and Scope the curing us of our ſpiritual Maladies, it muſt apply it ſelf principally unto Two Things: Firſt, to know the Evil, and afterwards to ſearch for Remedies that may effect the Cure. Theſe two Deſigns do divide Morality, but they are too vaſt, and would lead us too far, wherefore we confine our ſelves to the former, waiting till *Providence* put us in a way to handle the other.

We do here ſearch for the Knowledge of Man, but not as *Phyſick*, *Anatomy*, *Metaphyſick*, *Logick*, *Medicine*, which conſider him as a Corporeal Being, or ſimply as a Spiritual Subſtance, as an Animal, or as a reaſonable Animal. We ſhall conſider him only as a Creature capable of Vertue and Happineſs, and which finds it ſelf in a State of Corruption and Miſery. Not but this reſpect under which Morality obliges us to conſider our ſelves, engages us to borrow from ſome of theſe other *Sciences*, certain Principles, which we ſhall take from what is moſt evident in them. For in order to have a perfect Knowledge of the Corruption and Miſery of

of Man, 'tis neceſſarily requiſite we ſhould have ſome Knowledge of his Nature, his End and his Excellence. But if what we have to ſay on this ſubject, ſeem in ſome places ſomewhat Abſtract, above the ordinary Capacity of Men, it ought to be remember'd, that we treat of the Sources of *Morality;* and if it be perceived that we do not always accomodate our ſelves to vulgar Opinions, it muſt be conſider'd, that this is not a fit place for reſpecting Prejudices, ſince we write meerly to diſentangle the Confuſion of our *Idea's*, and to juſtify by Reaſon that which we perceive by Senſe.

This Work muſt therefore be divided into Two Parts. In the Firſt, We will ſhew what Man is, to what is Obliged, and for what he is Able; that is to ſay, We will treat of his Nature, his Perfections, his End, his Duties and natural Obligations, his Strength, Motives and Objects, that may principally determine him in his Actions.

In the Second, We ſhall treat of his Irregularities in general and particular, we ſhall ſearch for the Original of his *Corruption*, we ſhall conſider the Rivulets flowing thence, we ſhall view the Force of his Applications, the Extent of his Paſſions, the Principle of his Vices, and all along we ſhall ſhew the Rule, in order to make known the Irregularities; and we will

juſtify the Greatneſs of our Fall, by ſhewing the Degree of our Riſe and Elevation.

May GOD, who is the Maſter of Minds, purify mine by his *Grace*, to the end, That I may ſay nothing but what refers to his Glory, and is conformable to the Holy and Eternal Truths of his Goſpel. *Amen.*

The

The First Part.

Wherein we Treat of the *Nature* of Man, of his *End*, his *Perfections*, his *Duties*, and his *Strength*.

CHAP. I.

Wherein we give a General Idea of the Vileneſs and Miſery of Man, which are the Firſt of his Qualities that occur to our Mind.

IT is certain, That Man ſeems to be a very inconſiderable Being, when we judge of him thro' the Prejudices of the Senſes: We are not far from finding him uncapable of Vertue, when we conſider his *Vileneſs;* and uncapable of Happineſs, when we reflect upon his *Miſery*.

The Smallneſs of his Body is the firſt that occurs to the Eyes; the Scripture denotes it, by telling us, *That Man has his Foundation in the Duſt, That he dwelleth in a Tabernacle of Clay*, and *That he is conſumed at the meeting of a Worm*: And Nature

moreover ſo clearly repreſents it to our Underſtanding, that 'tis impoſſible for our Pride to conteſt or diſpute it. 'Tis true, That as we are accuſtom'd to meaſure every thing with Relation to Our Selves, we uſe to look upon our ſelves as the Center of Perfection, and to think the Bodies that ſurround us, either too great, or too little, according as they are more or leſs proportion'd to the Bulk of our own: But you need but only change your State, and view things with other Eyes than your own; or conſider them in a ſenſe of Oppoſition, in order to diſabuſe your ſelf on this account. Go up a Mountain, and tell how big thoſe Men appear who ſtand in the Vallies beneath. Suppoſe the *Heavenly Bodies* were Animated with ſuch a Mind as yours, and that they had Eyes to look upon you; pray what would your Body ſeem to them: Or compare the Dimenſions of this Body to theſe vaſt *Spheres*, wherewith you are environ'd, with theſe moveable and luminous Worlds, which the Hand of the *Creator* ſeems to have planted round about you, to convince you more throughly of the Smallneſs of this Tabernacle of Fleſh which you inhabit. The Infirmity of Man is proportion'd to his Smallneſs, and his Meanneſs to his Infirmity; and the one, and the other, was in the Mind of the *Prophet*, when he cry'd out, ſpeaking to GOD, *Wilt thou ſhew thy Strength againſt a Leaf which*

the

the Wind carries away: Or, in the Mind of the *Pſalmiſt*, when he ſaid, by a kind of Hyperbole, fraught with Senſe and Truth, *That if Man ſhould be weighed with Nothing, we ſhould find that Nothing would turn the Scale.*

We may indeed ſay, That *Nothing* does encompaſs Man on every ſide: By the Time paſt he is no more, by the future he does not yet Exiſt, by the preſent he partly is, and partly is not. In vain does he endeavour to fix the paſt by Memory, and to anticipate the future by Hope, that he may ſtretch the preſent to a greater length. He's a Flower that ſprings in the Morning, ſpreads at Noon, and withers in the Evening. *Man*, conſider'd in his various States, is a Creature conſtantly Miſerable; Who, as an *Ancient* very well ſays, 'Meets with Sin in his 'Conception, Labour in his Birth, Pain in 'in his Life, and Deſpair of an inevitable 'Neceſſity in his Death.

All his Ages bring him ſome Infirmity, or ſome particular Miſery: Infancy is meerly an Oblivion and Ignorance of One-ſelf; Youth a durable Paſſion, a long Madneſs; and Old Age nothing but a Death, languiſhing under the Appearances of Life, with ſo great a Troop of Infirmities is it attended.

There are few things round about him but what do put him in Mind of his End, he diſ-

diſcovers the Principles of his Death, which he dreads above all things, both in the Air which he breaths, in the Aliments which he receives, and in the Sources of his Life, which conſumes and gnaws away its own Bowels: And ſuch is his Fate, that after having ſhun'd the greateſt Dangers, Fires, Shipwracks, and Diſeaſes, he at laſt finds all theſe pretended Deliverances terminated by *Death*. His Body is the Center of Infirmities, his Mind is fill'd with Errors, and his Heart with irregular Affections: He ſuffers both by the Conſideration of what is paſt, which is Irrevocable; and of the future, which is Inevitable. In vain does he deſire to ſtay himſelf a while, that he may have leiſure to Taſt ſome Pleaſures which preſent themſelves in his Way: Time is like a *Whirl-pool*, which carries him away, inexorable to his Regrets and Complaints. When we are alone we cannot endure the View of our ſelves, and of the Neceſſity that is impoſed upon the Pleaſures of the World, of paſſing away in a Moment. United with others in Society, we do but multiply our Selves, as I may ſo ſay, into other *ſelves*, in order to a greater Participation of the common Miſery of Mankind.

'Tis a very grievous thing to a Creature that loves it ſelf ſo well, to behold it ſelf continually Dying, and to perceive *Life* no more than proportionably as it loſeth it. Infancy

fancy is Dead to make way for Youth, Youth for Ripeneſs of Years, Ripeneſs of Years for Advanc'd Age; and this latter for extream Old Age: We are Dead in reſpect of thoſe many well-belov'd Perſons whom we have loſt, and in reſpect of many Pleaſures and Advantages, which following the Fate of the World, are conſum'd away by their own proper Uſe, no Relick thereof remaining unto us, but only a ſlight Remembrance, which is uncapable of yielding us any Satisfaction, and is very proper to vex and torment us.

Suppoſe the Life of *Man* were very long and durable, yet the appendant Happineſs of it would be inconſiderable; and were the Felicity, which we meet with here in theſe lower Regions, as full as it is Defective, yet 'twould be very inſignificant, ſeeing it muſt be cut off at laſt by the fatal Sword of *Death*. What then will this be, when we are convinced of the Deceitfulneſs of theſe Advantages, and of the ſhortneſs of Life, which is ſuch, that to ſpeak the down-right Truth, 'Tis hardly long enough to give us time to regulate our Affairs, to take leave of one another, and in a fit manner to make our Will?

Man, who is naturally convinc'd, of theſe Truths, enquires after Means of ſolacing himſelf at theſe Calamities, to which the Quality of *Man* expoſes him; therefore he avoids the Repreſentation of himſelf, to his own View, and the putting himſelf forward under

under this Quality. He would fain be look'd upon only as a *Being* inveſted with certain external Advantages, which make the difference of Conditions, and the diſtinction of Perſons: But if there be ſo much Dignity in *Man*, as Religion repreſents to us, there would be a Thouſand times greater Grounds for Valuing himſelf upon the Qualities which we have in common, than upon thoſe which characteriſe and diſtinguiſh us. And if, on the contrary, the Poſſeſſion of theſe external Advantages were ſo Honourable as the *World* would make us believe, Man in himſelf muſt needs be a very trivial and inconſiderable Being; which we cannot think without betraying not only the Honour of our Nature, but alſo the Sentiments of our Vanity.

Methinks we may give this Definition of the *Worldling*, who to cure or comfort himſelf at his Poverty and natural Miſery, loves to cloath himſelf with Imaginary Goods: *A Phantome that walks among ſuch things as have only an Appearance.* I call a Phantome, not the *Man of Nature*, compounded of a Body and Soul, which GOD hath framed, but the *Man of Concupiſcence*, compounded of the Dreams and Fictions of Self-love. I call the Things which have only an Appearance (and this after the Pſalmiſt) the Advantages which the World ſeeketh after with ſo great Paſſion and Ardour, theſe great

great Vacuities taken up with our own Vanity, or rather theſe great *Nothings*, which occupy ſo great a ſpace in our extravagant Imagination.

When we endeavour to Annihilate and Deſtroy this *Phantome* of Pride and Concupiſcence, which we diſcover'd in Man, 'tis not our Deſign to ſubſcribe to the Eternal Arreſt of our Miſery and Vileneſs.

Let us make a deep Search into theſe Appearances, which ſeem'd at firſt ſo ſad and diſmal, and we ſhall find ſome Reaſon to comfort our ſelves: but in order to diſcover that which we deſire, we muſt ſearch for Man in *Man*, and not in theſe external Differences which Concupiſcence ſeeketh after with ſuch a paſſionate Deſire: For it is not the deſign of GOD to raiſe one Man, or a certain Order of Men, to a proper and particular *Happineſs*. Concupiſcence deceives in the very firſt Step it makes you take in your Search of the Supream *Good*. You enquire after a particular Happineſs, a diſtinguiſhed Glory, ſo much the worſe for you if you chance to find it, ſince the true Good whereunto you ought to Aſpire, is a common Felicity which ſhould be participated by an Infinity of Creatures, that ought to make up the Family of GOD.

Having conſider'd the *Man of Concupiſcence*, who made himſelf, let us now conconſider the *Man of Nature*, who is the Work

Work of the Creatour, and to that end take a Survey of the Faculties of his Soul.

We ſhall not inſiſt upon the Faculty of *Imagination*, which, properly ſpeaking, is nothing but a Collection of weak *Senſations*, that do ſtill ſubſiſt in our Soul, by occaſion of the Traces which outward Objects left in our Brain: A Collection, I ſay, of Senſations, which the Soul diſpoſes and afterwards makes uſe of in the Perception of other Objects.

But we cannot ſufficiently admire this *Intellect* of Man, which rectifies the Senſes, corrects the Fancy, purifies and enlarges Bodily Perceptions, which unites together various Ideas in the Judgment it frames of Things, and various Judgments in Diſcourſe; which weighs, compares, examines, enquires, and by the Relation it finds between Things, makes the Dependance of *Arts*, *Sciences*, *Governments*, and produces all the Wonders of reaſonable Society.

Is it not a piece of Extravagance to ſay that this Intellect hath for its Principle a natural Motion, that it is nothing but a meer *Congeries* of Atomes, which agitated after a certain manner, obtain a new Situation? Does any Man clearly conceive that an *Atom* without going beyond the Confines of the Body, runs thro' the Earth and Heavens in a moment, that it goes every where without being moved, in a more noble and wonder-

derful manner than if it were mov'd? Can one Portion of Matter have the Knowledge of others, and afterward know it ſelf, Act upon it ſelf, reflect not only upon it ſelf, but alſo upon its manner of Acting, upon the Manner of this Manner, and upon the Reflection which it makes upon this manner in *Infinitum?* Can a parcel of *Atomes*, included in I know not what little Pipe, judge of the Model of the Univerſe, the Deſign of the World, and underſtand the Wiſdom of the Creatour? Is it a property of this Thinking Motion, not only to put theſe Atomes into Motion, but alſo to repreſent that of the Celeſtial Bodies, which are only in the order of poſſible Things? Have theſe Atoms, whoſe jumbling and claſhing is a Thought, this admirable Faculty of being able, as often as they meet and juſtle, to hit only the general Degree of *Being* or *Subſtance*, without hitting the Individual in this Motion, which Thought we term, *Preciſion.*

Did we ever hear of a Motion, properly ſo call'd, without a proper Tranſlation of one Body from another; like Thought, which goes from the Time paſt, which is no more, to the future, which is not yet come; and from that Nothing which preceded our Being, to that Annihilation which terminates the Hopes of the Incredulous.

The Mind of Man is not only above the Condition of Matter; but, which is Admirable,

rable, it hath a kind of Infinity in its Actions, for it flies from Object to Object, and multiplies them in *Infinitum*: 'Tis never wearied with Knowing, and altho' its Perfections be really limited, since it does not know all Things; yet certainly its Excellency is in some Sense unlimited, since it can know all Things successively.

As the *Mind* of Man is never wearied with Knowing, so his *Heart* is never wearied with Desiring, and such as is our Abyss of *Knowledge*, such is the Abyss of our *Desire*. This Ambitious *Prince*, whose Heart was greater than the *Universe*, of which he was Master, had not in the Bottom more vast and elevated Inclinations, than are hidden in the secret Dispositions of every One of us; and the Heart of an Heroe is not different from any other Man's. He that dwells in a Cottage wants nothing but Prosperity, and great Occasions, to inspire him with Wishes for new Worlds to Conquer.

When a Man is oppress with Poverty, a Supply of Things necessary is the utmost Term of his Wishes. After he has possession of those Things which Nature requires, he demands Things necessary to State and Quality, when he has arrived to that Pitch of Grandeur, he has obtain'd all that his Heart seems capable of Desiring: Yet still against the Dictates of Reason, he forms new Desires. Behold the Masters of the World, who

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after having been at a Height of Greatneſs above other Men, wiſh for the Condition of Beaſts; this they cannot but deſire, tho' they are never like to obtain it.

Such is the Excellency of Man, that it ſhews it ſelf even in his moſt ſhameful Irregularities: For I do not imagine, that this inſatiable Deſire of our Heart does originally ſpring from our *Corruption*. Men are to be blamed for applying themſelves with too great Earneſtneſs to the Reſearch of Worldly Goods, but they have good Reaſon for not placing their Contentment in finite Enjoyments, who are deſigned for the Poſſeſſion of the *Supream* Good.

It muſt needs fall out thus, For we ſee that in Nature every Thing is ſatisfy'd with thoſe Goods that are proper to its *ſpecies*. The Fiſh are contented with the Water they ſwim in, Birds are ſatisfy'd with flying in the Air, the Beaſts of the Field obtain the End of their Deſire, when they have met with ſuch Graſs as ſerves for their Nouriſhment: whence then does it come to paſs, that Man has ſo little ſatisfaction in Temporal Advantages, if theſe be all that fall to to his ſhare? Shall we believe that the Wiſdom of the Creatour is inconſiſtent with it ſelf preciſely in this? Has it not had a competent Knowledge, either of the Nature of Worldly Goods, as uncapable of yielding us Satisfaction, or of the Nature of our Heart,

Heart, as uncapable of being ſatisfy'd with 'em? Or rather, does it not proceed from this, that having known the Goods of the World, our Heart, and the natural Diſproportion between them both, GOD has fram'd things after this manner, becauſe he reſerv'd our Soul to himſelf, that he might fill it, ſatisfy it, and anſwer by his *Excellency* and infinite *Beatitude*, the infinite ſucceſſion of our Thoughts and Deſires: Or, if you will, the infinite Enquiries of a Mind, which ſearches for the Knowledge of all Things, becauſe 'tis deſign'd for the Knowledge of GOD; and the infinite Deſire of an Heart, which is not ſatisfy'd with the Poſſeſſion of any particular Good, becauſe it is deſign'd for the Poſſeſſion of the ſupream Good, which includes all the others.

The Nature, Perfections and End of Man, do make up what we call his *Natural Dignity*; but all this depends upon the Eternity of his Duration. We ſhould reap but little Profit from being Spiritual in our *Eſſence*, did not this Idea include that of Immortality: But 'twould be extravagant to imagine, that becauſe whatſoever is diſſolv'd periſhes, therefore what is uncapable of Diſſolution doth periſh alſo. What do I ſay? *Extention* is not loſt tho' it acquire other manners of Being, and the Body of Man after Death doth not ceaſe to be a Body by being turn'd into Aſhes, Fleſh, Clay, Worms,

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Vapour or Duſt. *Death*, in its proper Notion, is a Deſtruction of the Organs, or a Diſſolution. If therefore it does not annihilate the Body, whoſe parts it ſeparates one from another, how ſhall it annihilate this Mind, this Intelligence; which is neither Extenſion, nor Motion, nor Union of Parts, and evidently bears no relation or ſimilitude to any of thoſe things that are ſuſceptible of Diſſolution?

The Perfections of Man do alſo depend upon his *Immortality*. In vain ſhould we find a kind of Infinity in the Senſations of the Soul, diverſify'd in *Infinitum* according to the Diverſity of outward Things which occaſion them; in our Imagination, capable of aſſembling innumerable Images for giving us a repreſentation of Objects; in our Mind, which is never wearied with Knowing, and in our Heart, whoſe Deſires are boundleſs; if being made only for *Time*, and to endure but for the ſpace of ſome Years, we could have but a limited Number of Senſations, could exerciſe our Imagination but during a very ſhort time, could have but a ſucceſſion of Thoughts, proportion'd to the brevity of our *Life*, and at laſt poſſeſs but a tranſient and finite Happineſs. For no leſs than an infinite ſucceſſion of Duration, bears a proportion to this infinite ſucceſſion of Perceptions, Thoughts and Deſires, of which *Man* finds himſelf naturally capable.

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Let us then conclude, That 'tis in the *Immortal Man*, that we diſcover the Nature, the Perfections, and the End of *Man*, which make up his natural Dignity.

But as the Nature and Perfections of Man have given us a proſpect of his End, ſo his End informs us what are his Duties and natural Obligations, which we ſhall conſider in the following Chapter.

CHAP. II.

Where we endeavour to know Man, by conſidering the Nature and Extent of his Duties.

OUr Duties flow from Nature, and owe not their Birth to Education, as ſome Men imagine. To make out this we need but ſuppoſe Two Principles: The Firſt is, That we naturally love *Our ſelves*, being ſenſible of Pleaſure, hating Evil, deſiring Good, and taking care of our Preſervation. The Second is, That together with this Propenſity to love our ſelves, Nature hath given us a Faculty of Reaſon to conduct and guide us. We love our ſelves naturally; this is a ſenſible Truth: We are capable of Reaſon; this is a Truth of Fact. Nature inclines us

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to make uſe of our Reaſon for directing this *Love* of our ſelves, this moſt neceſſarily riſes from the Principles of this latter, it being impoſſible for us to love our ſelves really, without employing all our Lights to ſearch for what is agreeable to us.

Now from thence, that Nature orders us to ſearch for our own *Good*, it follows that Man cannot be ſaid, without an evident Contradiction, to be void of Duty and Law. We muſt grant an Eſſential Difference betwixt Moral Good and Evil, ſince the former conſiſts in obeying the Law of reaſonable Nature, the other in breaking it.

This natural Law in general, may be divided into Four others, which are its particular Species; the Law of *Temperance*, which obliges us to avoid Exceſſes and Debaucheries, that ruine our Body, and injure our Soul; the Law of *Juſtice*, which inclines us to render unto every Man his due, and do by others as we would they ſhould do by us; the Law of *Moderation*, which prohibites Revenge, knowing that we cannot do it but at our own Coſt, and that to reſpect in this caſe the Rights of God, is to take care of our ſelves; and laſtly the Law of *Beneficence*, which engages us to do Good to our Neighbour.

'Tis certain, that the *Immortality* of Man makes the Perfection and Extent of theſe Four kinds of Laws. He, who knows him-

ſelf under the Idea of an immortal *Being*, will not place his End in thoſe Pleaſures, which the Author of Nature affixes to that, which cauſes the Preſervation or Propagation of the Body. We ſhall not deſire to injure other Men, if we do not only fear a return of Juſtice in this *Life*; but if moreover we dread the doing to our ſelves, by that means, an eternal Prejudice. Whoſoever is buiſy'd as he ought, about his *Natural Dignity*, which undoubtedly raiſes him far above the Abuſes he can poſſibly receive, will be ſo far from ſatisfying himſelf at the Expence of God's Glory, that he will hardly conceive any Reſentment, how ill ſoever he be dealt with. Laſtly, if this Natural and Temporal Communion, which we have with Men in *Society*, be capable of producing any mutual Benevolence, which is intended and encreas'd according to the Degree of the Temporal Commerce we entertain with them; what Motives of Love and Beneficence do we not diſcover in the Idea of this Eternal *Society*, which we ought and can have with them?

Thus the Natural Law is in *Man*; but the Perfection and Extent of this Law is in the *Immortal Man*.

But theſe Four kinds of Laws do conſtitute what we call the Law of Nature, which is the moſt Ancient, moſt General, moſt Eſſential of all, and the Foundation of the reſt. 'Tis the moſt Ancient, Seeing that the Love

Love of our ſelves, and Reaſon, are antecedent in us to all manner of Inclinations and Laws. 'Tis the moſt General, For there have been many Men, who never heard of Reveal'd Right; but never did any come into the World without this Law, which inclines 'em to ſearch for their proper Good. 'Tis the moſt Eſſential, For this is neither the *Jewiſh* nor *Chriſtian*, ſimply taken, it is the Law of *Men:* it does not belong only to the *Law*, or ſimply to the *Goſpel;* but to Nature, in what State ſoever it be. Laſtly, 'tis the Foundation of all the reſt.

This plainly appears if we conſider, That all other Laws are nothing elſe but the Law of Nature renewed and adapted to certain Conditions of Men; you diſcover the Natural Law, in that which God gave to our Firſt Parents: The *Legiſlator* does there ſuppoſe that Man loves himſelf, ſeeing that his Law is grounded upon Promiſes and Threatnings. Good and Evil are ſet before him; he is enlighten'd to know the one, and the other: He is engag'd to the Acknowledgment and Gratitude, which Nature it ſelf preſcribes to us. God requires an Homage of him, in token of thoſe many Favours he beſtows upon him, and this Homage conſiſts in abſtaining from the Fruit of One only *Tree;* the Duty of his preſervation is preſcribed to him, *In the Day thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt ſurely dye the Death.* As alſo the Law of Juſtice, for

what is more juſt, than to yield to the Creator the Empire and Dominion over his Creatures, and not to gape at the uſe of his Creatures whether he will or no. This then is the Law of Nature accommodated to the Condition wherein *Adam* was at that time placed.

Indeed he could not be as yet prohibited the uſe of Idols, which were unknown to him: nor Blaſpheming the Name of the Lord when he had but juſt began to Bleſs it: nor to reſt one Day of the Week, who was to reſt always: nor the Killing his Neighbour, that was not yet in Being: nor committing Adultery, when there was but one Woman in the World: nor Stealing, when he was Maſter of all Things: nor bearing falſe Witneſs, when he could bear it againſt no one but himſelf: nor Coveting, ſince all Things were his own.

But when Men were multiplied upon the Earth, as their Condition chang'd, God from time to time made new Editions of this *Natural Law*, and gave it to Men under another Form, becauſe it was to be proportion'd to their particular Circumſtances; for which Reaſon it muſt not be imagin'd, that when we ſay the *Decalogue* contains the Law of Nature, we mean, that it includes nothing elſe but theſe ſimple and common Principles, which are to Guide the Conduct of all Men. I confeſs indeed, the Decalogue

logue is the Natural Law renewed and freſh drawn to the Eyes of the *Iſraelites*: but withal it is certain, that 'tis the Natural Law accommodated to the State of the *Iſraelites* at that time. The following Obſervations will ſet this Point beyond all doubt.

The *Iſraelites* had been delivered from the *Egyptian* Captivity, whence the Legiſlator covers and ſhrouds himſelf, as it were, with this Benefit, in order to draw them to the Obedience they owe to him: *I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Ægypt, out of the houſe of Bondage, thou ſhalt have none other Gods, &c.* 'Tis plain that this Motive has not the ſame Force upon the Heart of thoſe Men who did not partake of this Deliverance; 'twill be to no purpoſe to ſay, that tho' they did not all partake of the Temporal Deliverance of the *Iſraelites*, yet have they been Spiritually deliver'd from the *Egypt* of Sin. Myſtical Senſes are good in a ſimple Doctrine, deſign'd to inſtruct: but are of no uſe in a Precept, which requiring an exact Obedience, cannot be conceived in Terms too preciſe or too proper. And again, what a number of People are there in the World, to whom God hath certainly given the Natural Law as well as to other Men, who yet have never heard of the Deliverance of the *Iſraelites*, by the Miniſtry of *Moſes*: and who conſequently cannot find an Emblem of their Spiritual Deliverance?

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2. The *Iſraelites* being in a Deſart, where they could have no other Drink but Water, nor other Meat but *Manna*, had no need of any Inſtruction or Precept to incline them to Sobriety, by making them to avoid Drunkenneſs and Gluttony. No other reaſon can be given of this, why the Lawgiver has not forbidden this kind of Intemperance in the Decalogue, which hath always paſs'd for a Capital Vice.

3. The *Canaanites*, who had incurr'd the Diſpleaſure of God, and born the Puniſhment of their own Sins, did nevertheleſs ſeem accurſed outwardly and interpretatively, as the Schools ſpeak, by occaſion of the Crime of *Cham*, who diſcover'd his Father's Shame, and was puniſhed by this Prophetick Malediction, which preſag'd the Ruine of *Canaan*'s Poſterity, The Son of the Impious One. It cannot be deny'd, but that the Decalogue manifeſtly alludes to this in the Fifth Commandment, conceiv'd in theſe Words: *Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy Days may be long in the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.* 'Tis certain that by the Land muſt be underſtood, not the Land of the Living in general, but this Land which had been allotted to the *Iſraelites*; which evidently appears from this Expreſſion, *which the Lord thy God giveth thee:* And doubtleſs the ſenſe of the Law is, That they ought to avoid the Crime of *Cham*, who became

came fatal to his Poſterity; and endeavour to obtain, by an oppoſite Conduct and Behaviour, the Benediction of God, who is able to confirm them in their Poſſeſſions.

4. 'Tis certain, that Nature teaches us to Conſecrate a part of our Life to the Service of God: For ſince we receive from him every moment of our Duration, *Gratitude* and *Juſtice* require us to Dedicate ſome of them to Him; and particularly to ſet apart ſome certain Seaſons for Piety and Devotion. But to obſerve the *Seventh* Day, and to extend the Obſervation of it even to Beaſts, is an Injunction that bears no relation to Nature, but to the Condition of this People at that time. God was not willing the memory of the Benefit of the *Creation* ſhould be forgotten, thro' neglect of obſerving a Feaſt that had been inſtituted with a deſign to perpetuate the Remembrance of this great Event.

It appears by all theſe Characters, That the Law of the *Decalogue* doth not differ from the Law of *Nature*, as to its Eſſence and firſt Principles; but only as to its manner, and the Extenſion which were requiſite to be given it to adapt it to the Condition and Exigencies of the People of *Iſrael*. This is evident from a general Obſervation which may be made upon this Subject: namely, That the grand Motives, which ſupport the Precepts of this *Law* in general, are

Temporal Benedictions and Maledictions, Motives, which the Soveraign *Law-giver* imploy'd to make himſelf obey'd; he who could menace Men with eternal Puniſhments deſign'd for the Wicked, and promiſe to thoſe who obſerv'd his Law, an eternal and moſt happy Life; how does he come to ſuppreſs theſe powerful Motives, theſe dreadful Objects, or at leaſt to declare them but darkly and confuſedly, whilſt he takes all the Force of his Promiſes and Threats from the greatneſs of Bodily Goods and Evils? 'Tis becauſe he proportions his Law to that preſent State of the *Iſraelites*, the Time being not yet come for clearly revealing Life, and moſt Bleſſed Immortality in *Jeſus Chriſt*, who among other Characters of his Divine *Vocation* was to have this of a clear and abundant Revelation.

CHAP. III.

Where we continue to make certain Reflections upon the Decalogue, *conſidering it as the Expreſſion of the Law of* Nature, *accommodated to the State of the* Iſraelites.

THE firſt Precept, which it contains, is of ſo great Importance, that it ſeems of it ſelf

ſelf to be a *Compendium* of Morality and Religion. It includes a Command and a Prohibition; the Command is to love God with all our Heart, with all our Strength, and with all our Mind; the prohibition is, not to have any other God before the Lord.

For the better underſtanding of this precept, 'tis to be obſerv'd in general, that a Man may love Three ways, by Senſe, or by Reaſon, or by Senſe and Reaſon both together. To love by Senſe, is to love One for the Good he doth us, or for the Pleaſures he creates to us. To love by Reaſon is to love Perfection for Perfection's ſake. To love by Senſe and Reaſon too, is to love One both upon the account of the Merit and Perfection wherewith he is endued, and of the Good which he does, or is capable of doing us.

Love of Reaſon ſeems not eſſentially to differ from Eſteem, and it imports no more than an Eſteem, intereſs'd in the behalf of the Object eſteem'd, which ſearches for Occaſions of doing it Good, or wiſhes it Well. Thus we love extraneous aud remote Deſert, ſuch as no way relates to us; but as we ſhall ſee hereafter, Love of this Character is rarely to be found.

We love our ſelves on the contrary by Senſe, and not by Reaſon. The *Love* of our ſelves precedes the Judgment which we make, that we ought to love our ſelves; and tho' we ſhould propoſe a thouſand Argu-

ments againſt this Inclination, yet for all that, we ſhould not ceaſe to love our ſelves.

Laſtly, God loves Himſelf both by Reaſon and Senſe; by Reaſon, becauſe He knows His proper Perfections; by Senſe, becauſe He taſts His infinite *Beatitude:* And in like manner we are obliged to love Him both by Reaſon and Senſe; by Reaſon, becauſe he is endued with all Perfections; by Senſe, becauſe He communicates to us all the Goods we can enjoy and poſſeſs. God ſeems here to demand the Love of Senſe; He doth not ſay, I am the God of all Perfections, *&c.* But I am the *Eternal*, thy *God* who brought thee out of the Land of *Egypt*, &c. And 'tis remarkable that this Character is common to all His Revelations, which he addreſſes to Men upon Earth: this is to manifeſt Himſelf unto them, cloathed with ſome of His Benefits, that He may win their Heart by an Acknowledgment and Gratitude. He was ſerv'd in the Old World under the Name of *God who is, and who is the Rewarder of them that call upon Him.* He was afterwards known under the Name of the *God of Abraham, of Iſaac, and of Jacob.* After that He gave His Law by declaring Himſelf the *Lord who had brought this People out of the land of Egypt.* Afterwards a Prophet declares that the Time is come, in the which Men will no longer ſay, the Eternal is He who brought His People out of the Land of *Egypt*; but the Eternal

nal is He, that hath brought up His People out of the Country of *Babylon*. Laſtly, ſo ſoon as the time for Man's Redemption is accompliſh'd, God is no longer call'd by any other Name, than the God of Mercy, and the Father of our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*.

They therefore are very much miſtaken, who fancy 'tis an Offence againſt God to love Him any otherwiſe than for the Love of Himſelf, and His intrinſick Perfections; and that there is no intereſted Motion in our Heart but what is Criminal. In order to refute theſe Speculations, we need but make reflection upon the Conduct of God, who not only conſents that we ſhould love Him by the Motives of the Good which we find in the Poſſeſſion of Him: but alſo wills and proportions His *Revelations* to this Deſign; and it may likewiſe be ſaid, that we glorify the Supream Good, when we deſire it ardently, and feel no Repoſe or Joy but in Communion with it.

This grand Precept may be propoſed to the *Mortal Man*, to confound and baffle him, by ſhewing him the Impoſſibility he lies under, of fulfilling the Divine Law; but 'tis the *Immortal Man* alone, that is capable of fulfilling this Duty. 'Tis not the dying Man that perceives himſelf under great Obligations to God: but the Man that ſubſiſts to Eternity. And 'tis not in a heap of periſhing Favours, but in the Aſſemblage of incorruptible

tible Goods that we find the Motives of ſuch a Love and Gratitude, as are worthy of God.

So alſo the *Man of Nature*, conſider'd as a Man that hath ſhort and tranſitory Relations to other Men, neither can nor ought to love others ſo much as himſelf. Were we obliged to love an indifferent and unknown Perſon, with the ſame degree of Affection that Children love their Parents, certainly the whole World would be a *Scene* of Diſorder and Confuſion. We ought to love our Children more than Perſons that are indifferent to us; now as it is the *Love* of our ſelves, that makes this Inequality and this Variety of our Affections: it follows that there is an Original Law of Nature, which dictates that we ſhould love our ſelves more than other Men.

But the immortal Man hath other Views and Obligations; all the divers kinds of Proximity and Relation, which reſpect this Life, diſappear and vaniſh at the proſpect of the Relations of that Eternal Society, which we are to enjoy. A Temporal *Neighbour* whom Nature points out to us, is not ſo conſiderable as the Eternal *Neighbour* which Faith diſcovers in him. But ſome perſons love themſelves to ſuch an exorbitant Degree, that 'tis in no wiſe convenient they ſhould be affected with the ſame Love of others as of themſelves. For pray tell me, if One ſhould ſay to a Man, I wiſh you were Un-

Ungrateful, Blind, Paſſionate, Revengeful, Proud, Voluptuous, Covetous, that you might take more Pleaſure and Enjoyment in the World, would he not have Reaſon to think that either we dote, or have a Mind to make him a very courſe Compliment; and yet this would be to love our Neighbour, as we love our ſelves.

If we would love our Neighbour as our ſelves, we ought to love him with Relation to *Eternity*. None but the immortal Man is in a Capacity of obſerving this Precept ſtrictly and well.

Perhaps the Queſtion may be ask'd, whether, when the Law enjoyns us to love our Neighbour as our ſelves, it means that we ſhould love by the Motives of that Love we bear to God, or of that which we have for our ſelves?

I anſwer by diſtinguiſhing ſtill betwixt Rational and Senſual Love; when we love our Neighbour with a rational Love, 'tis certain that the Motives of this Love ought to proceed from the Love we have for God. When we love our Neighbour with a Love of Senſe, or ſenſual Love, the Motives of Love ſhould proceed purely from the Affection we have for our ſelves. Thus it may be reply'd, that we ought to love him by both theſe Motives, and the Law of the *Decalogue* ſeems to confirm us in this Opinion: for it puts the Precept which refers to our

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Neighbour, immediately after that which refers to *God*, to teach us, that the One depends upon the Other; and that we are obliged to love our Neighbour with the ſame kind of Affection that we bear to God: And on the other ſide, it calls him, whom it recommends to our Love, by the Name of *Neighbour*, to intimate to us, that we are concern'd to love him, becauſe he is a Perſon that belongs to us.

Reaſon tells us, That God, being the ſupream and infinite Beauty, is Amiable for his own Sake; and that all things become ſo for the Love of him. It therefore requires us to love Objects according as they ſtand related to God. The Experience we have of our own Being, accompany'd with Joy and Delight, obliging us to love our ſelves in the firſt place, Nature teaches us to love Perſons according to the degree of Proximity and Relation which they have to *Us*. Theſe two Laws are not oppoſite to each other; the One, as I may ſay, is the Law of Reaſon, the Other is the Law of Senſe; the one is the Inſtinct of the *mortal* and periſhing Nature, the other of the *immortal* and incorruptible Nature; the one relates to the ſhort and tranſient Society, which we ought to have one among another; the other to the Eternal Commerce and Friendſhip we ought to have in God.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Where we ſhew the Extent of the Natural Law, by conſidering it in the Goſpel, and with Relation to the Immortal Man.

IF the Law of *Moſes* were the Law of Nature, accomodated to the Condition of the mortal Man, and to the State of the *Iſraelites* in particular; the Goſpel is the Law of Nature, accommodated to the State and Relations of the immortal Man.

This ſufficiently appears from the different Genius and Conduct of the two Oeconomies: Under the Oeconomy of the *Law*, God ſeems to make no farther Manifeſtation of Himſelf, than to break thro' Walls, open the Abyſſes of the Earth, inflame Mountains, ſend down Fire from Heaven, menace the Body with his Judgments, or to execute the Arreſts of his Juſtice upon the *periſhing* Nature; but, under the new Diſpenſation of *Grace*, we ſee Perſons animated with the Spirit of God, contemn the Injury of the Elements, and the perſecution of Men: ſuffer with ſo great Conſtancy as if they ſuffer'd in a Body which was not their own; tranſported with Joy in the midſt of conſuming Flames, and triumphing to ſee the Diſſolu-

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tion of that Compound, which is ſo preciously and carefully preſerved by other Men, becauſe they are ſupported and encouraged by the Idea of *Eternity*, whereof the Divine Mercy has given them a diſtinct Knowledge. Not but the Law of *Moſes* includes ſome Relation to Eternity; for this Law had at leaſt the Shadow of good things to come: alſo it cannot be deny'd, but that the *Goſpel* ſuppoſes the Idea's of Man's Vileneſs and Mortality; for it includes all our Remedies and Conſolations againſt it: but thus much is true, that the Law of *Moſes* regards the preſent Life directly, and Eternity indirectly, whereas the Goſpel regards Eternity as its principal Object, and the preſent Life indirectly. As for Nature, that is equally diſcover'd under both Oeconomies. The Goſpel, if I may ſo ſpeak, is hidden in in Nature, Nature in the Goſpel: but we muſt here underſtand the immortal Nature, and that will put us in a way to unravel ſome Difficulties, which might poſſibly intangle and perplex us.

Indeed it ſeems contrary to Nature to love our Enemies, to look upon Adverſity as a Bleſſing, and Afflictions as a ſubject of Joy, and ſo far to yield up the Cudgels to Juſtice, as to render not only as much, but even more than it demands, which are Maxims of the *Goſpel*.

I confeſs all this goes againſt the Grain of the Corruptible *Nature*, which meaſures every Thing according as it ſtands related to this preſent Life: but 'tis far from being oppoſite to the Intereſts of the immortal Nature, which values not *Time*, and exerts all its Actions in a proſpect of Eternity.

Our Enemies are an Obſtacle to the eſtabliſhment of our Fortune in the World; but nothing except the Hatred we may poſſibly bear them, is an hindrance to our Salvation; and this is the Thing which the immortal Man conſiders, he deſpiſes thoſe little Reaſons of Hating, which *Concupiſcence* ſuggeſts to our Heart, and regards thoſe eternal Relations we have to Others in God, who is our common Father, as the moſt powerful Motives of the Love we have for our Neighbour.

Plenty and Proſperity charm ſuch a Heart as hath limited the utmoſt of its Hopes and Pretenſions to the tranſitory World; but the immortal Man finds in that State ſo much more ſubject of Fear as there is more of Senſe, he dreads theſe imaginary Goods which buiſy us, and never ſatisfy; theſe lively Senſations which hinder the Knowledge of his real Intereſts. He looks upon Proſperity as the Reign of the Paſſions, which ſeduce and miſguide us. He's perſwaded that Afflictions, by depriving us of theſe agreeable Senſations, do but only chaſe an in-

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finite Troop of Impoſtors from the Territories of our Soul.

And he does not think that Worldly Goods deſerve our Envy, and to make us rival each other in purſuing them; eſpecially when *Religion* aſſures him, that theſe Hatreds and Conteſtations which are occaſion'd by the corruptible World, are capable of doing him an Eternal prejudice: For which Reaſon, tho' Man has a Right of demanding what belongs to him, God having for this End eſtabliſh'd *Tribunals* in Society, which would be but an union of Robbers, and a ſucceſſion of Murthers and Villanies without the Exerciſe of Juſtice; yet the prudence of the immortal Man permits him not to exact his Rights with rigour and ſeverity, when he ſees but the leaſt probability of injuring, by that means, the Intereſts of his Soul. Whence we may conclude, That the Morality of the Goſpel is but purely the Expreſſion of the immortal Man's Heart: but we ſhall have an Opportunity to ſpeak more of this elſewhere.

We have ſeen, that the Perfections of Man roll upon his *Immortality*, which alone can render him capable of Happineſs; and we have juſt now ſeen, that this Immortality founds the Extent of our Duties and Obligations. We proceed to ſhew that 'tis this alſo that makes the *Strength* of our Soul, or the Weight that can determine us to well-doing.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of the moral Strength of Man, or the Motives which he finds in himself, for determining him in his Actions.

HAd God been an Enemy to Man, He would have fix'd Pain to all those Objects whereunto it pleas'dHim to fix Delight and Pleasure; he could have done One as easily as the Other: and then Man would have been his own Enemy, whereas now he is naturally a Lover of himself.

For it needs must follow, by an essential Consequence, that he who feels Pain, hates it; and if this Pain be constant and inseparable, he hates his own Being, as knowing very well that unless he existed, he should not endure this Pain. 'Tis very easy to conceive, That the damn'd *Spirits* hate themselves, for their Punishment; and that, tho' Self-love has been in this World the Source of their Corruption, Hatred of themselves becomes hereafter Instrumental to their Punishment. Moreover we conceive that 'tis impossible to have a Sense of Pleasure, without loving it, and wishing the preservation of this *Self* which is the Subject of it. Pleasure makes us love our Existence, because without our

our Exiſtence this pleaſure cannot ſubſiſt. Thence it follows, that 'twas in the power of God, when He form'd Man, either to make him love, or not love *Himſelf*, ſince it depended upon His Will to affix, or not affix Pleaſure to certain Objects.

Thus the Love of our ſelves is in it ſelf a natural Inclination; 'tis Nature that cauſes us to love Pleaſure, and hate Pain; and 'tis Nature that makes us love our ſelves. This Inclination does not wait for intellectual Reflections to give it Birth in our Soul; it precedes all our Reaſonings. The *Stoicks* have juſtly deſerv'd to be ſcorn'd and ridicul'd by all poſterity, if they really held thoſe Opinions, which are uſually attributed to them. They pretended that the way for a Man to be Wiſe, was to put off Humanity; this at the firſt daſh was a very great piece of Extravagance: but they fail'd no leſs in conceiving a kind of Infirmity and Baſeneſs in the moſt natural Spring of our *Heart*.

Secondly, *Self-love* is an Inclination moſt Divine in its Original: We love our ſelves for this very Reaſon, becauſe God has loved us. Had God hated us, we ſhould likewiſe hate our ſelves; therefore 'tis unreaſonable and groundleſs to cry down all thoſe Actions which Self-love excites us to, as if they were ſo many Crimes and Infirmities: according to the dangerous Morality of ſome, who have pretended to annihilate the Excellency

cellency of all the Vertues upon this principle, That they all proceeded from the Womb of Self-love, and were grounded meerly in Intereſt, a very bad Conſequence; ſince Self-love is an Inclination of a moſt Divine and Heavenly Extraction. Laſtly, the Love of our ſelves is a neceſſary Inclination, it muſt not be imagin'd, that our Soul is indifferent to tend or not tend towards that, which it judges advantagious and profitable; theſe Indifferences of *Free-will* are the Dreams and Fancies of thoſe who have not ſufficiently ſtudy'd Nature, or are not willing to have the Knowledge of themſelves.

But God has thought fit to mingle Knowledge and Senſe together, that the former might regulate and guide the latter; and the latter might fix the former. Had Man no other Faculty but Reaſon, we ſhould Err in our Thoughts, and ſpend our ſelves in vain *Speculations*, applying our ſelves to know every thing elſe, but what would be of greateſt Concernment to us. Senſe is therefore deſign'd to fix this Intellect, and confine it principally to thoſe Objects which concern it. Were there nothing elſe but Senſe in Man, he might indeed then have ſuch propenſities and deſires as this Senſe ſhould produce: but would fail of Light and Direction for finding out thoſe Things to which theſe Deſires do naturally tend, and the Love of pleaſure being blind and miſguided

guided, would throw him down into a thou-ſand Precipices; wherefore Reaſon is de-ſign'd to regulate Senſe.

Reaſon is the Soul's *Councellor*: Senſe, is as it were, the Force and Weight that deter-mines it. And theſe Forces are greater or leſſer proportionably to the Differences of Senſe. In the Compariſon we make of them, the Soul conſiders not only what excites in it preſent, but alſo what is ca-pable of creating to it future Pleaſure. It compares Pleaſure with Pain, the preſent Good with Abſent, the Good it hopes for, with the Dangers to be endur'd; and deter-mines it ſelf according to the Inſtruction it receives in theſe various Enquiries: its *Li-berty* being, as I may ſo ſpeak, no more than the Extent of its Knowledge, and the Pow-er it hath of not chooſing, after having made a deep Scrutiny, and throughly examin'd.

The Caſe being thus, 'tis eaſy to judge, that 'tis either preſent Advantage, which con-ſiſts in an actual Senſe of Pleaſure; or future, which conſiſts in whatſoever can hereafter careſs us with Delight, and render us Happy, or preſerve our Happineſs by preſerving us our ſelves; that makes all the *Strength* of our Soul for determining it ſelf in its De-ſigns and Conduct.

This Strength is very ſmall, when includ-ed within the Circle of worldly Objects. The *Power* we have, as Men, for avoiding Cove-

Covetouſneſs will conſiſt in the Fear of injuring our Honour by the ſordidneſs of Intereſt; the *Power* we have to hinder us from being Prodigal, will conſiſt in the Fear of ruining our Affairs, when we aſpire at gaining a famous Reputation by our Liberalities. The Fear of Diſeaſes will make us reſiſt the Temptations of Pleaſure; *Self-love* will render us moderate and circumſpect, and even thro' Pride we ſhall appear humble and modeſt. But this is only to paſs from one Vice to another; if we would give our Soul ſtrength enough to riſe above one Infirmity without relapſing into another, we muſt excite and ſtir it up by Motives not taken from the *World*. The proſpect of Time may cauſe it to paſs from Diſorder to Diſorder; but the bare view of *Eternity* includes ſuch Motives as are proper to elevate it far above the Region of all its Infirmities. None but this Object touches and ſanctifies, becauſe this alone mounts us high enough for totally renouncing the World. We have ſeen ſome Preachers, of a ſublime and lofty Eloquence, work no Effect, becauſe they did not well underſtand how to intereſt and engage the *Immortal Nature;* and on the contrary, we have ſeen a very mean Talent touch and affect all the World by inartificial Diſcourſes, becauſe they ſhot the right Mark, and laid hold of Men by the Motives of *Eternity*. Motives, which repeated a thouſand ways

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and ſometimes very groſly and unpolitely, have won the moſt enlighten'd and purify'd Souls, becauſe they take them by what is greateſt and moſt weighty in them, and moſt conſiderable in all external Objects. The Motives of *Time* have but a limited, but the Motives of *Eternity* have as it were an infinite Strength, which is ſuſpended meerly by our Corruption.

Hence it follows, that as *Self-love* is the general Source of thoſe Motives which determine our Heart, ſo 'tis Self-love, as it looks towards Eternity, that makes all the ſtrength we have to raiſe our ſelves above the Confines of the World. There is no better way to juſtify this laſt Truth, than by ſeeing what the ſenſe of our Immortality is capable of working in us, what Influence it has upon our Motions and Actions, and of what uſe it is in our Heart. This we proceed to examine at large.

CHAP. VI.

Where we explain what the Senſe of our Immortality is capable of working upon our Heart.

WE certainly ſee, that whatſoever comforts, raiſes and ſatisfies us, takes its Birth from this Original; 'tis only in

in the Idea and Senſe of our *Immortality*, that we find true and ſolid Conſolations againſt the Fears of Death, as 'tis eaſy to ſhew by conſidering this Object every way.

The Idea of *Death* includes Six others: an Idea of Deſertion or Leaving, an Idea of Neceſſity, an Idea of Solitude, an Idea of Deſtruction, an Idea of Judgment, and an Idea of Miſery. The Idea of *Deſertion* or Leaving imports, that we leave All, and all leaves us. This Idea mortifies and afflicts Self-love, becauſe it repreſents to it the rupture and diſappointment of its Applications and Deſires. It beholds its loſs of the Time preſent, and a Curtain is drawn upon the Future; and indeed, I confeſs, Man has very good reaſon to be afraid till the Curtain is, as it were, drawn back by Repentance; and he can aſſure himſelf of the Remiſſion of his Sins, without which, he is uncapable of any Comfort either in Life or Death; but when he hath made his Peace with his God, which he may know by the State of his Heart and the Sentiment of his Conſcience, he certainly ought to have quite different Ideas of *Death*: what he regrets and bemoans is of very ſmall Moment, if he compare it not only with the glorious Eternity, promis'd him in the Goſpel, but alſo with his own natural Excellency. He ought to make it a Matter of the greateſt Wonder, that a Mind, which by the inviolable Inclinations

of its Nature flies up to *Infinity*, ſhould ſo long buiſy it ſelf with the Trifles of this Life; and one may ſay, without adding an Hyperbole to this *Mind*, that if it has loſt any thing, 'tis Life, and not Death, that ought to bear the Blame. Life has involv'd it in the Loſs of many precious things, its Sanctity, the ſenſe of God's Love, &c. and to retrieve its Damage, has given it nothing but Shows and Appearances, but Death will advantagiouſly indemnify and repair its Loſs, provided it depart in the Lord.

Death deprives us of our Five Senſes; whereupon *Self-love* makes this Reſentment, That if it be a great Affliction for a Man to loſe his Seeing or Hearing, 'tis a much greater to loſe all his Senſes at once: but Self-love is miſtaken, for we are ſo far from loſing all our five Senſes, that 'tis certain we do not really loſe one of them: we don't become uncapable of Seeing, Hearing and Speaking; 'Tis not the Nature of Things, but the free Inſtitution of God, that hath affix'd theſe Perceptions of our Soul to the Organs of our Body, to which they had naturally no more Relation, than to the *Matter* which is hidden in the Center of the Earth, howſoever Men may be prejudic'd in this Matter. Would we ſay ſuch a Man has loſt his Sight, the natural Diſpoſition of whoſe Faculties God ſhould have ſo chang'd as to have order'd that his Eyes ſhould have no more Priviledge than

than the reſt, and that all the parts of his Body ſhould be capable of Seeing? This is the Idea of a Man that loſes one way of perceiving, and ſees this infinite Abyſs of Senſibility, which is naturally in him, adequately fill'd.

Theſe Loſſes which prejudic'd Nature imagines it is at by Death, become ſo much the more ſenſible as they are unavoidable, and impos'd by a fatal *Neceſſity*, which cannot be reſiſted. Men have always look'd upon this *Neceſſity* as a dreadful Miſery; the irregular Inclination they have to love forbidden Things with ſo much the greater ardour, which cauſed One to ſay, *Deſine vitia irritare, vetando*, augments and encreaſes their Love of Life, by the Impoſſibility they find themſelves under of extending its Limits, and makes 'em look upon Death with ſo much the more horour, as they are uncapable of avoiding it. But had the Wiſdom of God impos'd upon Men the neceſſity of Living, as it has the neceſſity of Dying, we may be almoſt aſſur'd that in time they would be as much afflicted and troubled at the Thoughts of their Immortality, as now they are at thoſe of their Mortality. Now the neceſſity of Dying makes them attend more to the Pleaſures than the Croſſes of Life; but then the neceſſity of Living would cauſe them to apply more regard and attention to the Evils, than to the Agreements and Pleaſures of Life.

Our Soul assuredly owes a great part of its Repugnancy, and Unwillingness to leave the Body, to *Custome* and *Prejudices;* to see this, we need only reflect upon our past Life, remark and muster up together all its Pleasures and seriously ask our selves, whether all that countervails our past Grief and Trouble? On one side, what if it pleas'd the Author of Nature to endow a Soul, which is form'd to animate a Body, with a most distinct Knowledge of the Dignity and Perfections of its *Nature*, the Grandeur of its *End*, and the Nobility of its *Extraction;* and on the other it were inform'd distinctly of all the Infirmities, of all the base and painful Dependances which it goes to espouse, by espousing this Body, pray would not the very first Moment of its Life certainly seem the beginning of Death? So for this reason 'twas necessary that the confus'd *Sensations* of Nature, which alligate and fasten us to Life, should precede the distinct *Ideas* which are proper enough in themselves to free and loosen us from it, and that the former should be naturally of greater Force and Activity than the latter. For tho' God would not have us be excessively fond of Life, yet the Author of Nature was oblig'd to interess and engage us in the Preservation of Corporeal *Nature*, without which there would be no Society.

Death has two very different, and also very opposite Aspects, as we consider it with re-

reference to the Soul. For *Life* and *Death* may both be ſaid to make the Debaſement and Glory of Man. Life makes the Glory of the Body, and the Debaſement of the Soul; 'tis by Life, that the *Body* is extended to the juſt and natural Proportion of its Parts. Life gives it Health, Strength, Agility, Beauty, and makes, in a word, all its Perfections. But Life cauſes the Debaſement of our Soul, it confines it to ſuch Objects as are no ways related to its natural Excellency, it makes this Mind buiſy it ſelf in trivial Affairs, and place its whole Concern in the management of a Family, a Field, a Vineyard, and the moſt abject and ſordid neceſſities of the Body, as if this immortal Mind was made for no higher and nobler Imployment, but to prolong for ſome Moments the Duration of this frail *Machine*, to which it is united.

If *Life* makes the Glory of the Body, and the Debaſement of the Soul, *Death* may be ſaid to make the Glory of the Soul, and the Debaſement of the Body. The Body falls, but the Soul riſes up and ſoars, as it were, to its native Heaven. The Body conſumes, and in proceſs of time relapſes into Duſt, but the Mind extends and enlarges it ſelf like a Divine *Sphere*, which becomes greater and greater proportionably to the nearneſs of its Approach to God. The Body is depriv'd of its former Motion, the Soul acquires ſuch Knowledge as it had not before. The Body

mingles it ſelf with the Earth, the Soul is re-united to God.

The Debaſement, which enſues upon Death, lights upon an inſenſible lump of *Matter*. A Carcaſs, gnaw'd by devouring Worms, endures no Pain, it ſmells not thoſe noiſom Odours it exhales, is not terrify'd with the ſurrounding Darkneſs, nor is out of Conceit with it ſelf, even when 'tis nothing elſe but an horrid Miſcellany of Blood and Dirt, of Bones and Putrefaction. 'Tis an Illuſion and Cheat of prejudic'd Nature, that makes us affix our proper Ideas and Perceptions to ſuch Objects as do only occaſion them.

Matter, when depriv'd of Life and Senſe, is plac'd in its natural State; this is no Imbaſement or Degradation to it; all the ſeeming Diſhonour and Turpitude is meerly in our Fancy. But the caſe is not the ſame, in reſpect of that Imbaſement and Degradation to which *Life* expoſes us. This is not the natural State of ſuch a Soul as ours; and doubtleſs the Author of Nature had never abandon'd it to ſuch a Condition but upon the account of Sin: Man indeed would have liv'd, but his Life would have been more Noble and Excellent. 'Tis a great miſtake to pretend, that Man's Death commences the Puniſhment of his Corruption. Life has already puniſh'd criminal Man by thoſe ſad Dependances, which alligate and confine the Thoughts, Cares, Deſires and Affections of ſo great and noble

noble a Soul, to the ſupport and preſervation of this ſordid Maſs of Clay, which we term our *Body*.

Yet ſuch is the Imbecillity and Weakneſs of Man, that he would needs fancy himſelf Debaſed where really he is not; and is not willing to perceive himſelf Debas'd where really he is ſo. An imaginary Debaſement frightens and terrifies him, and yet he cannot ſee a proper and real Debaſement.

But what if the Body be truly Degraded, ſo the Gain of the Soul does infinitely preponderate the Loſſes of the Body? Are we ſo weak as to think, that our *Happineſs* is ſo confin'd and fix'd to certain Affairs, Poſſeſſions, Offices, Houſholds, and a certain Circle of Perſons, with whom we have Society, as that we cannot be Happy without all theſe things?

We have almoſt the very ſame Notions of *Death*, as Children have, when they fancy they ſhall be weary with abiding in the Grave; and not dare to be alone in the *Abyſs* of ſurrounding Darkneſs. We terrify our ſelves with our own *Phantomes* and *Chimæra's*, we make ſuch a Confuſion of our proper Perceptions with the Grave, which is their Object, that we are ready to imagine and reſent that Horrour in the Sepulchre, which is meerly a Creature of our own Fancy, and exiſts no where elſe but in our own Soul.

We ſhould not fear this pretended *Solitude*, and apparent Privation which attend Death, if ſubſtituting the diſtinct Ideas of Reaſon, inſtead of the confuſed Perceptions of Nature, we would conſider that by Death we are not depriv'd either of the Subject, or the Cauſe of thoſe Delights which this World may have afforded us. For the Subject is our *Soul*, which ſtill remains; and the Cauſe is *GOD*, who is immortal and immutable. The reaſon why we regret and bemoan the loſs of the Sky, Earth, Elements, Society, is becauſe we inveſt theſe Things, with thoſe agreeable Senſations which they occaſion'd; not conſidering that we carry away with us the Colours, Cloth, Paint and Pencil which are neceſſary for drawing this admirable *Picture*; and that if God fail us not, we can never want any thing.

Nor ought the Idea of *Deſtruction*, which is included in Death, to trouble us any more than this Idea of *Solitude*, which we have been ſpeaking of. 'Tis true, Death ſeems to deſtroy Man ſeveral ways. In his account it deſtroys the World, it being certain that the Sun, Moon, Stars, Air, Earth, Sea, although they be not abſolutely Annihilated in themſelves, may yet be ſaid to be annihilated in reſpect of him, ſeeing that he cannot enjoy any longer Uſe of them. Man is not annihilated in himſelf, but in the *Nature* which he admires, and which periſhes as to him;

him; in the Society he has been us'd to, and which ceaſes to be any longer in his Account; in his *Body*, the Inſtrument of his Pleaſures, which periſhes and moulders away in the Duſt of the Grave. Let us ſee whether there be any thing Real in either of theſe Three kinds of Deſtruction.

Firſt then, external Things cannot be ſaid to be annihilated both in themſelves, and in reſpect of their Uſe; for how do we know but the ſame Inſtitution in kind may ſtill remain and be in Force, tho' the manner of it ceaſe. Indeed there is no great likelyhood of our having ſuch kind of *Senſations* after Death, as we had during our Life; for 'tis no longer neceſſary that theſe Senſations ſhould be proportion'd to the Condition and Preſervation of a Body, which in reſpect of us, ceaſes to ſubſiſt: The deſign which the Author of Nature hath had of engaging us in the Preſervation of this Body, by the Pleaſure which the Aliments excite in us, being accompliſh'd, and come to its intended Period, we eaſily conceive, that there being no longer Pleaſure to be excited in us by Aliments, *Taſting* has no place after Death, and is not a proper Faculty for the Enjoyment of the other World, unleſs God affix it to other Objects for different Ends. But methinks *Hearing* and *Seeing* being not only deſign'd for the Preſervation of the Body, but alſo for the Search and Purſuit of all

that may nouriſh the Admiration and Gratitude we bear to the Creatour, we have no reaſon to believe, that theſe Senſations are terminated by Death. Indeed, I own, we ſhall not ſee by the Motion of the *Optick Nerve*; but yet we may be ſaid to ſee for all that. For pray, what has the ſhaking of the Optick Nerve common with the Perception of Light? Theſe things have no natural Relation to each other; and if we ſee Light and viſible Things, by the occaſion of the Optick Nerve, mov'd after a certain manner, nothing hinders but we may have the ſame *Senſations*, by the occaſion of the Æthereal Matter, which us'd to agitate the Optick Nerve; which may be ſaid proportionably of *Hearing*. But ſuppoſe we ſhould not have theſe very Senſations, what does that ſignify, ſince we ſhall certainly have Others, and thoſe of a more noble and elevated Kind? For as by loſing the Body we ſhall not be depriv'd of any thing but what confin'd and degraded us, we ought not to fear that our Soul will loſe any thing of the Purity and Excellency of its Operations, by diſentangling it ſelf from the Embraces of Matter.

'Tis neither our, Duty nor Intereſt to meddle, and ſpend our Conjectures about thoſe things, which God thought fit to conceal from our Knowledge: but, I believe, 'twould not be a piece of too great Boldneſs and

and Preſumption to conjecture, That as the *Imbaſement* and Vileneſs of Man during this Life, conſiſts in having his Reaſon ſubjected to Senſe; ſo the *Glory*, that will follow Death, conſiſts in a perfect ſubmiſſion of Senſe to the Empire of Reaſon. Indeed at preſent, as the Soul is deſcended from Heaven to inhabit a Tabernacle of Clay, it buiſies not it ſelf in enlarging its Views, or extending its Lights: but on the contrary, 'tis employ'd in locking and confining 'em, that it may not diſdain to uſe them in preſerving the Body. But then, as the Soul will take its flight from theſe lower Regions, to its Heavenly Station, where it will have no longer need to care for the Support and Preſervation of the *Body*, but its whole Buſineſs will be to glorify God; 'twill no longer beſtir it ſelf to limit and confine, but to purify and enlarge its Knowledge, in order to render it more worthy of God, about whom it will be converſant.

The ſecond *Deſtruction* we apprehend in Death is no leſs Imaginary; for tho' we ſee the Links which ty'd us to Society diſſolve and break, yet we ought not, for all that, to think we ſhall be exempted from all manner of Friendly Obligations. The Society of *Spirits* does very well countervail the Society of *Bodies*, whatever weak and prejudic'd Nature may think of it. And when we ſhall put off theſe Eyes and Ears, which are deſign'd

ſign'd for our Commerce and Converſation with Men, we ſolace our ſelves with this Lenitive, That we ſhall undoubtedly acquire other ways of Senſation and Knowledge, by vertue of another Inſtitution, proportion'd to our future Condition.

Laſtly, I grant that One, who ſtill lives in this World, and is depriv'd of the Members of his *Body*, is to be pitty'd. But when a Man is tranſported into another *World*, ſees another Oeconomy of Objects, what ſhould he do with theſe Senſes, which have indeed ſome Relation to this preſent World, but not to his glorify'd *State?* The Miſchief ariſes from hence, That in the ordinary Idea we have of our ſelves, we attribute too much to the Body, and too little to the Soul; whereas following the diſtinct Ideas of Things, we cannot aſcribe too much to a Spirit, nor too little to Matter.

And here I durſt advance a Maxim, which will ſeem a very great *Paradox:* Namely, That altho', according to the confus'd Notion we have of theſe things, *Death* be more capable of humbling us than *Life;* yet according to the diſtinct Notion, and in the reallity of the Thing it ſelf, Life is a more humbling and debaſing Object than Death.

Death humbles the *Grand Seignior*, the *Prince*, the *Monarch:* but Life humbles the *Man*, which is more than all that. Death ſnatches from us the props and ſupports of our

our Vanity: but Life in the Debaſement, to which it pulls us down, ſuſpends in us moſt of the Senſe of our true *Grandeur*. Death brings the Body down into the Grave; but Life, as it were, calls down our Soul from *Heaven*. Death puts a Period to our ſecular Commerce with Men; but Life ſuſpends that natural Commerce we ought to have with God, and which our Heart perceives to be the *End* for which it was made. The Purſuivants of Death are, Darkneſs, Worms and Putrefaction, whereof we are not ſenſible: Life is totally made up of Weakneſs, Baſeneſs, Infirmities, Diſgraces, of which we are ſenſible.

Wherefore we are certainly prejudic'd and miſtaken, when we terrify our ſelves with the Ideas of *Deſertion*, *Neceſſity*, *Solitude*, *Deſtruction*, which are not really included in the Image of Death; but herein indeed we do not miſtake, when we dread the Judgment of God, which accompanies Death; for certainly this cannot but ſeem terrible to a Conſcience that feels it ſelf laden with the Weight of a multitude of Sins, and pray where is there a Man, that finds not himſelf in this Condition, if he reflect but never ſo little upon his paſt Life? This *Moment* truly is dreadful, upon which we conceive all Eternity to depend; but 'tis certain that, even in this, the Heart of Man ſuggeſts to it ſelf many Cheats and Illuſions.

It

It fancies the Moment of Death to be the Price of Eternal *Life*: And conſiders not, that 'tis not this Inſtant, but its whole Life which God requires; that this moment hath nothing more pleaſing to God than any other; and that its whole Importance conſiſts ſimply in this, That it is the concluding Moment of Life: And Laſtly, That 'tis not this Moment that contracts and covenants with the Divine Juſtice, but all the Time we paſt in our Impenitence.

The Sentiments therefore of our *Immortality*, our *Perfections*, and our *End*, will harmonize and agree together admirably well; and with the other Sentiments and Inclinations of Nature, and the Principles of Religion, which God has given us for our Conſolation, againſt all the ſeeming Frightfulneſs and Horrour of this *King of Terrors*.

CHAP. VIII.

Where we continue to ſhew, what Effect the Sentiment of our Immortality can work upon our Heart.

CErtainly the Idea of our *Immortality* can never be too preſent to our Mind, for our Comfort and Conſolation, amidſt this eternal Circle of thoſe ſad and diſmal Ob-

Objects which compass us about; and those publick and private Calamities, which the *Severity* of God has vary'd so many ways, to give Occasion to the sweet Variety of His Deliverances and Consolations.

After all, what signifies it that we are infirm and mortal in our Bodies? This State cannot last long. Why should we embarass and perplex our selves with Cares and Sollicitude for the short *Futurity* of this transient Life? Have we not another Futurity in View, which very well deserves the principal Care and Occupation of our Heart and Mind? What need we value the Menaces and Threats of the World? What can it do to us? It may indeed crush our Body into Atomes, but cannot destroy us. What if the Frame of the World perish, Nature decline and shake, the Elements corrupt and decay, what if our Body be converted into Dust, Worms or Vapour, what if it descend again into the Womb of its Mother *Earth*, or be dispers'd into the fluid Air; the Ruines of the *World* will not crush and destroy our Soul, nor dissolve that Divine Principle, which is in its own Nature uncapable of a Dissolution? We think the Body, which cloaths us, is *Our-self*: This is a mistake; this Clay is not *Our-self*, nor ever will be. God indeed will re-establish and raise it in Honour, to serve for a Tabernacle of that Spirit, which was its original Guest and Inhabitant;

habitant; but this Union will not be with the ſame Submiſſion and Dependance: The Soul will not then follow the Condition of the Body, but the Body will be adjuſted, as far as is poſſible, to the State and Nature of the Soul; and as the Soul was once debaſed, even to the mean Condition of the Body, ſo as to fly God, and bend its Inclinations to Earthly Things; the Body will now be deſirous to elevate it ſelf to the State of the Soul, ſo as to decline and quit all Earthly Cares, and to betake it ſelf to a joyful Celebration of the *Glory* of God in the Heavenly Choir.

Certainly 'tis not to be wonder'd, That the *Goſpel* adminiſters more Comfort to us, I will not ſay, than Humane *Wiſdom* has ever done; but yet much more than the *Law*, as Divine as it was: This is, becauſe it clearly reveals to us Life and Immortality, which are the only Objects that are capable of ſatisfying ſuch a Mind and Heart as ours, and ſo have Divine Relations to our Nature: But as this Object affords us all imaginable Comfort under the ſenſe of ſo many Miſeries that continually ſurround us; ſo it yields us whatſoever may elevate and truly raiſe us.

The Sentiment of our *Immortality*, joyn'd with the Conſideration of that Glory and Happineſs, which Religion promiſes, elevates us more than the World; more than the

the ſo much boaſted Wiſdom of *Philoſophers;* and even more than all thoſe Vertues which have fallen within the Verge of Humane Knowledge.

Here we diſcover the Grandeur of the Paſſions, the Grandeur of the Mind, to whoſe Empire they are Subject; and the Grandeur of Vertue, which regulates the Mind. I ſay, we do in this View diſcover the Grandeur of the *Paſſions*, and no Man need be offended at this Expreſſion: For tho' the Paſſions be in ſome ſenſe great Infirmities, yet may they truly be ſaid to be ingrafted upon the natural Dignity, and Excellency of Man.

Hatred, *Fury*, *Anger*, which are ſuch criminal Paſſions, and by which we equally contradict the Rules both of Humanity and Chriſtianity, proceed, if you obſerve, from an Opinion of our proper Excellency, ill-directed and accompanied with the Illuſions of *Self-love*, which makes us conceive an Excellency in our ſelves excluſively to thoſe, that have offended us; as if our Enemies were not *Men* as well as we. That this Senſe of our natural Excellency is in all Men, appears from hence, That even thoſe Perſons, who are leaſt of all eſteem'd in the Minds of Others, do notwithſtanding this, eſteem and value themſelves, and ſo receive a kind of Domeſtick *Conſolation* at their publick Infamy and Diſgrace, from their own Conceit.

We

We don't here pretend to juſtify all the Extravagancies of a Man, pufft up with Preſumption, who prefers himſelf before thoſe, to whom he juſtly owes Reſpect and Veneration; No, by no means, I know there is an Exceſs, and a criminal Exceſs in this Diſpoſition of *Heart*: But perhaps this Exceſs may not conſiſt in that whereinMenfancy it does: And to declare my Opinion; the Irregularity proceeds not ſo much from this, That Men eſteem themſelves too much, but that they value themſelves at too low a Rate. I ſay, that they value themſelves at too low a Rate, and do not eſteem themſelves enough, becauſe they think they are preferable to other Men, who have the ſame *Nature* and *Perfections*. A Man that values himſelf upon any exterior Advantage, that diſtinguiſhes him, ſeems by that very Thing to renounce the Perfections of Humane Nature, which are common to him, with the reſt of Mankind. Such a Man's Condition is much like *Nero*'s, who being in a Capacity of valuing himſelf, upon the Character of *Emperour*, aſpir'd at the Glory and Credit of ſeeming a good Coachman. Nothing certainly is ſo noble in Man, as *Man*: He may be ſaid in ſome Senſe to deſpiſe himſelf, that would ſet a Value on himſelf principally by thoſe Advantages, which make the Difference of Conditions, and Diſtinction of Perſons in Society; ſince this is to deſpiſe what is moſt

of

of all eſtimable in his *Nature.* We muſt here reverſe the Ways and Methods of Pride, as Pride ſeems deſirous of reverſing and overthrowing the Methods of Providence: External Advantages ought to be an Occaſion of rendering to God the Homage that is due to him, and not of derobing him of what is his Right.

Thoſe who have Capacities and Opportunities of ſoaring above the level of their Brethren, don't much value or mind theſe Things: But when *Fortune*, as they term it, or the *Injuſtice* of Men has diſpoſſeſs'd 'em of theſe Advantages, Nature does not fail 'em; and having no longer a Senſe of this imaginary Grandeur, which drew its Original from outward Things, they ſtill are ſenſible of their natural Grandeur and Excellency, whoſe lawful Effect ought to be this, To make 'em endure, with a generous Indifferency, the Contempt and Scorn of all the World; but which notwithſtanding, thro' an Effect of their Corruption, ſerves to render 'em inflexible; and to ſow in their Soul, which does not deſerve it, the Seeds of a diſcontented *Pride*, which though commanded by Fear to hold its Peace, yet upon the leaſt Opportunity of appearing, burſts forth, and ſhews that in whatſoever Condition Men happen to be, they are no more tractable to bear the Contempt of a *King*, than of a *Beggar*.

The

The Grandeur, at which *Pride* aſpires, conſiſts in two Things: Firſt, to extend and enlarge, and then to continue and perpetuate it ſelf; to enlarge it ſelf, maugre the narrow and limited Condition of Corporeal Nature; and to perpetuate it ſelf, maugre the *Fate* of temporal Things, which are allotted ſo ſhort and tranſient a Duration.

'Tis not requiſite to ſhew, that our Vanity fails of obtaining theſe two Ends at which it aims. This ſufficiently appears to every Man, ſince the Enlargement of Conqueſts is but an Enlargement and Extenſion of Injuſtice, rather than Excellency; and the Marbles which ſeem to perpetuate our *Glory*, do for the moſt part, but eternize our *Vanity*.

But Nature and Grace are more happy than *Corruption*. Nature expands and ſpreads Man, as it were, over all the Univerſe, by affixing his Senſes to outward Objects, and making, by that means, the Majeſty, Beauty, Magnificence and Value of all thoſe parts of the World, which raiſe in us the greateſt Admiration and Wonder. *Grace* extends Man to yet larger Dimenſions, thro' the Commerce it procures him with God; and on the account of *Immortality*, we are not careful to make an imaginary Enlargement, when we have a real One; nor buiſy and torment our ſelves, that we may live in the Memory of other Men, being aſſur'd of *Living* eternally in our ſelves and God.

So

So Death appointed and design'd by God, to confound the Designs and Intrigues of our *Pride;* this Minister of his Majesty and Justice, which makes him so signal a Reparation and Satisfaction for the Insolency of our desire, to glorify our selves even in despight of his *Will*, does but confirm us in the Sentiment of this Elevation of the Man, who follows *Nature*, and is attended by *Grace*.

This is a vain Piece of Grandeur, which accompanies a *Prince* when seated on the Throne, but attends him not in the Bed of Infirmity; which stands at his Elbow during Life and Health, but disappears and vanishes at the moment of Death; which is seen by us, but not by the Eyes of his own Mind. All the World remarks, and sees in him the *Master* of other Men, whilst he discovers in himself, a *Man* wearied and afflicted, and presently yielding to the Laws of Mortality.

Wherefore I will not cloath my self with Goods, Riches, Possessions, Offices, Dignities, Glory, Knowledge, Eloquence, memorable Actions, Applause, to aggrandize and augment the *Phantome* of Pride, and to appear more Great and Excellent than the rest of mankind: But I'le cut off the Tumour, the forc'd Grandeur and unnatural Extension, by removing the Objects of *Concupiscence*, and keeping my self at the common Level: I shall get more by this humble Equality, than

than a proud and haughty Preference would ever have done: I'le inveſt my ſelf with all the Splendors of Heaven, and Beauties of the Earth; with the Bleſſings of *Grace*, and the Treaſures of *Nature*, that I may render all theſe things to their bountiful Donor; and find, in this very Reſtitution, ſuch a Glory as I never could meet with in all my Uſurpations. I ſhall elevate my ſelf above all outward Things, by the diſtinct *Idea* of my own Perfections, whereof they are in no wiſe capable; but, like a Ball, I ſhall rebound ſo high, only that I may deſcend and fall lower in his Preſence, who is the Author and Fountain of all my Perfections, and who is alſo able infinitely to vary and diverſify the Sentiments of my Excellency, and his own Bounty.

Ambition thinks to be advanc'd to a lofty Pitch, and to elevate it ſelf beyond an Equality with other Men, becauſe it puts us in a State of commanding them; and indeed 'tis in the right of it, according to the Syſtem of *Pride*, which meaſures the Price of thoſe Advantages, it poſſeſſeth, meerly by the Degree of that Elevation, to which they raiſe it beyond the common Level of Men.

But in the firſt place 'tis certain, that Humane *Authority* gives them not an Empire and Dominion over the Mind of their Fellows: Tho' perhaps they themſelves think otherwiſe, ſuppoſing that thoſe exterior Deferences

ſerences and Submiſſion, we give them, ſeem to be addreſs'd to their *Perſon*, whilſt they are really directed to their *Fortune*. They who judge beſt of this Matter, reſpect the Order of God, and the Methods of his Wiſdom, in their Elevation and Preferment. They ſubmit their Bodies to *Princes* and *Rulers*, becauſe they ſubmit their Souls to God: Yet they, who govern the Body, don't, for all this, govern and reign over Souls. They are Eſteem'd if they deſerve it; if they are worthy of Contempt, they are deſpis'd and ſlighted; and this too with ſo much the greater Delight and Pleaſure, as Men are vex'd, and grated at that which ſubjects, and makes 'em crouch under. So that tho' Fear obliges 'em to reſpect and reverence the *Authority* eſtabliſh'd for their own Intereſt, and Religion makes 'em regard the *Order* of God, yet ſtill there remains, in the bottom of their Heart, a ſecret Diſpoſition to murmur and grumble at this lawful Elevation, which makes Men ſo precipitate and raſh in the Judgments they paſs upon their Princes; and that they excuſe not the leaſt ſlip in their Maſters, thro' the ſecret Averſion they have to *Dependance* and *Command*. Laſtly, 'tis certain that *Empire* is not founded in any natural Prerogative, which ſome Men may have above Others; for which reaſon the Cuſtome of fixing Temporal Grandeur to *Birth*, has been wiſely and prudently

dently eſtabliſh'd; this is undoubtedly done to manage the Pride of other Men, who would ſuffer too great Mortification, did all the Preferences, we are oblig'd to make of Others before them, for the good of Society, proceed from a Preference of *Merit* & Deſert.

It ſeems in this, that God has thought fit to take Meaſures in the *Tablet* of his Wiſdom, to hinder Man from yielding to the Temptations of *Vain-Glory;* for he was willing the confus'd Perceptions of our Nature ſhould affix the Glory of the World to external Objects, and that it ſhould not be in the power of our diſtinct *Ideas* to revoke and call us back from this Errour; and to teach us that the chief Perfection and Excellency of this Glory ariſes from the Womb of our own *Eſſence*, without knowing that 'tis God, who immediately produces it in us.

We diſcover in the Principle, we have eſtabliſh'd, not only the Grandeur of the *Paſſions*, but alſo of the *Vertues*.

'Tis not neceſſary, in order to make this out, to give you an exact Catalogue of them: We need but conſider 'em confuſedly, as they occur to our Imagination.

Temperance is a Vertue, which undoubtedly elevates and raiſes Man; but Temperance can have no ſolid Baſis and Supports, unleſs from the Motives of his *Immortality*, and the eternal Felicity to which he aſpires. I confeſs, *Reaſon* of it ſelf is capable of teach-

teaching us to beware how we injure our Health, and become our own Enemies, thro' Exceſſes of Debauchery; but this Conſideration does not lead us very far, ſince Intemperance conſiſts not ſimply in Exceſs of *Pleaſure*, but alſo in making even but a moderate Uſe of forbidden *Pleaſure*. The only thing capable of raiſing us to this high Situation, at which we ought to be, in order to abſtain from unlawful Pleaſure, is the Conſideration of *Eternity*, for which we are made.

Nor has the *Juſtice* which is commonly practic'd in the World, any greater Elevation and Excellency, ſince it imports no more but the fear of a Return of Injuſtice and Retaliation, and we are apprehenſive of injuring Others meerly thro' fear of endamaging our ſelves: this Exerciſe of *Juſtice* is not to be blam'd in the baſe and limited Views of *Mortality*; but when a Man is Juſt becauſe he is fill'd with the thoughts of Eternity, he's willing to confine himſelf to ſuch an Intereſt and Concern as deſerves his Care and Application, we may ſay that he is equitable without Fault or Infirmity, and that his Vertue is Uniform, and always like it ſelf.

Diſ-intereſtedneſs paſſes for a Sport of Self-love, which takes Advantage by an apparent Renunciation of ſmall and inconſiderable Things, to arrive with more ſurety to a greater Utility and Profit. This holds true of

the Politick and Artificial Dis-interestedness of a *Worldly Man:* for including all his Pretences and Advantages within the narrow Limits of this Life, how can we conceive that he desires not those Goods which other Men pursue, or rather who does not see that he seems to turn his Back to *Fortune*, with a Design to meet her more infallibly another way. The Case is far otherwise with a Man that considers himself in reference to *Eternity;* if he be interested, 'tis with an *Interest* so great, so sublime and lofty, that he may be so far from being asham'd to own it, that indeed 'tis this, that makes all his Glory and Perfection. As he is *Immortal*, 'tis Honourable for him to take his flight towards the Coasts of Eternity, and prosecute all those things with Disdain and Contempt, which are capable of diverting and putting him out of that Road. In this State he resembles a great *Monarch*, who blushes when surpriz'd in base and sordid Occupations, and is cautious of seeming concern'd in trivial and inconsiderable Affairs, being call'd, as he is, to so great and important Imploys, and oblig'd to roll none but vast Designs in his Mind.

Liberality hath ordinarily but a meer shew of Dis-interestedness. A liberal Man values that, which he bestows, but he has a yet greater Value for the Glory of Bestowing; and is also desirous of ob-

obtaining ſacred and inviolable Rights over the Hearts of thoſe, whom he favours with his Benefits. The uſual *Liberality* is but a ſort of Commerce, and a Genteel Traffick of *Self-love*; which making an outward Appearance of obliging Others, does but oblige and gratify it ſelf, by winning and gaining them to its own Intereſt. All this holds true in the Sphere of temporal Goods, wherein the Worldling ſuppoſes himſelf to be; in this Circle of corruptible Objects, *Concupiſcence* gives meerly with a deſign to receive; it ne're will go ſo far as to impoveriſh it ſelf by its Gifts. But elevate your ſelves above theſe corruptible Objects, and you'll diſcover another World, which rendering, what you ſaw before, mean and contemptible in your ſight, will put you in a Condition to give, without any hope of reſtitution from Men.

You are very careful to hide the intereſted Views of your Heart, becauſe on one ſide you are ſenſible of what you are, and on the other you know the Vileneſs of thoſe Objects, about which you are converſant. Do but become capable of this infinite *Intereſt*, and you need not endeavour to conceal it. An *Heart* open'd to the Embraces of Heaven has no need to diſguiſe it ſelf; all it has to do is, to know it ſelf, to act upon that Principle, and to ſet out it ſelf in its native and real Hue. The *Shame*, which confounds us,

when Men look hard upon us, proceeds not from this, That we know our ſelves too well, But that we know not our ſelves enough.

Such is *Baſhfulneſs*, the moſt polite and reaſonable of all the Vertues: Or rather the Artificial Diſguiſement of our Intemperance and Pleaſure, which tho' ſuffering us even with delight to think of thoſe Pleaſures, of which we do not ſpeak without trouble and uneaſineſs, has the Care of regulating our Deſires; as if Corruption conſiſted rather in Expreſſions than Thoughts.

This *Vertue*, as Defective and Falſe as it is, ſprings from a very good Source; it certainly riſes from a ſenſe of our natural Excellency. Had *Nature* deſign'd us for none but Animal Actions, as we conceive Beaſts to have no other End, we ſhould be as far from Bluſhing, as they, at thoſe Actions which bear a Character of our Conformity and Likeneſs to them: But *Immortal* and Incorruptible, as Naturally we are, 'tis hard, That, notwithſtanding that State of Vileneſs and Ignorance, to which *Sin* has reduc'd us, we ſhould not ſee ſomething of that Dignity which does ſo nobly Diſtinguiſh us; and conſequently, that we ſhould not have ſome ſenſe of *Shame*, at any Thing which ſeems to Vilify and Degrade us.

But Laſtly, this Vertue, as we have already ſaid, does not riſe very high, when we exerciſe it only by the confus'd Sentiment of

of *Nature* and *Education*: If you desire it should purify your Heart, as it does your Tongue, you need only go out of this *Horizon* of Vanity, and ascend to the *Throne* of God; who is the Principle and Source of your Immortality. The Commerce you'll have with him, will so elevate and raise you, that, without any Difficulty and Violence, you'll feel your self dispos'd and inclin'd to renounce all unworthy and ignoble Affections. Certainly 'tis not the Property, of the Carnal and Animal Man, to Blush at the *Vileness* of Nature; 'tis the incommunicable Property of the immortal Man, to be Confounded at this: The Shame indeed, of a *Worldling*, may aspire at gaining the Esteem of other Men, by an affected Purity; but the immortal Man, seeks for Grounds where upon to Value himself, if he fear that he shall not be in a Capacity of valuing himself in the View of his Perfections. Indeed, *Debauchery* includes a Doubt of One's true Condition: Consummate Intemperance is the Prostitution of a Soul, that renounces its own *Dignity*, and implies, That a Man becomes a Beast by renouncing *Shame*, and abandoning himself to Sensuality.

Much the same is to be said of *Modesty*, as of *Bashfulness*: Were the Approbation of Men a sufficient Reward, we should have no Reason to conceal and cloak our Design of attracting it, nor the Joy wherewith it caresses

and tickles us; but as the Inſtinct, that perſwades us of our Excellency, ſecretly convinces us, That this Eſteem is too trivial and inconſiderable for limiting all our Pretenſions, 'tis not to be wonder'd, if we take care to hide our Deſire of being eſteem'd, or the Eſteem and Value we have for our ſelves: Yet if we look ſomewhat cloſely in the Matter, we ſhall find, that moſt commonly there is nothing but Falſhood and Hypocriſy in this Vertue, as 'tis uſually practic'd in the World. Men that ſeem Modeſt when they are prais'd, are not ſo when they are Blam'd and reprehended; This is no wonder, for that Vertue cannot be of any great Force, which ows its Original to our *Infirmity*; and we are not rais'd very high, when we fall down again to the Center of our *Vanity*, which makes an apparent Grandeur and real Debaſement. The *Modeſty*, which ſprings from the Knowledge of our immortal Condition, and conſequently of our Situation above the Sphere of that Eſteem, which ties and confines us to temporal Things, has a much greater Force and Elevation: It ſeems almoſt indifferent to *Praiſe* and *Diſ-praiſe*, and is ready to put 'em in an equal Ballance; and makes us Eſteem and Value none but thoſe Things which relate to this grand *Eternity*; which is the Rule, whereby we meaſure the Price and Worth of all other Things: And as we ſee, that Perſons very Eminent, or who

who are ſo at leaſt in their own Conceits, ſeem more capable of *Modeſty* than others; becauſe their real, or imaginary Elevation and Advancement, places 'em above the Sentiments of the Vulgar ſort: So may we more truly ſay, That One well inſtructed by the diſtinct Ideas of *Nature*, and the Promiſes of *Religion*, concerning the lofty Deſtinies of Man, has no great Temptation to be tranſported and dazzled, at what Degree ſoever of Proſperity, and temporal Glory he finds himſelf Advanc'd.

To this I add, That *Humility*, which is the very Soul of *Modeſty*, and all the other Vertues, cannot proceed from any other Source, than a ſenſe of our Natural *Excellency*. Whilſt you make light of Man, as Man, you can Eſteem only thoſe weak and mean Advantages, which make the Difference of Conditions, and the Diſtinction of Perſons; and conſequently, cannot but contemn and deſpiſe thoſe, who fail of theſe Advantages; deal with 'em Diſreſpectfully, preſer your ſelves before 'em, and Advance, as it were, above their Lowneſs, which is the moſt dangerous Character of *Pride*: But if you are perſwaded, that *Man* is the principal Thing, which deſerves Eſteem in Man, you'll reſpect in your *Neighbour*, whatever is common to him with you: And tho' the Order of Society, which is that of GOD Himſelf, eſtabliſhing a mutual Subordina-

tion, assures you of his Submission, and external Homages, yet will you have for him an inward Respect and Veneration, as he hath for you; and discover thro' these narrow *Dependances*, which make you his Superiour, an Original and Eternal *Grandeur*, which renders him your Equal in that, which you look upon, as the most estimable Part of your Nature.

Then indeed we may conceive Man to be moderate, in the Abundance of temporal Goods, constant in Adversity, and magnanimous in all Conditions; tho' the *Moderation*, which Worldlings make a show of, in the highest Elevations of Earthly Pageantry be but a secret Desire of seeming Greater, than those things which raise 'em: The *Moderation*, of the immortal Man, is purely a Sense of his own Excellency, which truly raises him above all those things that seem'd capable of raising and advancing him. 'Tis the Property of *Pride* to disguise it self, that it may hide the Disproportion betwixt what a Man is, and what he believes is in the World. *Piety*, which looks on those things as *Atomes*, which seem like vast *Colossus's* in the World's Eye, need but bear it self up in the Height of its natural Situation, to see under its Feet the vain Pomp of Humane *Grandeur*; and the equally vain Multiplicity of Disgraces and Calamities, which, like a Whirl-wind, agitate and toss this Lump of Clay,

Clay, and reverſe theſe Tabernacles of Duſt. The Worldling can put on an affected *Conſtancy*, to make People think him ſtronger than Adverſity; and that this *Fortitude* places him above the reach of bad Fortune: This Sentiment becomes not a Man that includes all his Remedies in *Time*; but is fitly plac'd in his Breaſt, who finds himſelf made for *Eternity*: without a counterfeit and feign'd Magnanimity, Nature and Religion do ſufficiently raiſe him for making him patient under all Afflictions, and conſtant without Affectation.

Such a Man can fill, and adequately anſwer, the Idea and Model of the *higheſt Valour*, when his Vocation calls him to expoſe his Perſon to the Dangers of War; and to let Men ſee what they never yet ſaw in the World, A Man valiant by Reaſon, and ſtout without external Cultivation and Diſcipline His Fortitude will not owe its Force to Stupidity, which hinders him from reflecting on what he does; nor to Example, which obliges him to follow in Danger, the Steps of other Men; nor to Worldly Concerns, which bid him not flinch and give Ground, where *Honour* calls; nor laſtly, to an heap of Conſiderations, which may ſerve as a Veil to hinder him from ſeeing the impendent Danger: The immortal Man expoſes himſelf to Death, becauſe he very well knows that he cannot Dye.

The World cannot produce One *Heroe*, ſince all its brave Men are either fearful of Death, or owe their Intrepidneſs to their own Infirmity: Thinking to be Valiant, they ceaſe to be Men; and going to look Death in the Face, they loſe the Sight of themſelves; but the immortal Man expoſes himſelf, becauſe he underſtands and knows himſelf.

Tho' we cannot find a true *Heroe* in the World, yet we cannot but love thoſe who appear to be ſuch: *Heroiſm* in that Man's Principles, who includes all his Hopes in the World, is a meer Extravagance; yet we cannot chooſe but admire thoſe Perſons who bear this Character: This undoubtedly proceeds from a Senſe of our Grandeur and Dignity, which teaches us confuſedly, and without the admiſſion of Reaſon to theſe Myſteries of the Heart, that *Man* is above all. We are inwardly pleas'd and delighted to ſee a Fellow quarrelling with *Fate* and *Fortune*; we love to ſee him rais'd above Dangers by his Valour, and above all Applauſe by his Modeſty: we would have nothing ſhake his Stoutneſs and Courage, and tho' we cannot bear, that his *Pride* ſhould deſpiſe us, yet we love he ſhould deſpiſe all the Injuries of the Elements, the Perſecution of Men; and ſhew himſelf greater than all thoſe Things, which ſeem'd capable of pulling down his Creſt. *Conſtancy* ſuits not with a periſhing Man; but agrees with, I know not what, confus'd Senſe

Senſe of our Grandeur, which finds nothing too Great for its vaſt Capacity.

Hence undoubtedly ſprung that Idea of a *Wiſe Man*, which the *Stoicks* vainly endeavour'd to anſwer: For truly their Paradoxes in the Principles of One, who believes not an Eternity, are highly Extravagant; yet however Extravagant they may be, they excite a kind of Admiration in our Heart, which we uſe not to have at Things purely impoſſible. We ſhould laugh at that Man's Folly, who ſhould fancy he had *Wings* to fly with; and indeed the Notion of a *Sage*, who pretends he is rais'd above all adverſe Events, and yet caſts not his Eye beyond the Limits of *Mortality*, is no leſs unreaſonable and ſenſeleſs; yet we find in this Sentiment, ſomething not altogether diſpleaſing, which our Soul inſenſibly admires: This undoubtedly proceeds purely from this Cauſe, That theſe Paradoxes agree, and ſuit with a confus'd Senſe of our natural *Dignity*; which forſakes us not, tho' it be uſually unknown.

This Senſe is diſguis'd and hidden, in the midſt of the apparent *Infirmities*, and *Baſeneſs* of our Nature, as Diamonds are in the Entrails of the Earth, mingled with Dirt or Droſs; and as theſe muſt be purify'd and cleanſed to give 'em their native Luſtre and Brightneſs, and to know their Value or Worth: ſo is it neceſſary to purify this Senſe, of our

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natural Excellency, by the Ideas of *Religion*, that we may ſee its Beauty and Perfection.

The *Chriſtian* mantains theſe Paradoxes, and fills the prodigious Vacuity of theſe Maximes: All of 'em become reaſonable upon the Principle of *Immortality*, provided they be rightly underſtood.

If they tell us the *Wiſe Man* is without Paſſion, we ſhall find, that this Character ſuits with the Immortal Man; provided, that by Paſſion you mean the Alteration, which uſually attends the Paſſions, as theſe *Philoſophers*, ſeem to have done: For how can a Man that is made for Eternity, if he act conformably to the exact and true Knowledge, he ought to have of himſelf, be very much embaraſs'd and perplex'd, with Cares and Paſſions, which wholly relate to *Time?* Plac'd, as it were, upon a lofty Mountain, he hears, with a ſerene and undiſturb'd *Mind*, the Wind blow; the Thunder roar, and the Lightning Clouds burſt under his Feet: If few Men enjoy this Tranquillity and Regard, with a generous Indifferency, the *Goods* and *Evils* of this Life, 'tis becauſe they are too ignorant of their immortal Condition; whereof even Nature gives 'em an obſcure Glimpſe, and a confus'd Information: Or, becauſe they can't keep up in that lofty Situation, to which *Religion* advanc'd 'em. All this ſhews, that there is no compleat *Wiſe Man*; yet this does not hinder

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us from concluding, that 'tis the Character of a Wise Man, to live without Alteration; & that we find this Character more or less perfect, according as a Man remembers what himself is.

If the *Wise Man* ought to be sufficient to himself, may we not very well apply this Idea to the *Immortal Man;* who cannot percieve his true Condition of coming from, and returning to God, without being assur'd, That Worldly Objects, which hinder him from knowing his true Original and End, are far from satisfying his Wants? For this Maxim must not be understood, in a Sense exclusive of God; without whom we are Nothing at all: But in a Sense exclusive of the *World;* without which, 'tis true, we both are, and are Happy. I confess that he, who has fix'd all his Desires upon Earthly Objects, can't live without Company and Conversation; without that, he is plung'd in the Ideas of the Misery and Vanity of all temporal Things: He cannot Live, unless he be diverted from the Thoughts of *Death;* he cannot Dye, unless he see those Persons, who still busy him with the Thoughts of *Life:* His Prosperity and Fortune become insupportable, unless those Persons have a share with him, who divert his Mind; hinder it from thinking of the fatal *Necessity* that's impos'd upon him, of seeing it speedily come to a Period. A weak and silly *Creature*, that stumbles into a Precipice, and to retard its

its Fall for a Moment, lays hold of any thing it can catch by; but he's ſurpriz'd with falling down, maugre theſe vain Supports, into the inevitable Abyſs, which he ſees before him. The *Immortal Man* has no need of making theſe Diſguiſements, in order to obtain Conſolation and Comfort, and keep the Poſſeſſion of himſelf: He affixes, even to *Death*, an Idea of Glory and Excellency; which makes him look upon all that with Anger and Vexation, which diverts his Thoughts from this Object: He's never better pleas'd than when he conſiders the glorious Condition of his Soul. The *Farrago* of temporal Goods, ſeems to him like an Heap of Duſt thrown into his Eyes, to hinder him from the Enjoyment of his own Perfections; whatſoever diverts, and pleaſes the Heart and Mind of other Men, is a Burthen to him; becauſe it keeps him from meditating, and thinking of his real *Happineſs*. This Paradox therefore is not at all Extravagant in the Mind of that Man, who knows and loves himſelf as he ought; if it fail of Truth, this is to be imputed to our *Weakneſs* and *Infirmity*, and nothing but our Error and Folly do render it Unreaſonable and Senſeleſs.

Let the *Wiſe Man* command and govern the Stars, be rais'd above Fate, and more happy and perfect than *Jupiter* himſelf; theſe Expreſſions are ſo much the more Exceſſive, as they ſeem Impious and Wicked;

ed; but we may put a favourable Conſtruction upon them: And certainly if the immortal Man be ſaid to be rais'd above the Stars, above the Concatenation of natural Things, and thoſe *Heroes*, who, after their Death, were ſet up for Gods; or, even thoſe Gods, ſo much like weak and ſinful Men, which *Paganiſm* invented, 'tis no more than what is true. We know the Stars, tho' they know not us; we owe them Nothing, but they are beholding to us for the glittering Luſtre of their Perfections: And, I dare ſay, 'tis more Natural, that they ſhould be in a State of Dependance upon us, than we upon them; and tho' it pleas'd the Author of Nature, that they ſhould make a neceſſary Impreſſion upon us; yet 'tis not for their Glory, but our Advantage, that he eſtabliſh'd this Order in the *Univerſe*. The *Sun* rules over the Day, and the *Moon* the Night; but *God* alone rules over Man: And his Prerogatives are excellently confirm'd by Religion, when it teaches us, That God made him Maſter over the Works of his Hands, and *King* of the viſible World. If Fate be a Connection of external Objects, and ſecond Cauſes, it can have no power over Man; becauſe theſe Objects periſh and come to an End, but Man does not. If *Jupiter* be a God, guilty of Ambition, Injuſtice and Intemperance, the Idea of this pretended *Divinity* is much more ignoble and inferior than that of a Man;

Man; whom the ſenſe of his Immortality and the Grace of God, elevate and raiſe far above Pride, Intereſt, and the Pleaſures of this Life.

The immortal Man is as invincible as the Stoicks *Sage* was repreſented to be. How ſhould his Courage be pull'd down, to whom the Dangers of this Life, ſeem no Dangers at all; nor the Miſeries of this World, real Miſeries?

But the *Worldling* cannot chooſe but be weak and cowardly; his Infirmity appears even thro' thoſe outward ſhews of Magnanimity and Strength, which he affects, meerly to dazzle the Eyes of his Spectators, and Admirers; and that he may reap this miſerable Satisfaction, of making it be ſaid, That he acted his Part very well upon the *Theatre* of Humane Life; which is the whole Reward of this *Maſter* of the World, who took ſo much Pains to raiſe himſelf above the common Level of Mankind. The World can't give us an Inſtance of a ſtedfaſt *Conſtancy*: The Courage and Reſolution of *Heroes* is but a machinal Vertue, which is defeated and vanquiſh'd by the Diſorder of the leaſt Spring. He that ſo proudly defy'd the *Gods* and *Fortune*, in the midſt of Dangers, at the Head of Armies, trembles at the Thoughts of Dying in his Bed: He dar'd a Death, accompany'd with Noiſe and Tumult; but cannot away with the Proſpect of a quiet and peaceable Departure. The *Philoſopher*,

losopher, that hugg'd himself, and rejoyc'd at suffering a Thousand illustrious Misfortunes and famous Disasters, cheer'd up and solac'd by their Approbation, who admir'd his Constancy; yet conceives a kind of Despair, when reduc'd to *Adversity*, in a private Corner: But tho' the Worldling be necessarily weak and cow-hearted, the immortal Man can hardly avoid the Character of *Constancy* and *Valour*; all the Infirmity he has, proceeds meerly from the Regards and Opinions of Men, and temporal Society; which make the whole Strength and Courage of the *Heroes* of the Age. He's troubled to see People crying about him; the sympathising of Others, with his pretended Misery, casts him down, and calls him back, as it were, from *Heaven*, to these gloomy Regions: In Solitude and Retirement, he finds himself advanc'd above outward Accidents, and the Opinions of Men; he can freely say, what a confus'd Notion of Man's Excellency, caus'd a *Heathen* Poet to utter:

Si fractus illabatur Orbis,
Impavidum ferient Ruinæ.

And may cry out with Him, whom Religion had much better instructed: *Who shall separate me from the Love of Christ? Shall Oppression or Anguish? O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?* He that thinks to get above Disgraces and Ad-

Adverſity, by ſtanding upon other Men's Heads, is miſtaken: He muſt return back again, by the way that he came, to find what he hitherto in vain ſearch'd after. 'Tis not *Pride*, that with its forc'd Diſtinctions and eternal Conſtraints, can render him ſtedfaſt and conſtant; but *Humility* muſt do this, by reducing him to that natural Equality of Perfection and Excellency, which is common to all Mankind; who have the ſame Original and End of coming from God, and returning to God.

But if our Comfort and Elevation be grounded in the Senſe of our *Immortality*, 'tis from thence likewiſe, that our real Satisfaction and Contentment proceeds.

Our Heart is a kind of devouring Fire, which mounts up higher and higher, and never ſays, 'tis Enough: Give it all it can reaſonably ask, 'twill but ſtill form new Deſires; if it be Maſter of the Univerſe, 'twill either, like *Alexander*, Wiſh for *new Worlds to Conquer*; or will grow out of Conceit with its proper Grandeur, like thoſe *Roman* Emperours, who, when come to be Lords and Maſters of Mankind, diſ-reliſh and nauſeate their Puiſſance and Greatneſs; find an extream Diſproportion betwixt the Good they have obtain'd, and the Ardour wherewith they deſir'd it. Tho' Maſters of other Men's *Fortune*, they are not content with their Own; they miſs of the Fullneſs of their

their expected Satisfaction. *Tiberius* had need be an Emperour, to go and Cloiſter up himſelf in the Iſle of *Capreæ*; and take full Draughts of thoſe infamous Pleaſures, whoſe *Ragoo* conſiſts in ſingularity and exceſs of Crime! His being ſimply a Man, without the Character of Emperour, was ſufficient for this: Nay, he need not be a Man to entitle him to this; he muſt put off Humanity, and by a monſtrous Debauchery, deſcend even below the Condition of *Beaſts*: But the Reaſon of it is, Becauſe thoſe Exceſſes of Pleaſure, were the Deſpair of Ambition. He was forc'd to deſcend ſo low, becauſe he ſaw no poſſibility of riſing higher than he was: For the Heart of Man can never reſt. Theſe famous Debochés had always a Fancy, That *Happineſs* conſiſted in outward Grandeur; when they are mounted to the height of that, they preſently diſabuſe themſelves, and ſee their Errour: Then, like the Conqueror of the *Perſians*, They believe that another kind of Greatneſs is requir'd to make a Man Happy; or weary'd with the Fatigues of *Grandeur* and *State*, they betake themſelves to the Fruition of Pleaſure: They endeavour to repair the Time they have loſt, and to regain, by Singularity, what they loſe in Duration; but in a while they become more out of Conceit with Pleaſure than Greatneſs, and Ambition calls 'em back to their former State; as appears

pears in the Caſe of *Tiberius*, who after having given up the Empire to his Favorite, that he might with more Quiet and Tranquillity taſt the Exceſs of Senſuality, is at length tempted to quit his Pleaſures for the ſake of the *Empire*; the Cares of which he again finds fault with, after the Death of *Sejanus*; being as much diſcontented at *Rome*, as he was at *Capreæ*, always having an inſatiable and reſtleſs Heart.

This Picture repreſents the Heart, not only of *Tiberius*, but of all Mankind; who are in a perpetual, and, as it were, neceſſary Toſſing and Agitation, whilſt they fix themſelves upon Worldly Objects. God has endu'd Man with a Capacity proportionable to his *Immortality*; Namely, an infinite Capacity. 'Tis therefore impoſſible he ſhould be ſatisfy'd with corruptible and tranſitory Goods; what is finite can by no means fill him: But perſwade him once of his Immortality, and give him *Goods* Eternal, like himſelf, and you'll preſently ſee him contented and ſatisfy'd. Having endeavour'd to know the Nature, Duties, and the moſt powerful Motives, or moral Force, which naturally determine the Heart of Man, 'twill not be amiſs, in the next place, to paſs to the Conſideration of his *Irregularities*; the Spring of which we ſhall conſider firſt, in order to know the Rivulets that flow from it.

The End of the Firſt Part.

The SECOND PART.

Where we Enquire after the Source of our *Corruption*, and Treat of *Self-love*, of the Force of its Applications, the Extent of its Affections, and Irregularities in General and in Particular.

CHAP. I.

Where we Enquire after the Source of our Corruption, *by handling the Firſt of our Faculties, which is the* Underſtanding.

I Don't take the common *School-Diſtinction* of Underſtanding and Will, Mind and Heart, Reaſon and Appetite, to be proper for diſentangling and clearing our Ideas; but we muſt be forc'd to follow this too much receiv'd Cuſtome: We call Underſtanding, Mind, or Reaſon, the *Soul*, as it knows; that is, as it conceives, judges, reaſons, remembers, reflects and methodizes its Know-

Knowledge. We term Heart, Will, or Appetite, the *Soul*, as it has the Affections of Love, Hatred, Desire, Fear, Joy, Hope, Despair, or any other of the Passions. I think we shall not be much out of the Way, if we define the Mind, *the Soul as it knows*; and the Heart, *the Soul as it loves*: For as Conceptions, Judgments, and Discourses, are but different Modes of Knowledge, so 'tis certain that Desire, Fear, Hope, and in general all other Affections, are only Modes or different Manners of Love; but this is not to be insisted upon at present.

Our Business here is to know, Whether the Original Source of our *Corruption*, be in the *Mind*, or in the *Heart*: Whether the first Spring of our *Evil*, be in the Knowledge of our *Soul*, or in its Affections. We answer, That 'tis not in the Mind, because then the Mind would have been order'd to conduct and regulate it self, by the Dictates of the Heart; whereas we see the Heart has been order'd to regulate it self by the Mind. For 'twould be unreasonable, that what is less Corrupted, should be guided by that which is more irregular and disorderly; and that the Source of our Corruption, should be the Rule of our Conduct: and indeed were it so, A Man would not be oblig'd to steer and guide himself by his Reason, 'till he should have been assur'd, that God had extraordinarily enlightned him; and he must wait for

for an *Enthuſiaſm*, and immediate Inſpiration, before he could have Right to act in the Quality of a Rational Creature.

Alſo the Holy *Scripture* always attributes the Offuſcation, and Darkneſs of the Mind, to the evil Affections of the Heart: *If our Goſpel be hidden*, ſays St. *Paul*, *'tis hidden to them that periſh, whoſe Underſtandings the God of this Age has blinded.* 'Tis eaſy to conceive, That by the God of this Age, he means the *Demon* of Concupiſcence: And upon almoſt the like Account, our *Saviour* ſaid to the *Jews*, *How can ye believe, ſeeing that ye ſeek for Glory one of another?*

Certainly, were the *Mind* the Original of our Depravation, 'twould always, and in all Circumſtances, have its natural Obſcuration and Darkneſs; 'twould be as blind in the Study of the *Sciences*, as of *Religion*, and 'twould ſucceed no better in knowing ſuch Objects, as are indifferent to it, than thoſe, which intereſs and concern it. When an Eye is cover'd with a Web, or clos'd up by an Obſtruction, 'tis not in a Condition to ſee one Object, more than another; but when its Darkneſs proceeds from the Obſtacle of Clouds, Fog, or any exterior Veil, 'tis eaſier for it to perceive diſtant Objects, and 'twill ſee very clearly when the extraneous Impediment is remov'd, without receiving any Change or Alteration in it ſelf. So ſay we, if the *Underſtanding* were in it ſelf naturally

rally darken'd, 'twould be as liable to Error in its curious and needleſs Enquiries, as 'tis in thoſe which import and concern it; for its Darkneſs would be Uniform, and always the ſame: But becauſe 'tis cover'd only with Fogs and Miſts, which riſe from the Seat of the *Affections*, no Wonder if its Obſcuration ends, ſo ſoon as the Heat of Paſſion ceaſes.

This is a common Matter of Fact: One that has a Rectitude of Mind, and Exactneſs of admirable Reaſon, for apprehending what is moſt abſtruſe, and intricate in the *Sciences*; who knows when to doubt and ſuſpend his Aſſent to things that are Dubious; to affirm true Things, and deny Falſe; to have a ſimple Opinion of probable Things, to demonſtrate thoſe that are Certain, who will not miſtake True for Falſe, nor one Degree of Truth for another; will no ſooner have a Point of *Intereſt* to manage, but his former Rectitude of Mind forſakes him; his Reaſon bends to the Humour of his Deſires, and Evidence is confounded with Utility and Profit. Whence proceeds this Darkneſs? From the Objects? No, For theſe Objects are eaſier and clearer, than thoſe of the ſublime and lofty *Sciences*, which he ſo well penetrated and underſtood. Is it from any natural Defect of the Mind? No, From this much leſs than the other: That has reaſon'd perfectly well touching Matters of *Speculation*;

tion; and put it to Diſcourſe of ſecular Concerns, provided they be not its own, but another Man's, 'twill reaſon about 'em with the ſame Exactneſs.

But if after you have carried the *Mind* of this Man, from the Objects of the *Sciences*, to the *Affairs* of Life, you call it again from thence, to the Conſideration of the Truths of *Religion*, you'll perhaps find his Mind yet more obnoxious to Falſhood and Illuſions: Becauſe a greater Intereſt, does alſo produce a greater Errour. Such a Paſſion as *Intereſt*, is of very great Prevalence and Force, in obſcuring the Light of *Reaſon*; but yet thoſe Paſſions, which directly oppoſe *Reaſon*, are more capable of producing this ill Effect: For, 'tis not, as Men commonly imagine, the Degree of Darkneſs, which is originally in the Underſtanding, that cauſes the Number of our Paſſions; but 'tis the Number and Vehemency of the Paſſions, that cauſe this Degree of Darkneſs in our Underſtanding.

But were the *Underſtanding* originally Darken'd, it would not be remedied, unleſs by a new and extraordinary Infuſion of Light, which is contrary to Experience: For the Underſtanding of a *Sinner*, that betakes himſelf to a ſtrict Repentance for his Tranſgreſſions, is not fill'd with other Ideas and Knowledge, than he had before: I mean, according to the ordinary Courſe of

Things. A Man indeed, after his Converſion, has the Ideas of *God*, *Salvation* and *Eternity*, he's convinc'd of his own Mortality, and the Frailty of Humane Things: He looks upon Piety, as a moſt proper Means, for procuring Repoſe and Tranquillity in Life; Conſolation and Comfort in Death, and a Glorious Reſurrection from the Grave. But yet he was fully perſwaded, of all theſe Truths, before his Repentance: (For I ſuppoſe he Sinn'd not in Incredulity.) Wherefore he cannot be ſaid, to have acquir'd any new Knowledge; but to have tranſcrib'd that Knowledge into Practice, which before was meerly Speculative. And our Saviour does partly teſtify this, in declaring to his Enemies, That the Degree of their *Knowledge*, aggravated their Blame. Indeed the want of Light excuſes a Man from the Faults he commits, when this Privation is neceſſary and voluntary: For is any One to be blam'd, for not ſeeing that which 'twas impoſſible for him to ſee? Nor can we excuſe him, whoſe Blindneſs we ſuppoſe to be voluntary, and willful. He that is deceiv'd and miſtaken by reaſon of the *Heart*, and not thro' any natural want of Light, ſees and not ſees: He has *Knowledge* enough to perceive, that he follows not his own Light; and this ſeems the only Means of reconciling two Expreſſions of the Holy *Scripture*, which appear very Contradictory: For one while it accuſes the

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Sinner of Ignorance, Folly, Stupidity, Blindneſs, of walking in Darkneſs, of not knowing what he does; another while it blames him for Sinning againſt his own Light; for reſiſting the Truth which enlightens him; for being condemn'd by his own Thoughts, and reprehended by his Conſcience. All theſe Expreſſions are true, and only ſeem to be oppoſite: The *Sinner* does both ſee, and not ſee: He ſees by the *Underſtanding*, which God hath given him, capable of knowing and making uſe of the Truth; he is Blind, and does not ſee, by his *Heart*, which evaporates and ſends up, to the Seat of the Superior Faculties of the Soul, continual Fumes and Clouds, which obnubilate and darken the *Underſtanding*.

I am not ignorant, that the *Schools* uſe to make a Diſtinction, betwixt two ſorts of Knowledge or Light, that they may ſolve this Difficulty: *viz. Speculative* and *Practical*; they draw this Definition from their Effects: *Speculative Light*, which goes no farther than ſimple Contemplation, does but float, as it were, in the *Underſtanding*; whereas, what they call *Practical Knowledge*, does not ſtop at the Mind, but takes a farther Deſcent, down into the *Heart*; gains the Will, makes it ſelf Miſtreſs of the Affections, and inclines us to Practice, whatſoever it orders and appoints: But it muſt needs be own'd, that this Diſtinction leads us not far

in the Diſcovery of Things ; ſeeing it imports no more than this, That we have ſome *Knowledge* that is operative and uſeful, and other that is dead and inefficacious.

If we look narrowly into this Point, we ſhall find, That Knowledge is ordinarily either *Speculative*, or *Practical*, according as it concerns, or not concerns our *Heart*. When we conſider *Truth*, in the *Sciences*, we have uſually no more than a *Speculative* Knowledge of it; but conſidering it in the Objects, which intereſt and concern us, as in the Affairs of civil Life, or Points of Religion, we hate it, or love it, according as 'tis agreeable, or diſagreeable ; and it determines us to Action, or Averſation, according as it bears one, or t'other of theſe Characters: Hence you ſee, that the *Practical Truth* of the *School-men* is that, which has ſome Force and Efficacy ; but *Truth* draws its whole Force from the *Heart*.

The Caſe is much the ſame, with the Light of the *Underſtanding*, as with that we behold in Nature: It enlightens all things, but of it ſelf moves not any thing : It has Luſtre and Brightneſs, but no Strength ; It can conduct and guide, but not ſupport and hold us up. When none but *Reaſon* ſpeaks, we ſhall look upon its Deciſions as meer Dreams, as dry and barren Truths, which are good for nothing, but to be plung'd into Oblivion; we ſhall look upon 'em as the importunate

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Councels of a Pedant, that wearies and vexes us with unſeaſonable Advices. Were Men determin'd in their Actions by *Reaſon*, *Philoſophers* would be more prevalent, in Perſwaing, than *Orators*: For the former have a juſt and exact Reaſon, a ſevere Judgment, which weighs, and examines, and makes juſt Compariſons of all Things; whereas the latter do often abound in Fictions, Lies, Figures, which would be but pompous and ſplendid Impoſtures, did not Neceſſity it ſelf juſtify theſe Exceſſes of Speech; and were not Men agree'd in mitigating and allaying their ſignification: But becauſe they are determin'd by their *Affections*, it falls out quite contrary to Reaſon, that *Oratours* are commonly much more ſucceſsful, in Perſwading, than *Philoſophers*: 'Tis becauſe the Soul does not balance, and weigh the Reaſons, but its own Intereſts; and conſiders not the Light, but its own Utility and Advantage.

Good attracts our Love, *Evil* our Averſion; pure *Reaſon* does neither of theſe, but only as it repreſents the Objects to us: And here, by the By, we may ſee the Errour of thoſe, who place Man's *Free-will* in the indifferency of his Soul, to purſue, or not purſue the Good which is preſented to it. Certainly this Indifferency is no where elſe, but in the *Imagination*; 'tis not in the Objects: Good is not indifferent to its being Good, nor is Evil indifferent to its being Evil;

nor is it in the *Reaſon*, for this is not free to aſſent to that which ſeems Falſe, nor to reject what is True : 'Tis not indifferent, to judge, that, what it apprehends to be Evil, is Good ; nor that, what ſeems Good, is Evil. The Soul is not indifferent to love or hate, what it apprehends as good and agreeable ; for if ſo, 'twould be indifferent to love or hate it ſelf, which is againſt Nature.

CHAP. II.

Where we continue to ſhew, that the Source of our Corruption, *is not in the* Underſtanding.

IN ſaying, That the Corruption of the *Underſtanding*, proceeds from the Will, we don't mean, that all our Ignorances and Errours, without exception, are deriv'd from our Affections : For as to the former of theſe, certainly all Kinds of Ignorance, are not to be look'd upon as Defects. 'Tis not the Property of Men, or *Angels ;* or in General any Creature, how Perfect ſoever, to be Omniſcient : This is the Character of the *Supream Being*, and infinite *Underſtanding*, which governs and rules the Univerſe. In General, we ſhould not make any matter of that Ignorance, which proceeds from either of theſe Reaſons, That our Nature is too finite and li-

limited, and the Object too ſublime; or, from the ſhortneſs of our Life, which will not permit us to attain the Knowledge of all Things, *&c.* For Mortality is not a Crime to our *Body*, nor is our *Soul* to be blam'd for not being *Infinite.*

Neither the Ignorance of the Myſteries of *Nature*, nor of the Secrets of *Providence*, can be look'd upon as the Corruption of the *Underſtanding*. *Jeſus Chriſt* was the Model and Pattern of Perfection, and yet as Man, He had not the Knowledge of all Things, for He was ignorant of the Day of *Judgment.* The Ignorance of our Duties, of our Sins, and of the Benefits we have receiv'd, is that, which makes the Corruption of our *Underſtanding*; this Ignorance proceeds not from want of Light, and can bear no Apology or Juſtification; nor are ſpeculative Errours to be thought Vices of the *Underſtanding*: So far are they from it, that they have often remain'd in Souls, which GOD had enlighten'd by His *Revelation*, after an immediate and extraordinary manner: For it does not appear, that either *Moſes*, or any of the *Prophets*, had other Ideas of the Sun, Stars, Earth, *&c.* than what were obvious to the Vulgar ſort; and indeed, 'twas not requiſite, that GOD ſhould make thoſe Men *Philoſophers*, by his *Revelation*, whom He deſign'd for the Inſtruction of the moſt ſimple and illiterate Perſons.

Its no matter, tho' the *Vulgars* are miſtaken, in apprehending the Stars like Flamboys: But 'tis a great exorbitance and exceſſive Fault for thoſe *Sages*, who have ſuch exact Ideas of the Magnitude of the Heavenly Bodies, yet to look upon Eternity, GOD, and Religion, as but ſo many Points, or rather ſo many Shadows and remote Appearances. Our *Reaſon* may be enlighten'd, tho' it has the former Prejudice; but if it has the latter, it muſt needs be blind.

But 'tis very eaſy to juſtify the Mind, and to make it appear, that 'tis not the original Fountain of our *Corruption*, by examining its different ways and manners of Knowing: For, to begin with the ſimple Conceptions of our Underſtanding; no *Idea* in our *Soul* is Evil as ſuch, or as it repreſents an Object to us. The Objects of Pleaſure, Glory, nay, and of Sin it ſelf, have nothing Criminal in themſelves, ſeeing we are permitted to know theſe Objects; the ſame may be ſaid of the *Judgments*, and *Diſcourſes* of the *Soul*. Nor are the firſt Notions Criminal, ſeeing that they are of ſo clear and ſo eaſy Evidence, that the Mind no ſooner begins to exerciſe and uſe its Reaſon, but it preſently apprehends 'em. *Diſcourſe* is a kind of acquir'd Knowledge, which will never deceive us unleſs the *Heart* interpoſe and mingle it ſelf with it; For 'tis an uſual ſaying, that *Common Senſe never deceives*; to denote that Man Reaſon's well Naturally. Yet

Yet, by the way, 'tis to be obſerv'd, that, among our different kinds of Knowledge, *Ideas* have more Force to determine our Will, than the *Judgments*, or *Diſcourſes* of the Mind; this is true Generally ſpeaking: The reaſon of it is, becauſe our Notices, as we have already remark'd, have no Force of themſelves; but borrow it all from the Affections of the *Heart*. And hence it comes to paſs, that Men are never very ſucceſsful in Perſwading, unleſs they interpoſe, as it were, a mixture of Senſe among their Reaſon or Knowledge. Now none, but a remote Good, can be mingled with Reaſons; for ſeeing you are oblig'd to uſe Reaſonings and Diſcourſes, in order to make it known, it appears, that 'tis at ſome Diſtance off: Whereas an *Idea*, or ſimple Perception, partaking of the Quality, and being either pleaſant or unpleaſant, according to the Diſpoſition of its Object, makes you of it ſelf actually feel and perceive that which Diſcourſe makes you only expect and wait for.

But yet this is not the Source of the *Evil*. The Irregularity proceeds from this, That ſpiritual Ideas don't make near ſo great Impreſſions upon our Soul, as Corporeal Ideas, which enter'd in by the Channel of Senſe; whereas by right they ſhould make a much greater, ſince the Perception of our own Soul ought to be more vivid and lively than that of external Objects, and the experience

of ſpiritual Things ſhould more nearly touch and affect us than the Knowledge of the Senſes, which concern us only in outward Objects. *Corporeal Ideas* ſeem to be deſign'd for no other Purpoſe but for the good of the Body, which they conduct and guide, whereas *Spiritual Ideas* ought to direct our Soul, and lead it to the Sources and Fountains of its Happineſs; ſo that as much as the Value of our Soul exceeds that of the Body, ſo much are *Spiritual Ideas* Naturally more important, than *Corporeal*, and as they are more neceſſary, ſo ought they Naturally to make a greater and more lively Impreſſion.

As Ideas are a kind of internal Senſe, being pleaſant or unpleaſant, according to the Character of the Things they repreſent, becauſe they partake of the Quality of their Objects; 'tis no miſtake to ſay, that they belong in ſome ſort to the Affections or Sentiments of the Soul, which are either Corporeal, as Senſations, or Spiritual, as the Affections of the *Heart*; ſo tho' we ſay the *Corruption* of Man ariſes from hence, That Corporeal Ideas make too lively and ſtrong Impreſſions upon the Soul, yet this does not contradict our Principle, that the Corruption of *Reaſon* proceeds from that of the *Heart*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Where we Enquire after the Manner, how the Heart deceives the Mind.

THis Impoſture of the *Heart*, which deceives the *Mind*, proceeds from voluntary Inapplications, affected Diſtractions, beloved Ignorances, from Errours, occaſion'd by the ardent Deſire we have to Cheat our ſelves, and from this Inclination, which removes and alienates our *Mind* from all that is Afflictive, and firmly binds it to all that is pleaſing and delightful.

The firſt Thing then, which the *Heart* does, is to fill us with unprofitable Objects, that it may diſtract and divert us from thoſe, the Conſideration whereof would be more important and uſeful to us, tho' the ſight of 'em ſeem afflictive and unpleaſant. We find, among Others, two Ideas in our Soul, which we fear and dread above all the reſt; which are the Ideas of our *Miſery* and our *Duty*. The Idea of our *Miſery* comprehends that of the Frailty of the World, of our own Mortality, our Sins, the Juſtice of GOD, our Vices, Infirmities, and of the Shame, which naturally follows 'em. The Idea of *Duty* includes a Thouſand Obligations, which are painful to ſuch a voluptu-

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ous Soul as ours, troubleſome and diſagreeable to an *Heart* affected with nothing but Pleaſure, mortifying to Pride, and intolerable to *Self-love*. Hence the moſt trivial Occupations, the moſt inſipid Diverſions, the moſt infructuous Knowledge, the moſt unacceptable Employments, become the Object of our Application or Enquiry, as if they were capable of rendering us Happy. Nothing ſeems delightful but what unſettles and diſtracts us. Any thing that paſſes the Time away merrily and inſenſibly, and plunges us in the Ignorance of our ſelves, charms and allures us. The *Gameſter* ſpends his whole Life in a continual Tranſport from Joy to Sadneſs, from Hope to Fear; if any one ſhould hinder him from the turbulent Succeſſion of his Thoughts and various Agitations, he would certainly deprive him of the whole Pleaſure of his Life: But you need not wonder at it; this Agitation and Hurry buſies and employs him, and that's enough. He thinks himſelf Happy, if he can but be diſpenc'd with from Reflecting upon his *Miſery*: His Hope flatters him, even when he Loſes; and his Soul is always ſo flexible to any pleaſing Proſpect, that when he Wins, he believes he can never Loſe; and when he Loſes, he fills himſelf with Hopes of Winning. The Caſe is the ſame with the divers Profeſſions of Men: *Good* and *Evil* follow by turns in that Path, and

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are connected to it, as we know too well by Experience; but our Soul is conſtant in applying its Regard to nothing elſe, but what tickles and flatters it; and if it chance to meet with an Evil, inſtead of the Good it expected, it forms to it ſelf an imaginary *Felicity*, made up purely of its own *Chimera*'s and Illuſions. Give an Ambitious Man what he demands; place him in the Rank he aſpir'd at, yet he'll hardly reap any other Advantage, than to be able to conceive farther Hopes, and to put upon himſelf new Cheats and Impoſtures. We love and delight in *War*, not as 'tis an hazardous Profeſſion, that often expoſes us to Danger; or as 'tis incommodious, by putting us to ſuffer great Hardſhip, but becauſe it buſies our *Mind* and *Heart*, by the extream Variety of the Objects it preſents to 'em; and in ſome meaſure anſwers this eternal Agitation of our Soul, which flies and ſhuns the Sight of it ſelf, and ſeeks after Subjects for new Illuſions, wherewith to feed and divert it.

You don't think how remarkable the Illuſions, and Impoſitions of the *Heart* are in the Affairs of civil Life. We firſt deceive and cheat our ſelves, and afterwards, if poſſible, other Men. Don't truſt my Sincerity, my Honeſty, nor my long experienc'd Fidelity: Indeed I have Maxims of Equity and Rectitude in my *Mind*, which I uſe to regard; but the Corruption of my *Heart* makes

makes a Play-Game of theſe general Rules. To what purpoſe do I reſpect the Law of Juſtice, if I do it no farther than it ſtands with my Pleaſure and Conveniency; and if it be in the Power of my *Heart*, to perſwade me of the Juſtice, or Injuſtice of a Thing? Don't put any Confidence in it; the Vertue and Juſtice, by which I have attracted a great Name, and Reputation thro' the whole Courſe of my Actions, are not really in me, they only make an outward Appearance, to the end that Men may truſt and confide in me; whilſt Injuſtice lies in the Bottom of my *Heart*, to put *Reaſon* upon Action; and abſconds and hides it ſelf, that it may catch and ſurprize you with more Facility and Eaſe. But the greateſt Miſchief of it is, that one Illuſion breeds a great many others: For as an *Heart*, intereſted to pre-occupy and prejudice the *Mind*, to its own Advantage and Concern, in oppoſition to the Truth, makes uſe of a multitude of probable, but falſe Reaſons, in order to ſupport its Pretences. The *Soul*, which affects its Reaſons, conſidering 'em with Pleaſure, often re-collecting 'em and turning their beſt ſide outward, comes inſenſibly to take the Degree of its own Application for the Degree of their Evidence, and then it receives 'em as infallible Maxims, makes 'em a Source of Prejudices, which being falſe, yet conſtantly ſuppoſed to be true, become to it a per-

perpetual Fountain of Error and Illuſion. Moreover, when in any Concern we are prejudic'd againſt a Man for our own Intereſt and Profit; the Hatred we bear to his Pretenſion, makes us condemn all his Reaſons, and any that are Kin to thoſe which he imploy'd in defending his Cauſe; as we ſee the Averſion we have to an Enemy will make us hate even an indifferent Perſon, if he do but any way reſemble him; and I leave any Man to gueſs, what Influence theſe Prejudices afterwards have upon our Actions and Conduct.

But to return to our *Diſtractions*, and voluntary Inapplications: I think nothing is more extraordinary, than the Carriage and Proceeding of *Democritus*, who after having judg'd the Affairs, and Common-pleas of the *Abderites*, for many Years, with ſuch Uprightneſs and Ability, as put the whole World in Admiration, conſidering the Meanneſs of this Occupation, and willing to enjoy and live to himſelf, abandon'd Humane Society, and retir'd into a Deſart, that he might diligently follow the Study of *Wiſdom*, and the *Knowledge of Himſelf*; where *Hippocrates* thinking to go and Cure him of the Folly, with which People fancy'd him Cras'd and Sick, finds him buiſy'd and wholly taken up in ridiculing the Extravagancies of Mankind. He that dares ſupport the View of himſelf, exceeds the Cha-

racter

racter of an *Heroe*. Indeed our *Philoſopher*'s Retirement from the World made Wiſe Men eſteem him, which he valu'd much more than the injudicious Opinions of the Vulgars: Perhaps his main Deſign, even in this, was to acquire a Reputation and Fame. It may be he thought the Approbation of the *Abderites*, was not Conſiderable enough to ſatisfy his greedy Thirſt of *Vain Glory*; if ſo, his Solitude was not ſo great as Men imagin'd: He left the Society of the *Abderites* meerly for the ſake of better Company; and he retir'd into the Wilderneſs with a Deſign of being more viſible, and conſpicuous to the Eyes of Mankind.

What can be leſs reaſonable than this ſaying of *Cyneas* to *Pyrrhus*, which Hiſtory relates as a very wiſe Speech, *Reſt without going ſo far*: Does he imagine 'tis ſo eaſy a Thing for a Man to reſt himſelf; *Pyrrhus* might more eaſily Conquer the *Romans*, ſubdue *Italy*, *Sicily*, and *Carthage*, than overcome the natural Repugnance of his *Heart* to Quiet and Repoſe, which this importunate Fellow advis'd him to, thinking it might hinder him from going out of the Territories of *himſelf*.

Moſt of the *Philoſophers*, finding the Study of *Man* ſo painful and laborious, betook themſelves to dry and barren Contemplations of *Nature*; which charm'd 'em on one ſide, becauſe they buſy'd and employ'd their *Mind*;

Mind; and on the other, becauſe they ſignaliz'd and diſtinguiſh'd 'em: For, by the way, 'tis an Errour to imagine, that our Soul loves *Truth* purely for its own ſake. No *Truths* are more evident and certain, than thoſe which are obvious to the Knowledge of all Men; yet none ſeem more indifferent. How comes this to paſs? 'Tis becauſe *Truth*, as ſuch, ſeems not Amiable, but only as 'tis capable of diſtinguiſhing, and raiſing us to Fame and Reputation.

But if the *Sages* themſelves are cully'd and impos'd upon, by the Effort of their Paſſions, it cannot be imagin'd that thoſe, at the lower End of the World, are exempted from this Voluntary Darkneſs of the *Heart*. Every *Paſſion* has a particular Impoſture: The *Paſſions* heretofore form'd a Religion exactly ſuited to their own Humour; namely, the *Pagan*. Indeed they could not prevail quite ſo much in the Sun-ſhine of *Chriſtianity*: Yet they endeavour it the utmoſt they can; and though they have not been compleatly Succeſsful, they have very near the matter ſhot the Mark they aim'd at: So prodigiouſly do they diſguiſe the Religion, which our *Saviour Chriſt* brought into the World, and which declares open War againſt the whole Circle of the *Paſſions*. 'Tis certain that every Vice has its Morality: There's a Morality of *Intereſt*, *Pride*, *Pleaſure*, *Revenge*, &c. According as theſe Views imprint their Max-

Maxims in the Underſtanding. No wonder at this, ſeeing that when *Truth* appears to enlighten us, the *Heart* rejects and ſends it away with ſuch a kind of Speech as *Felix* did *Paul: Go thy way now, and when I have a convenient ſeaſon, I'll ſend for thee:* But the *Heart* takes a courſe to darken the Luſtre and Clearneſs of this Truth; for that it may not hear its Voice, it fills it ſelf with the Noiſe and Clamour of the World; and to wave and divert the Conſideration of what 'tis moſt highly concern'd to know, it employs it ſelf wholly about a multitude of Objects, that are utterly unprofitable, and not worth knowing.

Sometimes 'tis forc'd to make a Compariſon of two Objects, One whereof is the Object of a lawful and reaſonable Deſire, the Other of a Temptation and Irregularity: It muſt needs ſide with one or t'other. *Reaſon* is call'd to judge and paſs Sentence; but with how great Partiality does it execute this Office? Where the Object of Duty has Ten Degrees of Evidence, the *Soul* will perceive ſcarce Two; it diſcerns not the reſt, becauſe a clear Manifeſtation often requires a particular Search, which it dreads, and never makes but with regret and unwillingneſs. On the contrary, the Object of the Temptation appears in its full Luſtre, this it turns every way, takes a diſtinct View of all its Faces and Appearances, becauſe

cauſe ſuch a Conſideration as this, fixes its Application with Delight and Pleaſure; the *Soul* is Inventive in diſcovering ſuch Reaſons as favour and countenance its Deſire, becauſe each of theſe Reaſons excites in it a ſenſible Agreement and Delight; but on the contrary, 'tis very ſlow and dull in apprehending thoſe which oppoſe its Inclination, tho' never ſo obvious and plain; becauſe 'tis troubled and mortify'd at finding that, which it does not ſeek, and can never have a very good Opinion of that, which it does not receive, but with Regret and Uneaſineſs.

Thus the *Heart* breaking off, and diſappointing the Reflections of the *Mind* as often as it pleaſes, and carrying away its Thoughts to the Intereſt of its Paſſion, reſpecting meerly its own Pleaſure, and Advantage in its Compariſon of Things, voluntarily omitting what oppoſes its Deſires, having but languid and frozen Perceptions of Duty; conceiving on the contrary with all poſſible Attention, Delight and Ardour, whatſoever favours its Inclination; no wonder, if it make ſport, and put tricks upon the Light of the *Mind*; and if we judge of Things, not according to Truth, but the Biaſs of our own Propenſities.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Where we Conſider the mutual Illuſions between the Heart *and the* Mind, *and how* GOD *alone deſtroys 'em by his* Grace.

IF the *Heart* corrupt the *Mind*, the *Mind*, in like manner, fill'd with falſe Prejudices, may be thought to corrupt the *Heart*, by communicating its Darkneſs, and nouriſhing it with its own Errours.

'Tis eaſy to conceive, that in this State, the *Corruption* of Man, can't be Cur'd by natural Remedies: For in this continual Circle of Illuſions and Deviations, which make the *Mind* deceive and impoſe upon the *Heart*, whence can there be any Light and Rectitude? If you would enlighten the *Reaſon* of Man, the *Affections* preſently reject the Evidence you bring; if you go to correct the Exorbitance of the *Affections*, you find you can't do it, but by ſhewing the *Soul* in what Errours and Precipices 'tis perplexed and engag'd; which is impoſſible to be done, unleſs it be enlighten'd. Thus nothing but Reaſon can correct and reform the *Heart*, but Commerce with the *Heart* can't enlighten the *Reaſon*; what Remedy can there be found for this Diſorder? Rack your Invention, ſet your Wit and Fancy to work,

work; you'll find no other Cauſe capable of producing this Effect, but GOD Himſelf, acting by his *Grace.*

If the Caſe be ſo, 'tis reaſonable to ſuppoſe that GOD, who ſo perfectly knows the Origine of our Malady, begins the Cure by correcting that Faculty which is productive of all the reſt. We have already ſaid, That the firſt Root of this Diſorder is grounded in this, That our *Imagination* acts in a more vigorous and lively manner than our *Reaſon;* that is, Corporeal Ideas make a vivid and ſtrong Impreſſion upon our Soul, whilſt Spiritual Ideas ſeem weak and languid. 'Tis eaſy to conceive, that in order to re-eſtabliſh our Soul, in its due State of Rectitude and Uprightneſs, 'tis requiſite that *God* ſhould ſo bring it about, by his *Grace*, that the Spiritual Ideas of Duty, Vertue, Eternity, &c. may make a ſtronger and more lively Impreſſion than they us'd to do; and that on the contrary, the Images of the World, of Pleaſure, Delight, and in General of ſenſible Goods, may ſeem but dull, and almoſt imperceptible.

God does the firſt, by fixing in the *Mind* Spiritual Ideas, afterwards by rendering 'em pleaſant and agreeable; and Laſtly, by extending and enlarging 'em. *Grace* fixes in our Mind good Ideas, juſt as *Melancholly* fixes ſad and diſmal Notions in the Soul: Let a melancholy Perſon uſe his utmoſt endeavour

deavour, to chaſe from his Mind horrid and afflictive Ideas, they'll ſtill return, and haunt him wherever he goes. So thoſe ſalutary and good Ideas we ſpeak of, being fix'd by *Grace*, in vain will our *Corruption* ſtrive to remove 'em, they ſtill return, preſent themſelves again, repreſs and bridle *Concupiſcence*, ſtop its Exorbitances; nay, and ſometimes prevent, even the Reflections of our Mind: For we ſee, an Honeſt Man exerts good Actions, as it were by Inſtinct, and without Premeditation. Becauſe, tho' not perceiving it, he follows the Ideas which *Grace* has fix'd in his Underſtanding. God enlarges Spiritual Ideas, by fixing 'em in our Mind, thro' His *Grace*; that is, He makes us conſider Spiritual Objects in their juſt Proportion and natural Form. Whence 'tis to be obſerv'd, that the Ideas of Piety, having a kind of Oppoſition to the Ideas of the World, the one cannot be enlarg'd, without the others be contracted and limited. The Idea of *Time*, hides that of *Eternity*, the Idea of *Eternity*, extreamly abbreviates and contracts that of *Time*.

As 'tis the Pleaſure, which *Self-love* cauſes us to take in conſidering the Ideas of the World, that enlarges and fixes 'em in our Imagination; the Soul, to the utmoſt of its Power, magnifying and eternizing whatſoever is agreeable and delightful to it: So may we ſuppoſe, that *Grace* cauſes the good Im-

Impreſſion, which Spiritual Ideas make upon us; that is, it fixes and enlarges 'em, by accompanying 'em with a certain Senſe of Conſolation and unſpeakable Joy, which the Scripture ſometimes calls *the Joy of the Holy Ghoſt*, and ſometimes, *the Peace of God which paſſeth all Underſtanding*.

As the *Mind*, apply'd by our Paſſions to Corporeal Ideas, may be term'd the Intellect of the *Mortal Man*; ſo the Mind, apply'd by *Grace* to Spiritual Ideas, may juſtly be call'd the Intellect of the *Immortal Man*. There is an extream Difference betwixt theſe Two, the One is almoſt continually bewilder'd in Errours, the Other is almoſt exempt from Errour: For as our Errours, at leaſt thoſe which are of dangerous Conſequence, have their Source in the Violence of the *Paſſions*, and theſe *Paſſions* cannot but be very moderate in One, who is conducted by the Views of *Eternity*, and not of temporal Things; we may judge, that he is not ſubject to thoſe Illuſions, which commonly cheat and deceive us.

The *Immortal Man*, finding himſelf Glorious in his own Nature, moſt Happy in the State propos'd to him by *Religion*; and elevated far above Time and the World, by *Nature* and *Revelation*, has no reaſon to ſhun the Proſpect of himſelf, nor fear being afflicted by conſidering his End.

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No Diverſion reliſhes with him, at leaſt not ſuch as pleaſes the *Worldling*'s Palate; for he ſeeks, not only the Refreſhment of his Body, and Recreation of his Mind, (in this Deſign there would be nothing unreaſonable) but he ſearches for all that may buiſy his Thoughts, and bar him from taking a View of himſelf; which appears from this, That even after Repoſe and Eaſe, he ſtill reaches after farther Divertiſements, and is ſo charm'd and careſs'd with the Enjoyment of 'em, that he cannot be given up, and retir'd to himſelf, for a Moment, without great Anxiety and Diſquietude, which proceeds from hence, that the Weight of what is *Paſt*, which is no more in his Account, but an Object of Trouble and Regret; and the *Future*, which he looks upon as an Object of Doubt and Uncertainty, combine together to cruſh his Heart with their Gravity and Burthen, and plunge it into the ſad Reflections of an inevitable Miſery: But the *Immortal Man* conceives all thoſe things as Vexatious and Afflictive, which are capable of diverting and carrying him away from the Confines of himſelf; and is fretted and troubled at thoſe importunate Veils, which intercept the ſight of his own *Grandeur*; and at thoſe Objects, which ſuſpend the Joy he perceives in the perfect *Knowledge of himſelf*.

Affection can't impoſe upon the *Immortal Man*, his Paſſions are moderate, ſeeing that he

he cannot long enjoy and partake of thoſe things, which bear ſo little Proportion to the Extent of his Duration; blameleſs and untainted, he caſts his Eyes on Earthly things, becauſe he conſider's 'em all with Indifferency.

He is not pre-poſſeſt with *Pride:* A Man is not very careful to raiſe himſelf a great Name in a Place, where he is to ſojourn but for a very ſhort time: Nor with *Intereſt;* his Reaſon does not ſhew it ſelf partial for his Lucre and Profit, ſeeing he is in View of an other *Intereſt,* to free him from all other Prejudices.

And certainly right Reaſon and Prudence may be ſaid to be proper to him alone; tho' a Man be Cunning and Ingenious to heap up Riches, to Conquer or Govern *Provinces,* yet if his Knowledge reach no farther, he is ſtill no better than a Fool: Indeed he has fram'd the Edifice with a great deal of Reaſon and Dexterity, but he laid its Foundation upon the Sand.

Worldly Men are Wiſe enough in the Choice of thoſe Means, which they employ to bring about the Ends of their Deſigns; but are irrational and ſenſeleſs in chooſing the End which they propoſe. The *Immortal Man* is as Wiſe in the Choice of the End, as of the Means; and conſequently Exactneſs of Mind, Uprightneſs, Reaſon, Judgment and Prudence, are proper to none but him.

The *Goſpel* affords us an illuſtrious Example, of this Elevation, in the Perſon of *Jeſus Chriſt*; in whom we diſcover, not only an *Immortal Man*, but the *Prince* of Immortality: 'Tis equally ſurprizing and admirable to find in him a *God*, crawling on the Earth, and converſing with Men; and a *Man*, enthron'd in the Kingdom of Heaven, and rais'd above the Region of all Temporal things. Conſider but the ſimple and plain Manner, in which his *Diſciples* relate his Doctrines, Actions, and the divers Circumſtances of his Life, and this will perſwade you, that they had not a Deſign to make a flattering Deſcription of their Divine *Maſter*: For certainly theſe poor Men, were not ſufficiently skill'd in the ſublimity of Manners, for ſucceſsfully broaching a fictitious Portraicture of Him. Yet muſt it withal be granted, that the Hiſtory of our *Saviour*, tho' compil'd without the Affectation of Study, and Elegance of Art, carries with it ſuch a Loftineſs and Elevation of Style, as was never known before his Appearance: For he's the firſt that Acts, and Speaks like an *Immortal Man*, and teaches us to ſteer, and conduct our Lives, by the Views of Eternity. He ſeeks not any thing that may diſtract, and take him off from the Duties of his Charge, or divert him from meditating and thinking of himſelf; he ſpends the Day in inſtructing the Multitude, and the Night

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in Praying to GOD. That which Men uſe to covet and deſire, is an Object of his Contempt and Diſdain; he's not Ambitious of any Man's Eſteem; nor does he eagerly follow great Mens Heels, with hopes of Benefaction and Preferment: He uſes not a ſordid Indulgence, nor a falſe Complaiſance to any Rank, or Condition whatſoever. He has been ſaid to have had the Knowledge of *Nature*, for no other End but only, that he might underſtand how to take *Emblems* from it; which he makes uſe of and employs to lead Men to God. Thoſe are not his Friends which have a temporal Relation to him, but thoſe that are related to him in God; that is, who are truly his *Diſciples*, and do the Will of his Heavenly Father: He meaſures the Wiſdom and Folly of Men, not by their Craftineſs and Ingenuity in the Things of this Life, but by a Dexterity and Wiſdom, which tends to the *infinite* and *incorruptible Good*. His Deſires, Fears, Anger, Thoughts, Diſcourſes, Works, Occupations and Studies, ſtop no longer at the Confines of *Time* then 'tis neceſſary, in order to ſeparate and looſen Men from it, but are all directed to *Eternity*.

And doubtleſs tho' the intimate Commerce he has, with his *Eternal Father*, ſhould not fill his Mind with ſupernatural Lights; yet his own *Sanctity*, which diſengages him from holding Commerce with Creatures, would be ſufficient to ſecure him from thoſe Illu-

ſions and Cheats, whereby Men are commonly inveigled and deceived.

Having now conſider'd the firſt of our Faculties, and ſeen that the original Source of our *Corruption* is not in the *Mind*, we muſt in the next place conſider the *Heart*, which is the *Soul as it loves*, or the Seat of the Affections.

CHAP. V.

Where we continue to ſearch for the Sources of our Corruption, *by conſidering the Motions and Inclinations of the* Heart.

AS there are *firſt Principles*, or Notions in our *Mind*, which are of an infallible Truth and Certainty, and the Foundation of natural Light, which is ſo far from deceiving, that it puts us in a Way to return from our Errours; ſo in our *Heart*, there are certain primary and radical *Affections*, which are neceſſarily Lawful: Sentiments, without which the Nature of Man cannot ſubſiſt and which are not only exempt from all Corruption in themſelves, but alſo ſerve, when rightly directed, to reclaim us from our Vices. Such is the natural Love of *Eſteem*, and of *Our-ſelves*, the Care of our *Preſervation*, the Deſire of *Happineſs*.

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Theſe Paſſions are good in themſelves, ſeeing they naturally relate to the Good of Man: There are Two ſorts of 'em, the One are term'd, by the *School-men*, *Proſequutivæ* becauſe they incline us to *Good*; the Other *Adverſativæ*, becauſe they remove and avert us from Evil. But yet as they tend to our Advantage, by the Deſign and Intention of *Nature*, thro' an Effect of our *Corruption*, they are perverted to be inſtruments of our Damage and Prejudice; which happens, when falſe Goods excite in our *Heart* reall Affections: When we are but coldly bent, towards that which deſerves the whole Application and Study of our Souls; and on the contrary, we deſire with all the Ardour imaginable, ſuch Goods as deſerve but a moderate and indifferent Affection: For then we reverſe the Order of *Nature*, change the End into the Means, and the Means into the End; are raſh and precipitate in our Actions, err in our Conduct, and a meer ſhadow of Good makes us loſe the original Source of it; and running after Appearances we miſs the Truth. Hence proceed all our Vices and Diſorders, in enquiring after which we muſt ſpend ſome time, ſince 'tis they that make the *Corruption* of the *Heart*.

Now as we ſearch for the Source of our Irregularities, we muſt not inſiſt upon any particular One, unleſs it has an Influence upon all the others. 'Tis evident, that the

Root of our *Natural Evil*, consists not in a peculiar Disposition of the Temperament, seeing that those who are of quite contrary Temperaments, are corrupted for all that: Nor is Interest the Principle of our *Evil*, since that has commonly something in it incompatible with Pride; neither is Pride, seeing that is in some sort repugnant to Interest.

Yet 'tis certain, that there is something, wherein the Vices are opposite, and something, wherein they agree: They are, in some respect opposite, seeing that one serves as a kind of Remedy for the other; and they agree in some respect, since the Soul, after it has fall'n into one, has a further Inclination after another, which seem'd of a quite contrary Nature.

This Truth will appear more plainly, if we, as it were, Anatomize and Dissect the *Heart*, by entering upon the Consideration of all its particular *Passions*. Robbery springs from Injustice, Injustice from Interest, Interest from an Excess of Self-love: Obstinacy is nothing but a strict Adherence, which Self-love make us have to our own Fancies and Opinions. Pride is a meer Drunkenness, and Intoxication of Self-love, which represents us to our own Imagination greater and perfecter than really we are: Revenge is but a desire to defend our selves against those that hate us, or to reap a kind of

of Self-ſatisfaction by puniſhing thoſe who have offended us. In a word, Take a through Survey, and Conſideration of all the *Vices*, and *Paſſions* of Man, and you'll find they terminate in *Self-love*: 'Tis this, that gives 'em Birth; foraſmuch as all the Motives of Vice have this Foundation, That we ſeek for every thing which flatters and relates to this *Me*, which is the firſt Object of our Knowledge and Affections: Upon this depends, either their Life or Death; for when two *Paſſions* violently Combat, *Fear*, for inſtance, and *Revenge*, the Soul retires into its own Tent; and makes uſe of no other Counſel, but that of *Self-love*, to know which ſide it ought to take; and according as *Self-love* judges, or not judges, Revenge to be neceſſary, it pronounces in Favour either of Reſentment, or Moderation: So that as *Self-love* firſt produc'd theſe two Paſſions, ſo likewiſe it foments and cauſes the One to live, and continue to the Prejudice of the Other. Now what elſe can we ſay of that *Paſſion*, to which all our irregular Inclinations tend, in which all the Vices terminate, by whoſe means they both Live and Die, which ſtops and ſuſpends their Career, but that this general Diſorder, is undoubtedly the original Fountain of all the others; and what we call'd the primitive Root of our *Evil* and *Corruption?*

And, which may ſerve to confirm us in this Opinion, at the ſame time we perceive all the *Vices* flattering and careſſing *Self-love*, we find all the *Vertues* unanimouſly oppoſing it. Humility debaſes and pulls it down; Temperance mortifies it; Liberality, as it were, robs it; Moderation diſcontents it; Fortitude expoſes it; Magnanimity, Piety and Zeal ſacrifice it.

And indeed *Self-love* is ſo eſſential an Ingredient, of the Definitions of the *Vices* and *Vertues*, that without it we can't have a right Conception, either of the one or the other. In general, *Vice* is a Preference of One-ſelf, before other Men; and Vertue ſeems to be a Preference of others, before One-ſelf; I ſay, it ſeems to be ſo, Becauſe in Effect 'tis certain, that *Vertue* is only a more noble, and rational Mode of Loving One-ſelf.

Now here there is a ſeeming Contradiction in our Syſtem, For on One hand *Self-love* appears to be the Principle of our Irregularities and Diſorders; on the Other, 'tis certain, that the *Love of Our-ſelves*, is a Qualification for the Diſcharge of our Duties. *Corruption* draws its whole Force from *Self-love*; and GOD on the other ſide derives from it all the Motives, He makes uſe of, to incline us to the Study of our Sanctification: For to what purpoſe, would he have made Promiſes and Threatnings, were it not with a Deſign to intereſt *Self-love*. This

This Difficulty preſently vaniſhes, after we ſuppoſe the ſame thing, touching *Self-love*, which we have already ſaid of the *Affections* of the *Heart* in general: Namely, That they have ſomething of innocent and lawful which belongs to *Nature*, and ſomething of vicious and irregular, which is attributed to their *Corruption*. 'Tis an Advantage of the *French* Tongue, that it can diſtinguiſh betwixt *L'amour propre*, and *L'amour de nôns mêmes*; the former ſignifies *Self-love* as 'tis vicious and corrupted, the latter denotes this Love as 'tis lawful and natural.

Now our preſent Enquiry being after the Sources of Man's *Corruption*, our Deſign here engages us to examine, wherein the Diſorder of *Self-love* conſiſts. This Query is no leſs conſiderable for its being ſingular: And I dare ſay, that few Queſtions in *Morality* and *Religion*, are more important, as I hope will appear by the following Diſcuſſion.

CHAP. VI.

Where we Examine the Faults of Self-love.

Self-love can ſin but only Two ways, either in Exceſs or Direction; its Irregularity muſt conſiſt either in this, That we love our ſelves too much, or that we take

not a right Method in ſhewing this Love to our ſelves, or in both theſe Faults together.

Self-love does not ſin in Exceſs, as appears from this, That we are permitted to love our ſelves, as much as we pleaſe, ſo it be with good and reall Love: Indeed to love One-ſelf, is to deſire One's Good, to fear One's Hurt, and to ſearch for One's Happineſs. Now I confeſs, that many times our Deſire and Fear are too great, or we are too eagerly addicted to our Pleaſure, or that, which we look upon as our *Happineſs*: But you may obſerve, that the Exceſs proceeds from the Fault that refers to the Object of your *Paſſions*, and not from the too great Meaſure of the *Love of our ſelves*; which appears from hence, That you both can, and ought to have an unlimited Deſire of the *Supream Good*, and a boundleſs Fear of Extream Miſery: And 'twould be a Vice for us to deſire an infinite Good, but with a finite and limited Appetite.

Truly, were Man oblig'd to love himſelf, but to a certain Meaſure, the Vacuity of his *Heart* ought not to be infinite; and were not the Vacuity of the *Heart* infinite, it would follow, that he was not made for the Poſſeſſion and Enjoyment of *God*; but only for the Fruition of finite and limited Objects: Yet we are taught the contrary, both by Experience and *Religion*. Nothing is more lawful and reaſonable, than this inſatiable De-

Deſire; which even, after the Poſſeſſion of worldly Advantages, makes us ſtill reach after the *Supream Good*, which no Man ever found in the Objects of this Life. *Brutus*, who made a particular Profeſſion of *Wiſdom*, believ'd he ſhould not be miſtaken, if he ſearch'd for it in *Vertue*; but as he loved *Vertue* for its own ſake, whereas indeed it has nothing amiable and laudable but in Relation to GOD; guilty of a Genteel and Spiritual Idolatry, was no leſs miſtaken then thoſe who ſought for Happineſs in Temporal things; and at his Death was oblig'd to acknowledge his Errour, when he Cry'd out: *O Vertue! I own that thou art nothing but a miſerable Phantom.* &c.

Wherefore this inſatiable Deſire, of Man's *Heart*, is not Evil in it ſelf: 'Twas neceſſary Men ſhould be endu'd with this Inclination, to qualify and diſpoſe 'em for ſeeking after GOD.

Now what in a Figurative and Metaphorical Idea we term an *Heart*, that has an infinite Capacity, a Vacuity which cannot be fill'd by the Creatures, ſignifies in the proper and literal Notion a Soul, that naturally deſires an *Infinite Good*, that deſires it without Limits, and cannot be ſatisfy'd till it has obtain'd it. If then it be neceſſary, that the Vacuity of our *Heart*, ſhould not be fill'd with created Goods, 'tis neceſſary that our Deſires ſhould alſo be infinite; which is as much

much as to ſay, that we ought to love our ſelves without Meaſure; For to love *One-ſelf*, is to love One's *Happineſs*.

And as we may be truly ſaid, not properly to love the Creature, when we love it infinitely, becauſe then we place the Creature upon the Throne of the Creatour, which is an Idolatry of the Mind, and moſt dangerous of all; ſo alſo may we be ſaid, not to love God as our *Supream Good*, when we love him but finitely, and conceive but moderate Deſires after him; for then we debaſe God to the Condition of the Creatures, thro' an Impiety of the *Heart*, no leſs Criminal than *Idolatry*.

Whether we look upon God as our *Sovereign Good*, or repreſent him as a *Being infinitely Perfect*, 'tis certain that our Application and Adherence to him ought to be unlimited; and to this End the Creatour plac'd a kind of Infinity in Man's Knowledge and Affections, to capacitate him, in ſome meaſure, for the Enjoyment of this *Infinite Good*.

I know very well, that our Nature being finite, is not capable, exactly ſpeaking, of forming Deſires intenſively infinite: But tho' theſe Deſires be not infinite in this Senſe, yet they are ſo in another; for 'tis certain, that our Soul deſires according to the whole Extent of its Powers; that if the Number of Spirits, neceſſary to the Organ, could

could be multiply'd in *Infinitum*, the Vehemence of its Desires would encrease proportionably; and that tho' the Act it self have not an Infinity, yet the Disposition of the *Heart* has, which is naturally insatiable.

I own, if we lov'd our selves by *Reason*, we might conceive, that *Self-love* would be in a limited Measure in the *Heart*: for we don't find in our Mind an Infinity of Reasons for loving our selves: But the Author of *Nature*, whose Wisdom judg'd it not requisite, that Men should be *Philosophers*, in order to take care of their Preservation, thought fit that we should love our selves by *Sense*; which is so true, that 'tis not even conceivable how we can feel Delight and Joy, without loving this *Self*, which is the subject of it; so that as there is an unlimited Variety, and an Infinity of Degrees, in the Joy we are capable of tasting, so in like manner, there is not any measure or bounds in the Desire of that *Happiness*, in the which this Joy essentially enters; nor consequently, in the *Love of our selves*, which is the Principle of this Desire.

I also grant, That had *Man* been made to be a Rival of the *Deity*, he would not be oblig'd to love himself without Measure; because then *Self-love* would stand in Competition, and interfere with the Love of God: But Man naturally loves himself, with so great Vehemency, meerly that he may be ca-

capable of loving God. The unmeaſurable Meaſure of *Self-love*, and theſe kind of infinite Deſires, are the only Links that tye, and unite him to God; ſince, as I have already ſaid, finite and moderate Deſires are capable of binding Man's *Heart* to none but the *Creatures*, and we don't properly love God, but only a *Chimæra*, which we form to our ſelves inſtead of God, when our Love of him exceeds not a Mediocrity.

And indeed, 'tis a great Errour to oppoſe *Self-love* to Divine, when 'tis well regulated: For pray, what elſe is it, duly to love our ſelves, but to love God; and to love God, but duly to love our ſelves? The Love of God, is the right ſenſe of the Love of our ſelves, and that gives it Life and Perfection. When *Self love* is diverted, and carried to other Objects, it no longer deſerves the Name of Love, 'tis of more dangerous Conſequence than the moſt cruel and ſavage Hatred; but when 'tis converted towards God, it falls in, and mingles with *Divine Love*.

And certainly, Nothing is ſo eaſy as to demonſtrate, beyond all Diſpute, what our Enquiries have taught us in this Matter. I demand, for inſtance, Whether the *Bleſſed* Above, who undoubtedly love themſelves neither too much nor too little, ſeeing that they are in a State of Perfection, can love God with an infinite Affection; and yet not perceive the Joy, ariſing from the Poſ-

ſeſſion

ſeſſion of him ? I would know in the next place, Whether we can feel Joy and Delight without loving *One-ſelf*, proportionably to this Perception ?

Why then ſhould we trouble our ſelves with ſuch vain and contradictory Queries, As whether the *Saints* love God, better than themſelves ? I had as live they'd ask me, Whether they love Themſelves, better than Themſelves : For theſe two Expreſſions have in reallity the ſame ſignification ; and not to love God is, in ſome meaſure, to hate *One-ſelf*.

To let you ſee, that this is but meer Punning and Quibling in words, we muſt divide the *Love* of God into two Sorts, a Love of Intereſt, and a Love of pure Friendſhip, as *Divines* call it. I underſtand this latter to have no Intercourſe at all with *Self-love*, according to the common Notion of it ; but I would know, which of theſe two Kinds of Love you mean, when you ask me, Whether the Love, we ought to have of God, be not greater than that of our ſelves : If you underſtand, by the Love of God, *Love of pure Friendſhip*, whoſe only Object is *Known-Perfection*, I anſwer, that this Love cannot be compar'd with the Love of our ſelves, which is of quite another Nature ; ſince, as I have already ſaid, we love not our ſelves by *Reaſon*, but *Senſe ;* and Corporeal, or Spiritual Pleaſure, naturally engages us to love our ſelves,

ſelves, evenbefore we are capable of making Reflection. But if by the Love, we ought to have for God, you mean *Love of Intereſt*, which is ty'd to him as our *Supream Good*, you don't apprehend, that you oppoſe the ſame thing to it ſelf; ſeeing that to love *One-ſelf*, and the *Soveraign Good*, is all one; and does not make two diſtinct ſpecies of Love, but are one and the ſame, conſider'd under different Reſpects, namely, in reference to its Principles and its Objects.

It therefore appears, That the Irregularity conſiſts not in this, that we love our ſelves too much, ſeeing we are allow'd to love our ſelves, as much as we pleaſe, with Relation to the *Supream Good*: But herein lies the *Evil*, that we take a wrong Method, in exerting this Love; that is, we love our ſelves with relation to falſe Objects.

Self-love, ſimply taken, is innocent and harmleſs: It becomes corrupted, when 'tis diverted towards the *Creatures*; and Holy, when converted and ſteer'd towards God. Purſuant to the fore-going Doctrine, we may diſtinguiſh Three Hearts in Man; the Heart of the *Man*, the Heart of the *Sinner*, and the Heart of the *Faithful*: The Heart of the *Man* is the Soul, as it naturally loves it ſelf; the Heart of the *Sinner* is the Soul, as it loves the World; and the Heart of the *Faithful* is the Soul, as it loves God. The *Natural Heart* is eſſentially included in the other

other Two, and the natural Love of our ſelves, which is the Principle of all our Affections, the Mobile that actuates either *Grace* or *Corruption*, and receives either the Love of God, or the World. The Heart of *Man* loves. The Heart of the *Worldling* loves Vanity. The Heart of the *Faithful* loves the infinite, and eternal *Good*. The firſt is the Heart of *Man*, the ſecond the Heart of the *mortal Man*; the third is the Heart of the *immortal Man*.

CHAP. VII.

Where we ſhew, that Self-love *kindles all our Affections, and is the general Principle of our Motions.*

I Said before, that *Self-love* is the Principle of all our natural *Affections*: For all our Deſires, Fears and Hopes, are the devoted Servants, and Off-ſpring of Self-love.

I confeſs, the Affection we have for other Men, ſometimes cauſes us to Deſire, Fear and Hope: But what is the Principle of this Affection, but the *Love of our ſelves?* Do but throughly conſider, and weigh all the Sources of our Friendſhip, and you'll find they are reduc'd to Intereſt, Gratitude, Relation, Sympathy, and a delicate Agreement of that Vertue with *Self-love*, which makes us think, that we love it for its own ſake

ſake; whereas indeed, we love it meerly for the ſake of our ſelves, and it wholly terminates in *Self-love*.

'Tis from hence, that *Relation* borrows all its Rapture, and Strength, for kindling our Affections. We love our Children, becauſe they are our Children. Were they another Man's Children, they would be indifferent to us: Therefore we don't properly love them, but the Relation which links us to 'em. 'Tis true, Children don't love their Parents, with the ſame Degree of Affection, as Parents do their Children; tho' theſe two Affections ſeem to be founded upon the ſame reaſon of Relation, but this Difference proceeds from another Cauſe. *Children* ſee themſelves Die in the Perſon of their *Parents;* and *Parents*, on the contrary, ſee themſelves Revive in the Perſon of their *Children:* Now nature inſpires us with the Love of Life, and Hatred of Death. Alſo Parents behold in their Children, as it were, *other ſelves;* but other ſelves ſubject, and dependant upon 'em: They think it an Happineſs to have brought 'em into the World; they conſider 'em with Delight, becauſe they conſider 'em as their own Workmanſhip: They are exceedingly pleas'd, at having ſacred, and inviolable Rights over 'em. This is their *Magiſtracy*, *Royalty*, and *Empire:* But the ſame Pride, which cauſes the *Parents* to love Superiority, makes the Children hate De-

Dependance. Nothing lays ſo heavy a weight upon us, as a Benefit when 'tis too great; becauſe it depreſſes us to too great Submiſſion: We look upon it as a delicate, but very ſtrong Chain, which links our Heart, and conſtrains our Liberty. This is the Myſtery of that common Maxim; *Blood never riſes:* But as there is a Relation of Blood, Profeſſion, Religion, Country, &c. the Affections are infinitely diverſify'd, according to theſe various Reſpects: But woe be to Relation if it be combated by Intereſt: For Intereſt will infallibly get the better: That tends to us directly, Relation only by Reflection. Hence Intereſt is always more ſtrong and prevalent, than Relation; but in this, as in every thing elſe, particular Circumſtances very much alter the general Propoſition.

What we commonly experience, That no Hatred is more violent, than that which happens between thoſe who were formerly very great Friends; is to be imputed to almoſt the ſame reaſon. 'Tis becauſe theſe Perſons found either Profit or Pleaſure in loving one another. This intereſted their *Self-love:* but when they come to change their Sentiment, the Motives of *Love* joyn themſelves with the Motives of *Hatred;* they revolt and riſe up in Arms, both by reaſon of the Idea of the Wrong that's done 'em, and of the Pleaſures of that Friendſhip which they renounce; and they ſuffer,

ſuffer, not only by the Hatred, which is kindled, but alſo by the Affection, which is extinguiſh'd; which excellently confirms our *Syſtem*, and ſhews, that there's no Affection kindled in our *Heart* independently from *Self-love*.

We ſhall be further convinc'd of the Truth of this Opinion, by conſidering, not only, that Relation is a Source of Friendſhip; but alſo, that our Affections vary and differ, according to the Degree of Relation, that we have to thoſe Perſons, who are the Object of 'em. The Quality of *Man*, which we all bear, makes this general Benevolence, which we term Humanity, *Homo ſum, humani nihil à me alienum puto*. 'Tis certain, that if there were but only Two Men in the World, they would have a tender Affection for each other; but this general Relation being mingled and confounded, with the infinite number of thoſe different Relations, we have one among another, it happens, that this natural Affection, which it firſt produc'd, is loſt in the rabble and throng of the *Paſſions*; which ſo great a Variety of other Objects produce in our Heart. We don't ſee in our Neighbour the Quality of *Man*, whereby he reſembles us, whilſt we ſee in him a Rival, an Emulator, and Enemy of our Welfare and Proſperity (as we are of his;) A proud Man, who eſteems nothing but himſelf; who by the Luſtre of his Qualities and Accompliſh-

ments,

ments, attracts the Esteem and Attention of the World, and puts us in Obscurity and Dis-repute; and who by his *Passions* is continually busy'd in circumventing us, and encroaching upon our Properties: But no sooner has Death uncloath'd his Person of these odious Relations, but we find in him that general Relation which made us love him; never thinking him a Man, till he ceas'd to be a Mortal, and then at last, willing to enroll him in the Number of our Friends, when Death has retrench'd him from the Society of the Living.

The Relation of *Country*, usually inspires Men, with a kind of Benevolence, whereof they are insensible whilst they dwell in their own Nation; because this Relation is weakned, and too much divided, by the Number of those that have a Title to it; but becomes very sensible, when two or three Natives of the same *Country*, happen to meet in a strange Climate: Then *Self-love*, standing in need of some Supports and Cónsolations, and finding 'em in the Person of those, whom a parallel Interest, and like Relation ought to inspire with the same Disposition, never fails to make a perpetual Attention to this Relation; unless it be prevented by a more powerful Motive of its own Interest.

Relation of *Profession*, commonly produces more Aversion, than Friendship; by the Jealousy it causes Men to have one of another

ther: But that of *Conditions*, is generally accompany'd with Benevolence and Love. 'Tis no wonder, that Grandees have no great Affection for ordinary People; the reaſon is, becauſe looking with the Eyes of *Self-love*, they ſee them at a great diſtance off; they look not upon 'em as Neighbours; they are very far from perceiving this *Proximity* and Nearneſs, whoſe Mind and Heart are wholly concern'd about the Diſtance, that ſeparates and removes 'em from other Men; and who make of this Object the Delights of their Vanity.

Yet muſt it be granted, That Relation of *Blood*, is uſually more prevailing than any other: tho' it be a common Saying, *That a Good Friend is better than many Parents*; and this be true in it ſelf, yet 'tis certain, that Men naturally prefer their Parents before their Friends, and eſpecially upon any great and important Occaſion: The Reaſon of it is, becauſe they conſider their Parents as neceſſary Friends, that can by no means be diſ-united from 'em; and their Friends as voluntary Parents, whoſe Affection reaches no farther than their Pleaſure. Now tho' free and unconfin'd Friendſhip be of greater Obligation than neceſſary, yet 'tis not regarded as ſuch by the Eyes of *Self-love*: It may indeed inſpire us with a greater degree of Gratitude, but can't ſo much touch our Intereſt.

The

The Barbarous Conſtancy that appear'd in *Brutus*, when he caus'd his Children to be Kill'd before his Eyes, is not ſo Diſ-intereſted as it ſeems to be: The beſt of *Latin Poets* diſcloſes the Motive of it in theſe Words;

Vincet amor Patriæ, laudumq; immenſa Cupido.

But he has not diſ-entangled, and laid open all the Reaſons of Intereſt, which caus'd the apparent Inhumanity of this Roman. *Brutus* was like other Men: He lov'd himſelf above all Things in the World; His Children were guilty of a Crime, that tended indeed to *Rome*'s Deſtruction and Ruine, but much more to *Brutus*'s. If Paternal Affection excuſes Faults, *Self-love* aggravates 'em whenever 'tis directly wounded. *Rome* undoubtedly owes the Honour of *Brutus*'s Exploits to the Love of himſelf; and his Countrey accepted the Sacrifice which he Offer'd to the Idol of his own Affection; and rather Infirmity than true Fortitude was the Motive of his Cruelty.

Intereſt is the Sovereign Empreſs of Souls, we ſeek it in the Object of all our Applications; and as there be various Kinds of *Intereſt*, ſo may we diſtinguiſh a Variety of Affections, which Intereſt cauſes in Society. An *Intereſt* of Pleaſure, cauſes Gallant Friendſhip; an *Intereſt* of Ambition, cauſes Politick Friendſhip; an *Intereſt* of Pride, cauſes

cauſes Noble Friendſhip; an *Intereſt* of Avarice, cauſes Profitable Friendſhip. Generally ſpeaking, our only Motives of Loving Men are either Pleaſure or Profit; but if theſe different Intereſts happen to be all united together, to kindle our Affection for a Perſon, then we are preſently his very humble Servants, and ſtick to him as cloſe as a Burr.

The *Vulgars*, who declaim againſt intereſted Friendſhip, underſtand not what they ſay: Their Miſtake lies in this, becauſe generally ſpeaking, they know but one ſort of Intereſted Friendſhip, which is that of Avarice; whereas there are as many Kinds of Intereſted Affections as there are Objects of Deſire. Moreover they find fault with Men for Loving by *Intereſt*, and that this is the main Principle and Biaſs of their Affection and Kindneſs; not apprehending, that to love by *Intereſt* is to love *One-ſelf* directly; whereas to love by any other Principle is to love *One-ſelf* only reflexively: They don't perceive, that Men find fault with intereſted Friendſhip in the Heart of another, but never in their own. Laſtly, They think it criminal and blamable for a Man to be Intereſted; not conſidering, that 'tis Diſ-intereſtedneſs, not *Intereſt*, that ruines and deſtroys us. If Men would offer us Goods that are great enough to ſatisfy the Deſires of our Soul, we ſhould do well to love

love them with a Love of *Intereſt*; and no One ought to blame us for preferring the Motives of this *Intereſt*, before thoſe of *Relation*, and every Thing elſe.

Even *Gratitude* it ſelf, ſo highly valu'd in the World, and ſo much commended in *Morality* and *Religion*, cannot claim an Exemption from this Traffick of *Self-love*: For in the main, what difference is there betwixt Intereſt and Gratitude? No more but this, That the latter is converſant about a paſt Good, the former about a Future. Gratitude is nothing but a delicate Return of *Self-love*, when it finds it ſelf oblig'd: 'Tis in ſome ſort an Elevation and Advancement of *Intereſt*. We don't love our Benefactor, becauſe he's amiable; Gratitude, at leaſt of it ſelf, goes not ſo far as that: We love him, becauſe he lov'd us.

But to explain more particularly this Compariſon between *Gratitude* and *Intereſt*, we'll ſay, that the Affection produc'd by Gratitude is more Noble, and that which is caus'd by Intereſt is more ſtrong and prevalent: The former reſpects the Time paſt, which is no more; whereas Intereſt hath the Future for its Object, of which it would make its beſt Advantage. *Gratitude* loves even without Hope; but *Intereſt* hopes and expects. *Gratitude* loves the Benefit for ſake of the Intention; but *Intereſt* loves the Intention for ſake of the Benefit. Laſtly, the I-

dea's of *Gratitude*, having Reference to the Time paſt, are commonly rang'd among antiquated, abſtract Ideas, and ſuch as have no very prevailing Influence upon our Soul; whereas the Ideas of *Intereſt* reſpecting the preſent Time, are ſenſible and lively, and ſuch as more particularly import and concern us.

'Tis alſo certain, that for this very reaſon, there is ſome kind of Oppoſition betwixt the one and the other; becauſe all Men are as naturally Ungrateful, as they are naturally Intereſted. Ingratitude is always proportion'd to Intereſt, becauſe the more the Soul attends to the Idea's of the preſent, ſo much the more it loſes of that Application and Attention which it ought to have for what is paſt: And in this reſpect the ſame is to be ſaid of Diſ-intereſtedneſs as of Gratitude; Namely, that it conſiſts very often in an outward Appearance, and ſeldom riſes in the *Heart* of Man, unleſs Intereſt it ſelf give it birth, or cauſes him, as ſometimes it falls out, to endeavour to make a Shew of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Where we continue to ſhew, that Self-love *is the Principle of all our Affections.*

THe lively and real Perception we have of a Benefit, at that very Inſtant when 'tis beſtow'd upon us, never fails to produce a kind of Gratitude in our *Heart*, which Mark wears out by little and little with the Memory of the Kindneſs receiv'd; becauſe 'tis repugnant, and goes againſt the Grain of the *Heart*, to think often of thoſe Things which put us in a State of Dependance and Submiſſion; the Caſe is not the ſame in reſpect of thoſe Favours we have beſtow'd upon others; as they give us a Title to their Zeal, Friendſhip and Gratitude; And, in a word, pull 'em down to a kind of Subjection to us; we revolve and think of 'em with Pleaſure and Delight. Whence it comes to paſs, that we are much more inclinable to love thoſe that are beholding to us, than thoſe to whom we our ſelves are beholding. They who think to inſinuate and creep into great Men's Favour, by laying Obligations upon 'em, are often fruſtrated in their Deſign: For certainly the only way to obtain their Love is for them to oblige others, and not for others to oblige them. Their Pride, which is en-

creas'd by the Complaiſance that Men uſe to 'em upon the account of their *Greatneſs*, applauds it ſelf at the Thoughts of having done you a Benefaction: It conſiders with delight the Obligations you owe it, and by that means inclines the *Heart* to have a Kindneſs for you: But 'tis dangerous to do very great Services, when our whole Deſign is to inſinuate into the Favour of thoſe whom we oblige. *I tremble to think of this great Service*, ſaid a Courtier to a Noble Man, who told him he ſhould never forget the Obligations he ow'd him; and he was in the right of it: Great Obligations do oftentimes prove great Offences, and at leaſt it always happens ſo then, when either we cannot or will not acknowledge 'em.

Shall I tell thee Araſpe? *He ſerv'd me too well,*
Increaſing my Power, he has robb'd me of all.

But tho' the *Heart* has its reaſons to forget Benefits, yet has it others for making as if it remember'd 'em. *Gratitude* is a Vertue very highly eſteem'd; the Appearances of it are fine, and attract Reſpect; and a *Heart* accuſtom'd to traffick in outward ſhews of Vertue, to make a Commerce of vain Glory, at the coſt of Sincerity, by ſeeking not what is in it ſelf Eſtimable, but what is valu'd by Men's Opinions, is diligent in affecting an Appearance of *Gratitude*, when it can by this means lay hold of the Eſtimation of Men.

Alſo

Alſo *Gratitude* is very ſubſervient to the Deſigns of *Intereſt*; becauſe 'tis a Means of drawing new Benefits: 'Tis a Pleaſure, ſay they, to oblige ſuch a Man, he has a ſenſe of the Kindneſs one do him. *Gratitude* mounts us as it were above the Benefit receiv'd, when 'tis prompt, active and deſirous to ſhew it ſelf; this is a fine and delicate Policy of an enlighten'd *Self-love*, for avoiding the ſuſpicion of Ingratitude; becauſe this Vice is a Mark of a ſordid Baſeneſs, and as it were a forc'd Homage which we do to a Benefactor. Ingratitude tho' it think of him with great Uneaſineſs, being oblig'd to confeſs whether we will or no, that we are under his Dependance, and owe him more than we wiſh we did. Moreover 'tis very natural to a Man to let People ſee, by his Carriage towards a Benefactor, that he deſerves the Benefit. Laſtly, we are very glad to be deliver'd from the Remorſe which attends Ingratitude; which Remorſe is more biteing, and more natural than that which is conſequent upon the Violation of Juſtice; for tho' Injuſtice be repugnant to Reaſon, as well as Ingratitude, yet certainly 'tis more oppoſite to the Dictates of *Self-love* to be Ungrateful, than Unjuſt; and doubtleſs that Remorſe is greateſt which ariſes not only from *Reaſon*, but alſo the *Love of our ſelves*, when its Laws have been tranſgreſſed.

Sympathy, which we obſerv'd to be the Fourth Source of our Affections, is Twofold: A Bodily Sympathy, and a Sympathy of the Soul. The Cauſe of the former is to be ſearch'd for in the Temperament, that of the latter is to be ſought among the ſecret Springs, that actuate and move our *Heart*: And indeed 'tis certain, that what we believe to be a *Sympathy* of Temperament, proceeds ſometimes from the hidden Principles of the *Heart*: For what reaſon, pray, do I hate ſuch or ſuch a Man at firſt ſight, tho' I have no Knowledge of him? 'Tis becauſe he reſembles ſome Perſon, that has offended me, this Reſemblance affects and ſtrikes upon my Soul and excites an Idea of Hatred, tho' I reflect not upon it. How come I, on the contrary, to love an unknown Perſon as ſoon as I ſee him, without informing my ſelf either of his Merit, or Unworthineſs? 'Tis becauſe he has ſome Conformity or Likeneſs either to *my ſelf*, my Children, Friends, or in a word, to ſome One that I have an Affection for, and without my making any diſtinct Reflection, awakens an Amour which laid dormant in my *Heart*. You ſee then how much *Self-love* is concern'd in theſe myſterious and hidden Inclinations, which one of our *Poets* deſcribes in this manner:

Some ſecret Knots, ſome Sympathies *we find,*
By whoſe agreeing Tyes Souls are Conjoyn'd.

But

But if after having ſpoken of Bodily Smypathies, we would make an Induction of Spiritual Sympathies, we ſhould find, that to love Men by *Sympathy* implies no more, but to cheriſh their Conformity, and Likeneſs to us; this is to enjoy the Pleaſure of loving our ſelves in their Perſon; this charms the *Heart*, that it can ſafely commend it ſelf, without offending againſt Modeſty; this Advantage Men obtain, when they ſeem to have a great Affection for certain Perſons, the Principle of which Love, is becauſe they reſemble 'em. We don't only love thoſe that are naturally like us, but alſo thoſe that have an artificial Reſemblance of us; and make it their Endeavour to be our Imitators. *Cato*, as Proud and Auſtere as he was, took it not amiſs that *Favonius* imitated him; and perhaps the moſt ſtiff and uncomplaiſant Man in the World is ſo weak and flexible, as not to be quite out of Conceit with this indirect Method of flattering and careſſing his *Self-love*. Not but a Man may indeed hate thoſe who don't imitate him well: No perſon cares to be ridiculous; 'tis more Eligible to be odious. Thus we never like thoſe Copies, whoſe Ridiculouſneſs reflects upon the Original.

But if you'd know why one Gallant does not love another, or why one Learned Man is not always juſt to another; 'tis eaſy to give you an Anſwer: The reaſon is, Becauſe

a Motive of *Conformity* does not countervail a Motive of *Intereſt*, and the mutual Hatred of Rivals is proportionable to the Accompliſhments which they diſcover in each other. The *Heart*, as I ſaid before, conſiders the Profit, and not the Light; and 'tis not *Reaſon*, but the *Love of our ſelves*, that determines us in placing our Affections. Even our Love of a Vertuous Man is not to be excepted from this Rule, who notwithſtanding fails not to be belov'd even by thoſe who are not like him, for *Vice* is forc'd to pay Homage to his *Vertue*; they eſteem and reſpect him.

——— *Qui pectore magno*
Spemq; metumq; domas, vitio ſublimior omni,
Exemptus Fatis, indignantemque refellis.
Fortunam, dubio quem non in turbine Rerum
Deprehendet ſuprema Dies, ſed abire paratum:
At plenum Vita, &c.
Tu, cujus placido poſuere in pectore ſedem
Blandus Honos hilariſq; tamen cum pondere Virtus,
Cui nec pigra Quies, nec iniqua Potentia, nec ſpes
Improba; ſed medius per honeſta & dulcia limes
Incorrupte fidem, nulloſq; experte Tumultus,
Et ſecrete palam qui Digeris Ordine Vitam,
Idem Auri facilis Contemptor & optimus Idem
Condere Divitias, opibuſque immittere Lucem.
Hâc longum florens Animi, morumque juventa
Iliacos æquare Senes, & vincere præſta.

Stat. *Lib.* 3. Sylvar.

Let

Let Men examine themſelves by this Portraiture, and I'm ſure they cannot chooſe but love the Original; and upon what Principles can this Affection be founded, which Men have naturally even for thoſe Perſons, whom they are not careful to reſemble.

I anſwer, that there be very few, who have bid a final Renunciation and Adieu to *Vertue*, and who don't think, but that they ſhall be Vertuous one time or other, tho' they are not ſo at preſent. I add, that as *Vice* is eſſentially Odious, ſo Vertue is eſſentially Amiable to *Self-love*: The reaſon is, becauſe *Vice* is a Sacrifice of other Men, which we Offer upon our own Altars; and *Vertue* is a Sacrifice of ſome Pleaſure, or flattering Profit, which we Offer to the Good of other Men.

Moreover 'tis obſervable, that the Objects which act upon our Soul, have a twofold Relation to *Self-love*, certain particular Correſpondences which vigorouſly move and biaſs it, ſuch is the Correſpondence of Intereſt or reciprocal Friendſhip: For as this reaſon of Loving regards us, and none but us, 'tis I, that find an Advantage in loving this Man, and 'tis *Me* he loves, and not another: No wonder then, if this particular Agreement obliges me to have a particular Adherence and Application to him: But beſides this, there are certain general Relations, which an Object may have to our *Heart*; which happen, either when any One does us a Kindneſs for the

Good of the whole Society, whereof we are Members, or when we find our ſelves oblig'd by the general Inclination which a Man appears to have towards doing Good, becauſe 'tis poſſible we may ſome time or other be the Object of it; or when being accuſtom'd to love one certain Beneficence, which is profitable to us in particular, we alſo come to love Beneficence in general, and all thoſe Perſons to whom we apply its Idea: Only 'tis to be obſerv'd, that as particular *Agreements* and Relations produce lively and vigorous Affections; general *Agreements*, as not concerning or intereſting our Soul, but at a Diſtance, and a great way off, excite only a frozen and languiſhing Friendſhip, which partakes much more of the purity of *Eſteem* than the Ardour of *Affection*. All the Vertues, at leaſt in this general manner, favour and countenance *Self-love*. Your fineſt Deſcriptions of Vertue are grounded upon the ſecret Agreements and Correſpondences they have to us; as may be ſeen from the Example of theſe fine Expreſſions, in that Portraiture of Vertue, which we juſt now obſerv'd.

Cui nec pigra Quies nec iniqua Potentia,
Nec ſpes improba ———.

Theſe Lineaments of Vertue are Amiable, becauſe they flatter and careſs *Self-love*: There be others which are rather productive of

of our *Eſteem*, than our *Love*; becauſe they are more Diſ-intereſted:

Qui pectore magno
Spemq; metumq; domas, vitio ſublimior omni.

Vertue, when it has not theſe delicate Agreements with *Self-love*, is only Eſtimable: But we render it more Amiable when we repreſent it as intereſting our *Heart*.

How ſhould we chooſe but be in Love with Clemency; 'tis very ready to pardon our Offences: Liberality, to do us good, Beggar's it ſelf: Humility never controuls, but ſubmiſſively yields to our pretenſions: Temperance reſpects our Honour, and not our Pleaſure: Juſtice defends our Rights, and renders us our Due: Fortitude protects; Prudence conducts; Moderation ſpares us; Charity does good to us, *&c.*

You'll ſay perhaps, what do theſe *Vertues* ſignify to me, they do me no Good? It may be they don't Benefit you at preſent, but were you under other Circumſtances, they might do you a Kindneſs: They ſuppoſe a Diſpoſition of doing you Good, when an Opportunity is offer'd; have you not experienced, that tho' you never expect the Succour or Protection of a Rich Man, yet you can't avoid having a ſecret Conſideration and Reſpect for him; which proceeds, not from your *Mind*, for that often deſpiſes the perſonal Qualities of ſuch a Man, but ariſes

from

from the *Love of our ſelves*, which reſpects in him even the ſimple Power of doing you a Kindneſs.

But if *Self-love* makes you have a Veneration and Eſteem for a Perſon, whom you are aſſur'd you ſhall never be the better for, meerly by conſidering in him the bare Power of doing you a good Turn, is it at all to be wonder'd at, that this ſame Principle cauſes you to love One, who by his *Vertue* is diſpos'd to be Beneficent to you, tho' you very well know that he cannot actually exert this Inclination?

Say we then, that the *Heart* has its Abſtractions as well as the *Mind*; and as this knows how to define Good in general, tho' it can draw more to the Life in our Imagination any particular Good: So the *Heart* loves theſe general Conformities and *Agreements* of Objects to it ſelf, tho' particular ones do infinitely more affect and touch it; and it cannot but think well of a Vertuous Man, by reaſon of theſe delicate Relations, *Vertue* has to *Self-love*. This is beyond all doubt, becauſe your Love of the Vertues increaſes proportionably to their Relation and *Agreement* to you. We have naturally a better Opinion of Clemency, than Severity; of Liberality, than Oeconomy and Thriftyneſs; tho' they all equally partake of the Nature of Vertue; which can be for no other reaſon, but becauſe our Affection is not

not altogether Diſ-intereſted, and we love in it the ſecret Relations it has to *our ſelves.*

But the Vicious and Exorbitant are not to be exempted from the Number of thoſe, who are thus enamour'd with the Beauty of *Vertue.* On the contrary 'tis certain, that upon the very Account of their being Vicious, they are oblig'd to have a greater Affection and Opinion of *Vertue.* Humility levels, and ſmooths the Way for Pride; and therefore 'tis lov'd by an haughty Spirit: Liberality is diffuſive, and free in Giving; and therefore can't diſpleaſe an Intereſted Perſon: Temperance does not rob you of your Pleaſures, and therefore muſt needs be agreeable to a Voluptuary, who would not willingly have either Rival or Combatant. Could one think, that the Affection, which *Worldlings* teſtify themſelves to have for Vertuous Perſons, ſhould ſpring from ſo filthy a Source; and ſhall I make bold to advance this *Paradox*, That our own Vices are often the Cauſes of our loving other Men's Vertues: Nay more than that, I dare ſay, That *Self-love* bears no ſmall Part in the moſt pure Sentiments, which Religion and Morality give us of God. *Divine Love* is commonly diſtinguiſh'd into three Species, A Love of Intereſt, a Love of Gratitude, and a Love of pure Friendſhip. Love of *Intereſt*, according to the Vulgar Acceptation, falls in with *Self-love:* Love of *Gratitude*

tude, as we before obſerv'd, is deriv'd from the ſame Source with that of *Intereſt*; Love of pure *Friendſhip* ſeems to riſe independently from all Intereſt and Self-love; yet if you look narrowly into the Matter, you'll find, that it has in the Bottom the very ſame Principle: For firſt, 'tis obſervable, that Love of pure *Friendſhip*, riſes not all at once in the *Heart* of a Man, whom we inſtruct in points of Religion. The firſt ſtep to Sanctification is a Detachment, and unhampering from the World; the Second is, to love God with a Love of *Intereſt*, by giving up our ſelves wholly to Him, becauſe we conſider him as the *Soveraign Good*; the Third is to have a due Acknowledgment and Gratitude for his Benefits; the Laſt is to love his intrinſick Perfections? 'Tis certain, that the firſt of theſe Sentiments diſpoſes and makes way for the Second, the Second for the Third, and the Third for Fourth. We can't throughly conſider, what a great Unhappineſs and Miſery it is, to abandon and forſake God, without deſiring his Communion, by Motives taken from our *Intereſt*. We can't love God as the Principle of our Joy and Felicity, without a grateful *Acknowledgment* of Benefits receiv'd at his Hands. 'Tis natural, and even neceſſary, that he who loves God as the *Supream Good*, and as his great and eternal Benefactour, ſhould attend with Complacency and Delight

to

to the Conſideration of his adorable Perfections; that this Meditation ſhould excite in him Joy and Satisfaction, and ſo bring him to love God in the View of his Excellencies and *Vertues*. Now all the previous Diſpoſitions to this laſt Affection, which is the Nobleſt of all, being taken from *Self-love*, it follows, that neither the pure *Friendſhip*, which is converſant about God, does riſe independently from it.

Alſo Experience teaches us, that among the *Vertues* of God we particularly love thoſe, which have the neareſt Agreement and Affinity to us. We love his Clemency more than his Juſtice; his Goodneſs than his Jealouſy; his Beneficence, than his Immenſity, *&c.* Of which there can no other reaſon be given, but that even this pure *Friendſhip*, which ſeems to have for its proper Object the Divine Perfections, derives its principal Force from the Relation of theſe Perfections to *Our Selves*. Were there any entirely pure *Friendſhip* towards God in our Heart, wholly exempt from the Commerce of Self-love, it would neceſſarily ſpring from *Known Perfection* and Excellency, and not from our own *Affections*. As *Self-love* would not produce, ſo neither could it deſtroy this *Friendſhip*. Yet the *Devils* know the Perfections of God without loving Him; and Men before their Converſion know the *Vertues* of God, tho'

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it can't be ſaid that they have for him, in that reprobate State, the Affection which we term pure *Friendſhip*; and conſequently there muſt be ſome other Motives of this Love, beſides *Known Perfection*; if Light be not ſufficient to kindle it, it muſt riſe from the Flame of ſome *Affection* of our Heart; ſince *Affections* and *Knowledge* are the whole Contents of our Soul. Perhaps you'll ſay, that in order to capacitate a Soul for conceiving this Love of pure *Friendſhip*, 'tis not requiſite that *Self-love* ſhould directly produce it, but only that it may not oppoſe and hinder it: But I ſay, if *Pure Friendſhip* ariſes from *Known Perfection*, and nothing elſe be required to produce it, the Oppoſition of *Self-love* is inſignificant; and as the Love of our ſelves can't derobe God of theſe Perfections, nor hinder our Soul from knowing 'em, ſo neither can it obſtruct the Birth of this pure Affection.

Whilſt we conſider God as a Judge, as a terrible Executioner of Vengeance, and as ſtanding ready with a Thunderbolt in his Hand, we may indeed admire his infinite and adorable *Excellencies*, but can't conceive an *Affection* for Him. And 'tis very certain, that could we but any ways Evade even this Admiration of God, we ſhould be very cautious in applauding him with it, for in this State we regard him as our Enemy, & render to him no more but what we needs muſt.

muſt. And whence can this Neceſſity of admiring God proceed, unleſs it ſpontaneouſly ariſe from *Known Perfection?* If then we conceive pure *Friendſhip* to have preciſely the ſame Source with Admiration, that is to ſay, if we conceive it to have no other Origine but *Known Perfection*, we may ſafely conclude that pure *Friendſhip* will ariſe in our Soul, beyond all Poſſibility of any impediment from *Self-love*, as well as Admiration.

'Twill be to no purpoſe to make a wild and indefinite Anſwer, that 'tis the Corruption of our *Heart*, which renders us uncapable of loving God purely for his own ſake, and his intrinſick Perfections, whilſt we ſuppoſe him not to love us. This is to run into a Labyrinth of Generalities, for avoiding the diſtinct Ideas of Things. For our *Corruption* does not hinder the *Admiration* of our Soul, it being certain that the *Devils*, who far exceed us in Wickedneſs, admire God, tho' they are at the ſame time conſcious of his being the Object of their Hatred and Averſion; ſo neither can this *Corruption* hinder pure *Friendſhip*, if that, as well as Admiration, derives its Birth from Known Perfection.

Nothing will better confirm this Truth, than by ſeeing what's the Uſe of *Faith* in *Religion*. So long as Men live in a State of Ignorance, which makes 'em imagine that God looks upon 'em with Indifferency and Diſregard, they in like manner ſeem to have

but

but indifferent Sentiments of the *Deity*, ſuch were the *Pagan Philoſophers*. Whilſt Men think they are the Object of God's Hatred, they deteſt and abhor the *Divinity*. The *Romans*, who had already kindled the Fire of their Sacrifices, to give Thanks to the *Gods*, at the falſe Report of the Recovery of *Germanicus*, run into their Temples with Fury and Rage; when they hear the too true News of his Death, they drag their Images in the Dirt, throw 'em into *Tiber*, and ſignalize their Grief by a Specimen of Impiety. All Men ſeem to have the ſame inward Diſpoſition which the *Romans* outwardly ſhew'd, and the Violence which they us'd to the Images, is an Expreſſion of what Man would be willing to execute upon God, when he thinks him his *Antagoniſt* and Enemy.

No ſooner does the *Goſpel* reſound in the World for the Conſolation of Men; but, as the Teſtimoines of the Divine Love to Mankind are every where manifeſted, ſo likewiſe Men's ardent Love of God becomes univerſally Conſpicuous. *Faith*, which aſſures us of this immenſe Charity of God, is there look'd upon as the Key of our *Heart*, and the firſt Degree of our Sanctification; to this the *Scripture* attributes our Salvation. When *Faith* has throughly perſwaded us that we are the Objects of God's Love, we are ſufficiently diſpos'd to affect and love Him.

But

But as our Affections eſſentially ſpring from *Self-love*, our Hatred and Averſions proceed from the ſame Original. We hate Men by Intereſt, when they are our Competitors in the Purſuit of Temporal Goods. We hate one that is Intemperate, becauſe he'd rob us of our Pleaſures; we can't endure an Ambitious Man, becauſe he takes the upper-hand of us in Preferment and Honour; nor can we love a Proud Man, becauſe he contemns and tramples us under Feet; nor a Miſer, becauſe he hoards up the Riches that might poſſibly come to us; nor an Unjuſt Man, becauſe he oppreſſes us. We don't only hate thoſe who actually prejudice and injure us, but even thoſe that have an Inclination to hurt us, tho' they want fit Occaſions, or ſome Impediment hinder 'em from exerting their Malice. Our Hatred reacheth as far as a Man's Power of doing us an Injury: For which reaſon *Power* and *Authority* are many times the Incentives of Averſation and Ill-will; and as there are few Perſons in the World but meet with ſome who either actually do 'em a Miſchief, or would at leaſt, if it laid in their Power, or were it for their *Intereſt*; it muſt be own'd, that ſecret Motives of *Hatred* do perpetually enter in our Heart, and that nothing is more dangerous than the Temptations to which we are expos'd on this Account. Indeed we are oftentimes Enemies to one another

ther when we are ignorant of it. We many times both love and hate the ſame Perſon, becauſe *Self-love* conſiders him under different Reſpects: And it happens that we really hate thoſe, whom we think to be the Objects of our beſt Affection; and ſometimes thoſe, whom we have all the reaſon imaginable to love and eſteem; which appears from this, That in all their Diſgraces and Misfortunes, there's ſomething that does not wholly diſpleaſe us. This unjuſt and unnatural Sentiment which the Vail of *Pride* hides from our Eyes, proceeds from theſe two Principles: Namely, That we *Our ſelves* are not the Objects of this Diſgrace, (which is a Reflection that Self-love inſtantly makes) and that we ſee a *Man* degraded and pull'd down, who in regard of his being a Man, can't fail to rival us upon ſome Account or other; a Sentiment, which is chang'd into Compaſſion, when either Death, or ſome irrecoverable Adverſity, finally exempts him from the Number of thoſe, who pretend and aim at the Goods, which are the Objects of our own Deſire.

But *Hatred* is a turbulent Paſſion, which puts the whole Body into a violent Commotion, and all whoſe Effects are ſo ſenſible and obvious, that' tis the moſt faithful Mirrour for diſcerning the Degree of Vehemence which attends all our other *Affections*. If you would know how much you love *Vain-Glory*,

Glory, it may be your *Heart* gives you a falſe Intimation; do but only conſider the Violence of the *Hatred*, which you conceive at One, that has offended you in point of Honour; this is the juſt Degree and Meaſure of it; this Mirrour is your ſafeſt Guide for diſcovering and fathoming the Bottome of your *Heart*.

We hate by *Intereſt*, Perſons, Things, and Words. If ſeeing an Abyſs under our Feet, we are put into Horrour and Conſternation; 'tis the Image of our Deſtruction appearing before us, that cauſes this trembling Motion; and *Reaſon* is not ſo ſtrong and prevalent as to correct and allay that Fear, which a too lively Idea of our own Deſtruction exhibits to our Conceit. Many People can't forbear ſwooning when they ſee the ſhedding of Man's Blood: this proceeds not ſo much from a weakneſs of Temperament, as an infirmity of the *Heart*. Whatſoever repreſents to 'em the Ruines of Humane Nature, threatens their *Self-love*; and that which imbues the Fancy with Blood, draws a lively Picture of Death in the Soul, and conducts it to that inward Receſs by meer dint of Conceit, where *Reflection* ſhuts the Doors againſt it.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Where we conſider the moſt general Inclinations of Self-love; *and in the firſt place the Deſire of Happineſs.*

THE firſt Inclination of *Self-love*, is a Deſire to be Happy; and I believe, that in the Main, theſe two Expreſſions do but ſignify the ſame Thing under different Ideas. For what elſe is it to love One-ſelf, but to deſire *Happineſs;* and to deſire *Happineſs*, but to love One-ſelf? Truly he muſt be a very nice Subtiliſer, and Mincer of Things, that can find any Difference. As therefore the Deſire of *Happineſs* can't be too Great, and it has always been reckon'd a Crime to purſue a falſe, and not ardently to affect a real Felicity; it follows that we are not to be blam'd for loving our ſelves to Exceſs, but for taking a wrong Method in exerting this Love.

All Men moſt certainly agree in the general Idea, Deſire, and Sentiment of *Happineſs*.

The Diverſity of *Philoſophers* Opinions, touching the Nature of *Happineſs*, is not really ſo Great as at firſt it ſeems to be. All their Sentiments are reduc'd to *Epicurus*'s, who plac'd the Eſſence of *Beatitude* in Pleaſure; which will appear very reaſonable, pro-

provided you ſeparate pure, noble, durable, certain *Pleaſure* from ſenſual, which has quite oppoſite Characters; and you diſtinguiſh betwixt *Happineſs* and its Foundations, which Men have been pleas'd to confound together, that they might cavil and contradict one another, meerly thro' a miſtake in the Notion of *Happineſs*: For *Boetius* defines Happineſs, *The Abſence of all Evils, and the Poſſeſſion of all Goods*: You muſt obſerve that his Deſign was to define a perfect and compleat, not a defective and imperfect *Happineſs;* and yet this is to define *Happineſs* by its Foundations. The Abſence of Evils is neceſſary indeed to keep us from being miſerable, but does not render us happy. The Poſſeſſion of Goods is the Foundation of our Happineſs, but not Happineſs it ſelf; for what would it ſignify to have 'em in our Power, if we have not the Perception and Fruition of 'em? That Fool of *Athens*, who thought that all the Ships which arriv'd to *Pyræa* belong'd to him, taſted the *Happineſs* of Riches without poſſeſſing 'em; and it may be, the reall Owners of theſe Veſſels poſſeſs'd 'em without any Fruition or Pleaſure, being intoxicated with their inſatiable Avarice, or afflicted with Diſquietudes, which infallibly attend the Poſſeſſion of Temporal Goods: Wherefore 'tis not the Poſſeſſion, generally ſpeaking, but the Sentiment and Fruition of the Goods, we are poſſeſs'd of, that conſtitutes our *Happineſs*. So

So when *Ariſtotle* places *Happineſs* in the Knowledge and Love of the *Supream Good*, its plain that his Intention was to define *Happineſs* by its Foundations, otherwiſe he would be under a groſs Miſtake; for if you ſeparate Pleaſure from this Knowledge and Love, you'd find that ſomething more would be requir'd to make you happy: And on the other Hand, if you ſuppoſe a lively and durable Pain to be conjoyn'd with this Knowledge and Love, you'd ſee that we ſhould certainly be Miſerable.

The *Stoicks*, who thought *Happineſs* conſiſted in *Wiſdom*, were not ſo ſenſeleſs as to imagine, that the Satisfaction, wherewith this Wiſdom inſpir'd 'em, was to be ſeparated from the Idea of Happineſs: Their Joy proceeded from the Drunkenneſs, and Infatuation of their Soul, which applauded it ſelf at a Fictitious Conſtancy.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoſcere Cauſas,
Atque Metus omnes & inexorabile Fatum
Subjecit Pedibus, ſtrepitumq; Acherontis avari.

All Men in general are neceſſarily agreed in this Principle, and I wonder the *Schools* ſhould ſet 'em at Variance about it. The Covetous Man feeds himſelf meerly with Hopes of enjoying his Riches, and of taſting the Pleaſure of poſſeſſing 'em: Indeed he never truly enjoys his Wealth, but 'tis his Delight to hoard it up, and that's his whole

Fru-

Fruition. The Ambitious Man's aim, in ſeeking after Dignities, is to be rais'd in the World above the Level of his Brethren: And the Revengeful would never make any Retaliation, did he not hope to find Satisfaction in Vengeance.

This true Maxim is not oppoſite to the Religion, and Morality of Jeſus Chriſt; for he ſays, that he did not come to deſtroy, but to perfect Nature. He does not oblige us to renounce the Love of Pleaſure, but propoſes to us more pure, more noble, more ſpiritual, more certain, and more laſting *Pleaſures*, than thoſe which the World promiſes: And he defines *Happineſs* by its Sources; *This is Life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jeſus Chriſt, whom thou haſt ſent.* And he very well knows, that *Happineſs* eſſentially conſiſts in Joy, and unſpeakable Pleaſures: For 'tis a Feaſt, new Wine, a River of Delights, Torrents of Peace and Joy, *&c.* which Expreſſions, under the *Emblem* of temporal Pleaſures, inform us of the eternal Pleaſures of *Paradiſe*.

Men's Idea of *Happineſs*, aſſuredly proceeds from a ſenſe of Pleaſure. The Vicious ſeeks after the Pleaſures of Intemperance, Vain-glory, Revenge, Ambition: On the other Hand, the Vertuous Man purſues the Pleaſures of Vertue; namely, of Moderation, Beneficence, Temperance, of Conſcience and Piety.

He that ſhould pretend to ſtrip Vertue, of the ſenſe of Joy and *Pleaſure*, would certainly diſcourage our *Heart*; and tho' poſſibly we might eſteem, yet we ſhould not ſtudy and labour after it.

I confeſs, that all Men don't reliſh the ſame *Pleaſure*; ſome are for groſs, others for delicate, others for lively, others for durable, others for ſenſual, others for mental, and others for cordial *Pleaſure*; but all, without exception, are for *Pleaſure*.

So ſay we, that all Men agree in their general *Deſire* to be Happy: They may renounce all their Affections, but they'll never renounce this Inclination, which is the primitive Source of all the others. 'Tis *Happineſs* that Poor and Rich, Young and Old, Covetous and Liberal, Temperate and Voluptuous do all aim at: This *Happineſs* is the *Pleaſure* which they conceive; and from the infinite Diverſity of this *Pleaſure*, there ariſes a prodigious Variety of Paſſions and Applications.

The Irregularity conſiſts in this, that Men would fain taſt and enjoy their *Happineſs*, before they have obtain'd it: They want not for the direction of Reaſon, to conduct 'em to the Haven of Beatitude: They begin with deſiring to poſſeſs it, as if they had regard to no other *Pleaſure*, but what they actually perceive. Theſe *Diſciples* of the Senſes, want not Tutors to inſtruct 'em

'em, in the Art of *Voluptuouſneſs*; who tell 'em:

Non eſt, mihi crede, ſapientis, dicere, vivam:
Sera nimis Vita eſt craſtina, vive hodie.

Mart. *L.* 1. Epig.

'Tis no great Wonder, that the moſt elevated *Genius*'s of the Heathen World, knew no other Good but the preſent; and exhorted Men to enjoy the Delights that offer'd themſelves, for fear of loſing 'em by Delays: But 'tis very much to be wonder'd, that they, who have the Knowledge of *Eternity*, ſhould be capable of the ſame Extravagance.

The *Pleaſure* that conſtitutes our *Happineſs*, muſt have other Characters. In the firſt place, 'tis requiſite it ſhould be ſpiritual: Can one that taſts, and enjoys Bodily Pleaſure, be in a State of *Happineſs*, if his Soul be, at the ſame time, fill'd with the Remorſe of Fear and Sadneſs? Secondly, It muſt be durable: Momentany *Pleaſures*, are more proper for rendering us miſerable, than happy; becauſe not only the Fruition of 'em is tranſient, but they leave a durable Regret behind 'em.

And certainly Duration is ſo eſſential to *Happineſs*, that I dare ſay, even the Felicity of *Paradiſe* would be inconſiderable, were it poſſible for it to paſs away in an Inſtant; and that the Felicity of this lower World,

would be worth looking after, were it but capable of lasting to *Eternity:* For the former, tho' it be never so great and transcendent, would be swallow'd up with the frightful and melancholy Thoughts, of our going to lose the Foundation of an infinite Joy; the Latter would be supported by a Comfortable Hope, which connecting together an Infinity of Ages, would make up that Deght in the Duration of these Goods, which they wanted in Quality.

Nothing is finer in Speculation, than this Description which a *Latin Poet* gives of Temporal Happiness.

Res non parta Labore, sed relicta,
Non ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, salubre Corpus,
Prudens simplicitas, pares Amici,
Convictus facilis, sine Arte Mensa,
Nox non ebria, sed soluta Curis;
Non tristis Thorus, attamen pudicus,
Somnus qui faciat breves Umbras,
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis,
Summum nec metuas Diem, nec optes.

Mart. *L.* 10. Epig.

But tho' this Definition of *Happiness* appear so reasonable, as it had been Dictated by the Oracle of *Wisdom* her self; yet but an indifferent Knowledge of Man's *Heart*, and his

his natural State, would ſuffice to ſhew its Faultineſs in many Reſpects.

In the firſt Place, 'tis made up of ſuch Goods, as for the moſt part, are not in our Power, *Res non parta Labore, ſed relicta, non ingratus Ager, Focus perennis, Lis nunquam, vires ingenuæ, ſalubre Corpus, ſomnus qui faciat breves Umbras.* For who can give himſelf an Eſtate, and cauſe it to deſcend from Father, to Son; or render his Field fruitful, or avoid Brangles with injurious Perſons? 'Tis not in our Power to ſleep ſecurely, to have a healthy and vigorous Temper of Body, and yet Nature it ſelf teaches us, that *Happineſs* is in ſome meaſure in our Power: For why ſhould it have engraven, upon the *Heart* of Man, a Deſire to be Happy, if he were uncapable of arriving to that End? But Men miſtake in this Point, becauſe they don't underſtand a double Language, which Nature ſpeaks to 'em, in this reſpect. For on one Hand, by ſhewing 'em ſo many Goods, which they naturally deſire, and which are not in their Power, it plainly declares to 'em that Happineſs is not in their own Breaſt; and on the Other, by inſpiring into 'em ſo natural a Deſire of *Happineſs*, as that they can never deface, or put it off, in what State ſoever they be, it teaches 'em that they are notwithſtanding capable of obtaining that End.

But to return to our *Poet*, I add, that this Deſcription of *Happineſs* is not made up of Goods, ſufficiently noble and excellent; certainly 'tis not much above the Condition of *Beaſts*, of which it may be truly ſaid, that their Goods come by Succeſſion; that their Riches are not got by Labour, that the Earth is fruitful to 'em, and that they fail not of Cloaths agreeable to their State, made by the Hand of Nature; that they want not Health, Strength and Reſt, that their Simplicity is prudent, and tho' they ſeem uncapable of Reflection, yet we ſee 'em moſt Ingenious, and Diſcreet in the *Sphere* of thoſe Objects, which their *Intereſt* obliges 'em to know; namely, for the Propagation of their Species, and Self-preſervation, that their Life is pleaſant and ſedate, that they live without Trouble and Diſquietude, that their Cups are not mingled with the Wormwood of Suſpicions and Jealouſies, that they are not troubled with Law-ſuits; and, which is moſt of all conſiderable, that they neither fear nor hope for Death: So that *Beaſts* come very near to the Enjoyment of that *Happineſs*, which is repreſented to us, as the moſt perfect and compleat of all. Strange! What a Miſery then is it, that we are born capable of Reaſon, that the Quality of *Rational*, ſhould bar us from pretending to that of *Happy*; that the Degree of our Perfection, ſhould make the Degree of our Miſery;

Miſery; that Beaſts ſhould be happy, for not being Men; and Men ſhould be miſerable becauſe they are not Beaſts! Certainly this can never be true: Nature is too Wiſe in all other Things, for being ſo imprudent in this Particular; and unleſs Men are willing to degrade themſelves, and to diſparage the Excellency of their Nature, they muſt needs acknowledge a *Soveraign Good*, which may be found, and does not cheat our *Deſires*; but is not to be met with in the Objects of this Life, which will always deceive our craving Appetite.

Moreover, the fineſt Strokes, in the *Poets* Deſcription of Humane *Felicity*, are contradictory: For if a Man be ſo far Happy, as to be ſatisfy'd with his Condition, and not to deſire a better, how can he chooſe but fear Death, which puts a fatal Period to this Beatitude? And, if what it Deprives us off be ſo trivial and inconſiderable, as that we neither deſire nor fear to Die, how is it poſſible we ſhould be contented with that Condition? This Fellow ſpoke at random: He thought there was nothing in theſe Verſes;

Quod ſis, eſſe velis, nihilque malis,
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

A Man content with his Condition, and not fearful of Death, is the *Philoſopher's Stone in Morality*. Beſides, theſe Ideas deſtroy one another, they annihilate the Na-

ture of Man; who, as we have ſeen before, neceſſarily loves himſelf beyond all Limits: His Love of *Happineſs* ſtays not at a Mediocrity, and conſequently he cannot be ſatisfy'd, but in the Poſſeſſion of an *Infinite Good*: He dreads Miſery above all Things; and for that Reaſon cannot but fear Death, till he is aſſur'd of his *Immortality*.

Alſo this is one of the greateſt Defects of that Happineſs which Men ſearch after; or the Pleaſure, which they ſo ardently purſue, that the Foundations of it are *uncertain*; it depends upon a Thouſand Cauſes, which are not in your Power. What Reliance can you have upon the Health of a *Body*, which every thing threatens with Ruine and Deſtruction; and what Tranquillity can you build upon this, if you behold the Image of its Death in every outward Object; in the Aliments, that nouriſh you, in the Air which you breath, in the Contagion of a ſick Perſon, whom you viſit, in an Inſect, that ſtings it, and in a multitude of other ſecret Cauſes, which we can neither prevent, nor avoid? Who'll aſſure me of the Poſſeſſion of my Riches? Who'll ſecure me of the Preſervation of thoſe Friends, whom I love and delight in? Who'll protect me and mine from the Accidents that are ſo ordinarily incident to Society.

The Fourth Defect of this *Humane Felicity* is, that 'tis not only corruptible, but alſo

alſo tranſient and fading: 'Tis of a much ſhorter Duration than the Term of our Life. Sleep, which locks up our Senſes, exhauſts a good part of it; nor does it laſt ſo long as this Moiety of Life, which we paſs in Reflection and Awake; for we are not continually buſy'd with taſting *Pleaſure*. Nay, it ſubſiſts not ſo long as the Preſence of thoſe Objects which firſt give it Birth; it laſts but for the momentany Paſſage, from Privation to Enjoyment. We perceive ſome Delight indeed in the Purſuit, but this Joy expires with the Acquiſition. The greateſt of temporal Goods, after we have poſſeſs'd 'em, but for two Days, don't very much affect and pleaſe us. This Happineſs ſeems to conſiſt in the Satisfaction of *Deſire*, which makes us not Happy, either in Life or Death; but only at the inſtant of Extinction or Annihilation. The moſt excellent Wiſdom of *Nature* thought fit to let us know, that worldly Goods are not wholly to be neglected, ſeeing it has affix'd Delight and Joy to the Acquiſition of 'em: But withal it would teach us that our Souls ought not to acquieſce in this Enjoyment; ſince we no ſooner commence the Perception of this *Pleaſure*, but it preſently vaniſhes, and cheats our *Deſire*.

The Fifth Defect of *Humane Felicity* conſiſts in this, That our Happineſs has always a mixture and allay of Miſery. Every

Good brings ſome Evil at its Heels:

Impia ſub Dulci, melle venena latent.

Ovid. 4. 7. Met.

And I know not how it happens ſo, conſequent Calamities bear a proportion to precedent Bleſſings.

Ut rebus lætis par ſit Menſura malorum.

Idem. L. 1. Eleg.

The laſt is, that this *Happineſs* does not fill the Capacity of our Soul, nor anſwer the ardent Eagerneſs of the purſuit; ſo that finding an extream Diſproportion betwixt the Good we have obtain'd, and the Ardour wherewith we purſu'd it, we find our ſelves tantaliz'd and ſtarv'd, as it were, in the midſt of Plenty.

Tho' *Self-love* delights not in thinking of all thoſe Things, which may ſhew it the Vanity of its Applications, yet certainly it has a Glimpſe of all theſe Defects, in the *Happineſs* it reaches at. 'Tis conſcious, that ſenſual Pleaſure is the *Happineſs* rather of Brutes, than of Men: It owns, that a ſolid and ſubſtantial *Happineſs*, muſt neceſſarily be durable: It denies not, that a certain Felicity is preferable to that, whoſe Foundations are uncertain. It perceives, that in order to make a Man happy, this tranſitory *Pleaſure*, which laſts no longer than the inſtant of Acquiſition, ought to be fix'd and ſtay'd

ſtay'd in its Career. It grants, that true *Felicity*, ſhould be commenſurate to the Appetite of our Soul.

Wherefore right Reaſon commands us to ſearch for other Sources of Happineſs: But the preſent Delight which intereſts it, and ſeduces the Underſtanding, by tying it rather to the inqueſt of Pleaſure, than Truth, takes it off from executing that Deſign; its own Illuſions ſtill ſerve it after the old Rate; If they fail of Objects, they take the Place of Qualities, and ſet up themſelves for Powers or Habits. When Man can't obtain ſuch a temporal Happineſs as ſatisfies his Reaſon, he makes his Reaſon knock under, and condeſcend to ſatisfy his Pleaſure. The prejudic'd Mind gives an extravagant, and undue Character to theſe falſe Goods; and here 'tis moſt of all admirable, to ſee what a prodigious Aſcendant the *Heart* has over the *Mind*. For to diſguiſe abſtract and ſpeculative Truths is no great Matter, but to diſguiſe ſenſible and experimental Truths, is a Thing that gives us a ſpecial Evidence of the Force of our *Corruption*: To ſee this we proceed in the next place, by unfolding the moſt hidden Myſteries of *Self-love*.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Where we conſider the Cheats, which Self-love *puts upon it ſelf, to correct the Defects, which it finds in the Happineſs it aims at.*

Self love perceiving, that worldly Happineſs is too groſs and impure to ſatisfy our Mind; and that indeed, 'tis not fit an Happineſs, enjoy'd by none but the Body, ſhould ſatisfy the Thirſt of the Soul; ſeeks how it may ſpiritualize and refine Corporeal Pleaſures, in order to cheat and impoſe upon us, by making us think, that they are equally ſatisfactory to the Soul and Body: Hence Self-love has been pleas'd to tye, unto this groſs and carnal *Felicity*, the Delicacy of Sentiments; the eſteem of the Mind, and ſometimes even the Duties of Religion, by conceiving it as Spiritual, Glorious and Sacred.

For as to the firſt of theſe, who would not be amaz'd to ſee the prodigious number of Thoughts, Opinions, Fictions, Writings, Hiſtories, which ſenſual Pleaſure has caus'd to be invented. Muſter up together all the Tracts, that have ever been written about Morality, which is the *Science of Living well*; and compare 'em with thoſe, that have been

been made about the Pleaſures of Intemperance, and you'll find a great Diſproportion between their Number. Conſidering theſe Actions in their natural Hue, there appears in 'em a ſordid Baſeneſs, which diſ-heartens our *Pride*; namely, the vile and abject Conformity they have to other *Animals*. Now what Courſe can be taken to elevate, and render 'em worthy and becoming the Grandeur of *Men?* Why, the ready way is to ſpiritualize and refine 'em, to preſent 'em for an Object of the Delicateneſs of the Mind; make 'em a Subject of fine and delightful Senſations; to make ſome ſport of 'em to the Imagination, and turn 'em agreeably to the Humour, by the flouriſhes of Eloquence and Poetry: And laſtly, to imploy all the Faculties, and Lights of the Rational Principle, to make the Delights of a Voluptuous Body go down glib and pleaſantly into an haughty Soul. I expreſs my ſelf according to the Vulgar Prejudice, for truly ſpeaking, the Body has not in it ſelf any Perception or Senſation. Hence Self-love has alſo ty'd an Eſteem and Reſpect to the moſt ſhameful Debaſements of Humane Nature. Pride and Pleaſure are two Paſſions, which tho' they ſpring from the ſame Original of *Self-love*, yet for all that, there is ſome Difference and Oppoſition betwixt 'em. Pleaſure humbles, whereas Pride exalts us: The former engraves us with the Image of Brutes, the lat-

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ter with the Picture of the Devil. Alſo theſe two Paſſions have many a Combat and Duel in our Heart; but the Heart can by no means approve of this Conflict, being a Friend and Well-wiſher to 'em both, and all moſt equally ſenſible of the charms of Glory and Pleaſure: It muſt beſtir its Stumps to make a Reconcilation, and to bring this about, it takes one of theſe Methods, either it tranſports Pleaſure, if I may ſo ſpeak, to the Confines of Pride, or Pride to the Region of Pleaſure. If it renounce ſenſual Pleaſure 'twill ſearch for a greater in the acqueſt of Eſteem; and ſo Pleaſure is wholly indemnify'd: Or, if we take a Reſolution to ſatisfy its Thirſt of ſenſual *Pleaſure*, 'twill apply to it the Credit of *Eſteem*; and by this means *Pride* is ſolac'd at its loſs.

Were there but one only Man of this Diſpoſition of Mind, he would not eaſily ſucceed in his Deſign; but Men unhappily meeting together, they underſtand one another, and having the ſame Inclination, they willingly agree to conſecrate it.

This is a *Ragoo* to *Pleaſure*, which renders it much more exquiſite than the Glory which Men's exorbitant Fancies have ty'd to it: But 'tis yet better ſeaſon'd, when we regard this *Pleaſure*, as an Ordinance of Religion. A debauch'd Woman, that would make People believe in the *Heathen* World, that ſhe had a God for her Sweet-heart, had

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a more ſenſible Reliſh of intemperate Pleaſures; and a Zealot, that takes his Pleaſure, or executes Revenge, under the ſhelter of ſome ſacred Pretext, taſts in Pleaſure a more piquant and delicious ſeaſon than is Pleaſure it ſelf.

Thus the Humane *Felicity*, of which we are ſpeaking, may be divided into two Parts, Groſs and Senſible, which is as it were the *Matter* of it; and a more refin'd and delicate, which we'll term its *Form*. 'Tis certain, that as all the Perceptions of Joy and Pleaſure, which this World affords us, aggrandize and enlarge the Matter of this *Happineſs*; ſo all the Illuſions and Tricks, which *Self-love* puts upon us on this account, to make it appear either reaſonable, glorious or ſacred; all the falſe Diſcourſes of Men, who are continually ſpeaking of the Objects of their Deſire; all the unhappy Idea's of Education, which adminiſter infinite Occaſions of deceiving us in this reſpect, all the naughty Lectures, and impious Studies, a thouſand Prejudices, and falſe Maxims, ſerve to augment and encreaſe the Form of it, and to tranſplant this vain Felicity, into the ſupream Seat and Eſcurial of our Soul, which ſprang up before in the meaneſt part of its Royalty, by the occaſion of Senſe.

Theſe are the Meaſures, which *Self-love* takes againſt the firſt Defect, which it ſaw its pretended Happineſs; but 'tis not defective

fective only in this: 'Tis likewiſe ſo much adulterated and mix'd, that it renders us rather Miſerable, than Happy; and in this, *Self-love* is pleas'd to put another Trick and Cheat upon it ſelf. For fearing leſt our earneſt Attention, to the Defects and Emptineſs of worldly Goods, to their appendant Miſery and Incommodities, might diſabuſe us in this Matter, it divert our Conſideration from whatſoever is moſt capable to repreſent that Miſery to our View, which attends the Goods and Enjoyments of this World: It finds a pretty hard Tug of it; for how ſhould it go beyond experimental and ſenſible Proofs? But yet for all this it fails not of good Succeſs, by reaſon of Men's extream Deſire to put a merry Trick and Cajole upon themſelves.

To underſtand the whole ſubſtance of this Matter, you muſt know, that as the Preſent, how ſweet ſoever it appear to us, and tho' we have never ſo great an Inclination to ſacrifice all for the Sake of it, yet notwithſtanding ſeems too narrow and limited to a Soul, which loves to aggrandize and extend its Bounds by Imagination; it moſt commonly intermingles the Paſt and Future in the Idea of our Condition; not the Paſt and Future as they are in Reality, but ſuch as our Soul would have 'em be. Our State therefore ſeems to us an Aſſemblage of Goods which both follow and precede us. By the Re-

Remembrance of Pleaſures already enjoy'd, we bring back the paſt to preſent; and by the Ideas of Temporal Goods we hope to enjoy, we anticipate the Future. If we would carry a direct and ſteddy View over all theſe Differences of *Time*, we ſhould find in the paſt, what we meet with in the preſent; namely, Goods mingled with the Bitterneſs and Gall of a great many Evils. For the Good we have poſſeſs'd was not more pure and unmingled, than what we now poſſeſs; and what we are like to poſſeſs hereafter, will not differ from what we before enjoy'd: But as the Soul loves to think of nothing elſe, but what delights and tickles its Fancy, it happens, that it retains the Ideas of theſe Goods which it formerly poſſeſs'd, becauſe theſe Conceptions are agreeable and pleaſant; and it forgets the Ideas of the Evils intermingled, becauſe ſuch Thoughts are attended with Melancholy and Sadneſs, unleſs the paſt Evil ſeeming Good to us, becauſe we are deliver'd from it; for this reaſon alſo draws in our Mind a delightful Image: As for the Future we know it only by Hope; now Hope hath not Evil, but Good for its proper Object: The paſt and future, one whereof is no more, and the other is not yet come, Occupying a large Space in our Imagination, and always preſenting themſelves in the Livery of their Pleaſures, and never in the mourning Weeds

of

of their Miſery: No wonder, if by degrees, a bright Idea of *Happineſs* be form'd in our Mind; which can hardly be deſtroy'd by the Senſe of our Miſery. Our paſt Delights do ſtill remain; the Applauſes, which recompenc'd our Merit, ſeem really preſent, becauſe Pride has drawn 'em to the Life, in the Tablet of our Imagination: And what if we could add future Advantages to preſent, and obtain their Fortune, who are Objects of our Envy? Thus by a ſecond Diſorder of our Imagination, which hath the ſame Source with the firſt, we frame to our ſelves an Idea of thoſe Goods, which being in another Man's Power, are become the Objects of our own Deſire; an agreeable and flattering Repreſentation, becauſe we ſee not the Troubles which attend 'em, but only caſt a Glance upon their ſpecious and glittering Out-ſide. So that the Idea of our own Condition, and other Men's, the pleaſant Images of the Paſt, and a thouſand Hopes, whoſe Object are the Uncertainties of the Future, continually occurring to our Mind, whereas the Evils of the future are perceiv'd but now and then; no wonder if the Soul get Drunk with this Folly, and a thouſand Experiences fail of reclaiming it from its Errours and Illuſions.

This Blindneſs is ſometimes ſo bold and daring, as to regard this Felicity as built upon ſure and ſtable Foundations. This

Truth

Truth appears by the Speech of him, whom the Son of God repreſents feeding up himſelf with certain Fancies of a Happineſs, which he was preſently to be depriv'd of: *My Soul*, ſaid he, *Eat, Drink and take thy Eaſe, we have Goods laid up for many Years:* Preſently he hears a terrible Voice, ſaying to him, *Thou Fool, this night ſhall thy Soul be required of thee, and then whoſe ſhall all thoſe Goods be which thou haſt laid up?*

But laſtly, Man is not ſo Blind but that he can ſee the End of this *Happineſs*, which ſo enchants and bewitches him; he knows the *World* will not be a perpetual Fountain of his Pleaſure, becauſe it conſiſts of corruptible Objects; and he is not ignorant, that himſelf ſhall not always be in a Capacity of enjoying worldly Delights, foraſmuch as he is not Immortal. For want of this perpetuity of Sentiment and Fruition which he can't obtain, he endeavours to perpetuate his Memory; and ſo he ſaves what he can from the Ship-wrack of temporal Things; but yet all that he ſaves, does not countervail his Labour: For what is Man's Glory after he is Dead? *It is*, ſays an Ancient, *a proſperous Gale after a Ship-wrack;* And certainly nothing is more Vain, than all thoſe Means, which *Self-love* has invented to eternize our Glory. Urns, Tombs, Pyramids, Mauſoleum's, Theatres, Temples, Cities dedicated to the Memory of famous Perſonages;

Poetry

Poetry and Eloquence, Painting and Engraving employ'd to preſerve ſome Ideas of their Vertue, or certain Lineaments of their Viſage, can't avoid the Fate of corruptible Things; and as they are unable to perpetuate themſelves, they can't be capable of eternizing their Objects: This would be but to perpetuate Shadows, and how ſhould they perpetuate the Senſation?

Nos quoq; floruimus, ſed Flos fuit ille caducus.

I think we ſhould not be guilty of a greater Extravagance, if by the Effort of our Deſires, we ſhould at length be brought to doubt of our Mortality, than whilſt by the Seduction of our Heart, we ſearch for ſo vain an Immortality. I know indeed, that no Man ſeriouſly denies himſelf to be ſubject to the *Fate* of Death; but yet ſcarcely any Man perhaps tells himſelf in earneſt, that he ſhall Die: For tho' theſe two Terms have too true a Relation, yet no one is willing to joyn 'em together; and if we do happen to conſider 'em, 'tis with a Deſign to diſ-unite and part 'em. We ſhall be apt to conſider Death, without conſidering our ſelves; or our ſelves without conſidering Death: We never love to connect thoſe Ideas both together; and certainly nothing can be imagin'd, let Men think what they pleaſe of it, more extraordinary and more uneaſy to the Heart, than the Conjunction of theſe two Sentiments in our Imagination. Yet

Yet this is not all; *Self-love* undertakes to fix the Pleaſure, which riſes from the Acquiſition of temporal Goods: with this Deſign it ſeeks to have a frequent Enjoyment of the Good it poſſeſſes, whether by Thought, repreſenting it to its Mind as often, and in as lively a manner as is poſſible; or by endeavouring to invent new Methods of enjoining the Pleaſure, whereunto it is accuſtomed. 'Twas a great Extravagance in *Caligula*, to propoſe the making his Horſe *Conſul*, to have him led before the *Senate* in Conſular Robes, and the *Bundles of Rods* carried before him: But this Extravagance, which ſo much grates and contradicts the Mind, was a Feaſt of Delights to ſuch an Heart, as being us'd to Supream Power, and ſcarcely perceiving it now, found out a Means of giving it ſelf an Air of Novelty, by the ſingularity of its Guſt, and the Fantaſticalneſs of its *Capricio*. *Caligula*, in his Folly, had the Pleaſure of ſeeing how much other Men were ſubject to his Dominion.

Laſtly, *Self-love*, which one would think ought to be diſ-abus'd of the exceſſive Opinion, it conceiv'd of temporal Goods, when it ſees what a great Vacuity they leave in our Heart, yet puts upon it ſelf a further Illuſion: For finding that this Meaſure of temporal Goods, which it has obtain'd, can't render it Happy, it pre-poſſeſſeth it ſelf with Thoughts of finding that Happineſs in the

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Quantity, which it could not meet with in the Quality of theſe Advantages. Thus a Rich Man, who ought to have diſ-abus'd himſelf as to the Vanity of Riches, by the Experience he makes of 'em, feeds himſelf with a Fancy, that he ſhall be Happy when he has made a further Augmentation of his Treaſures; and as the Degrees of temporal Proſperity are not limited, no wonder if, in what State ſoever he be, he form a Succeſſion of new Deſires.

And becauſe our Soul ſees, that worldly Goods are leſs conſiderable by their Reality than Fictitiouſneſs, 'tis ſo Ingenious as to deceive it ſelf in this too; it covets the Eſteem of other Men, and would fain be thought happy by the Mind's of the Multitude, that it may hereafter make uſe of this Eſteem, to cheat and warrant it ſelf of Happineſs, upon the Word of thoſe that don't know us. Oh! 'Tis a brave and delightful Object, for a *Grandee* to behold the covetous and intereſted Rabble cringing at his Heels, whoſe Officiouſneſs plainly ſhews what Opinion they have of Greatneſs. This perſwades him, that he is not miſtaken in thinking that his lofty Elevation render'd him Happy: And if the inward Experience he has of his Condition, does not ſuit with his Conception, he ſuſpends the ſad Reflections of his Mind; and ſays to himſelf, that doubtleſs ſo many Perſons who eſteem him Happy can't

can't be miſtaken; and reſolves to be ſatiſfy'd with his Condition, maugre all the Senſe and Experience of his Miſery.

I very well know, that Men many times diſcourag'd by ſome Danger or preſent Misfortune, which makes a lively and deep Impreſſion upon their Heart, diſlike their own Condition, and envy other Men's: But this Diſlike is quickly over, it vaniſhes with the Object which gave it Birth, and pleaſant Ideas ſucceeding in the place of ſad and unpleaſant, which had ſtruck, and as it were, wounded our Soul, by ruſhing impetuouſly into the Mind; then we ſee none but the beſt ſide of our Condition, and re-aſſume the Bent of our former Deſigns. This is what one of the moſt Facetious Wits, of *Auguſtus*'s Time, expreſs'd with a great deal of Plainneſs and Elegance in one of his Satyrs.

Quî fit Mæcenas, ut Nemo, quam ſibi ſortem
Seu Ratio dederit, ſeu ſors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat, laudet diverſa ſequentes?
O fortunati Mercatores, gravis Annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra Labore.
Contra Mercator, navem jactantibus Auſtris:
Militia eſt potior: quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita Mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat Juris, Legumque peritus,
Sub Galli cantu Conſultor ubi, Oſtia pulſat.
Ille datis Vadibus, qui rure extractus in Urbe eſt,
Solos felices viventes clamat in Urbe.

And

And certainly 'tis not greatly to be wonder'd, that other Men's Conditions ſeem better than our own in the Eyes of *Self-love*, ſeeing that we feel the Preſſure of our own Evils and Miſeries, but not of theirs; and their Enjoyments appear without any Allay of Unhappineſs and Trouble, becauſe we ſee but the meer ſurface and out-ſide of their Condition. But laſtly, whether it be the Idea of thoſe temporal Goods, which we our ſelves poſſeſs, or the Image of other Men's Goods, that ſo advantagiouſly Prejudices and Bigots us to the Eſteem of worldly Enjoyments; 'tis certain that our Conception of 'em is very extravagant, and herein Men commonly place their *Supream Good*.

For to do this, 'tis not neceſſary that our Mind ſhould expreſly and diſtinctly judge the World to be the *Soveraign Good*; nor yet that our Mouth ſhould openly pronounce ſo in plain Terms. Man is naturally too Glorious and Proud to think or ſpeak very groſs and ſenſible Abſurdities; but he loves the World ſo much as to ſay it in his Heart, tho' not in his Mind.

But 'twill not be amiſs to continue our Conſideration of the moſt general Inclinations of the *Heart*, which proceed from *Self-love:* For we ſhall eaſily know the Rivulets, after we have throughly diſcovered the Springs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Where we continue to consider the general Inclinations of Self-love; *the Second whereof is a Desire of Perfection.*

Happiness and *Perfection* are the Two general Goods which Man naturally desires, but not without some Dependance and Subordination to each other; for he desires not Happiness for the sake of *Perfection*, but Perfection for the sake of Happiness. Man can't be throughly contented, whilst the Idea of his Imperfections is fresh in his Mind. This obliges him to disguise 'em, as much as is possible, and to get rid of 'em, unless by renouncing his Defects, he renounce a part of that Pleasure, wherein he plac'd his Happiness.

Indeed the *Mind* always passing Sentence in Favour of the Applications of the *Heart*, oftentimes leads us into Errors, by confounding Vices with Vertues, Defects with Perfections. The *Æthiopians* count the Blackest People the most Beautiful, but in *Europe*, and the other parts of the World, the Whitest are esteem'd the most handsome and fine. 'Tis not so easy, as some may think, to decide which of 'em is in the wrong. Just so stands the case with the Qualities of the

Soul. Vivacity and Sprightlineſs, which paſs in ſome Countries for very great Excellencies, are counted in others moſt eſſential Imperfections.

And certainly 'tis a very difficult Matter, to make this juſt Diſcernment betwixt Defects and Perfections, amidſt the Darkneſs and Prejudices which attend our Corruption; 'tis not ſufficient, that we conſult publick Opinion, for Men oftentimes agree together to conſecrate their common Infirmities, and a Propenſity, in which they ſympathize and agree, they moſt frequently judge to be worthy of Eſteem, or at leaſt not to be rejected and deſpis'd. *Drunkenneſs* in ſome Countries is counted a very ſcandalous Vice; in others it paſſes for a modiſh Infirmity, and is not thought an eſſential Crime.

Wherefore 'tis no hurt for Men to ſuſpend their Judgment, touching what is term'd Vice and Vertue, Perfection and Imperfection, till they have had Time and Leiſure to conſult the clear and diſtinct Views of their *Mind*, or of *Religion*, which is a yet ſhorter way to the Knowledge of our real Duties.

Now for putting us in a way to make this Diſcernment, 'tis to be obſerv'd, that GOD differs from the Creature in this, that he is *a Being inveſted with all Perfections:* So that we may affirm him to have either *Formally* or *Eminently*, every Good that falls under our Knowledge, or deſerves our Eſteem; that is, he poſ-

poſſeſſes theſe Qualities and Perfections, either in the higheſt Degree, or other Perfections which are equivalent to 'em.

But as for the *Creature*, it can't pretend to be endu'd with any Perfections, but what belong to its *Species*. 'Tis not neceſſary a *Stag* ſhould have Wings, 'tis enough for him that he hath Swiftneſs for his ſhare. Birds have no uſe for Fins, Wings are ſufficient to their End of Flying.

Now in this, Men are under a double Failing: Firſt, for pretending to have ſuch Perfections as are in no wiſe due to their Species. Secondly, for renouncing thoſe which do really belong to 'em, and very well ſuit with their eſſential Perfections; for they give their Body more than is its due, and deprive their Soul of what it juſtly challenges. The former they endeavour to perpetuate and enlarge: They would fain procure it a kind of Eternity, whereof 'tis uncapable, and a ſort of Grandeur, or rather Immenſity, which by no means ſuits with its Condition.

But Men lie under a yet greater Failure, by being unwilling to enter within the Confines of themſelves, or to take a Survey of their own Nature; falſly imagining that the Quality of *Man* includes nothing but Baſeneſs and Miſery; they are not very eager in the reſearch of thoſe Perfections which are due to this general *Quality*, but aſpire at an Exemp-

tion from this common Condition, by the help of thoſe external Goods, and forreign Relations, which diſtinguiſh 'em in Society.

They leave off ſearching after the Perfections which belong to *Man*, and purſue thoſe of a Magiſtrate, an Artiſt, a Scholar, a Burgeſs, a Gentleman, a Grand-Seignior; they no longer place their Honour in what may perfect or adorn Humane Nature, and enrich the Mind, this immortal *Eſſence*, and lively *Image* of the Deity: But in that, which is capable of making 'em ſucced and excel in their Profeſſion, tho' never ſo mean and forbid in it ſelf, or of putting 'em in a Condition to maintain, with Credit, the Grandeur of that publick Station, wherein the Circumſtances of their Life have plac'd 'em.

Hence it appears, that Men uſe to meaſure the Perfection or Imperfection of their Qualities and Endowments, meerly by the Relation they have to that *State* wherein they ſuppoſe themſelves to be, and to which *Self-love* and *Pride* advance 'em with a Deſign of gaining a famous Reputation. A profeſs'd Scholar does not ſtand upon points of Valour: And a Souldier ſeldom concerns himſelf with Scholarſhip. Tell the former that he's a Man of no Courage, he'll but laugh at you; but make the ſame Reproach to the latter, you'll move his Choler, and put him in a Rage: The Reaſon is, becauſe Learning is no Qualification for a Souldier, nor Valour for

for a Scholar. But this is to be underſtood when *Self-love* fixes the one in the Station of a Scholar, and the other in that of an Heroe; for it many times happens that a Man, thro' an incentive of Pride, affects to appear, what we term, *Omnis homo*, and then the Maxim changes with the Suppoſition.

It can't be expreſs'd, how many falſe Prejudices ſpring from this Original. Injuſtice, Debauchery, Fury, make uſe of this Occaſion to conſecrate themſelves. The ordinary Theft, or Burglary, ſuits not with a private Man's Fortune and Condition, whoſe Neck is forc'd at laſt to pay for his Crimes; and therefore this is counted a baſe and unworthy Fault: But grand Robberies, ſuch as the Conqueſt of Cities, and Provinces, do outwardly match and agree with the *Greatneſs* of a Potentate, and theſe therefore paſs for Heroick Enterprizes. Horrour and Infamy neceſſarily attend the ordinary Murther, which is ſubject to the Rigour of the Law, and conſequently comports not with the Intereſt of private Perſons, whom the Laws retain and keep within the bounds of Duty: But an unjuſt War, which includes an Infinity of Murthers and Robberies, if happy and ſucceſsful, is an Object of the greateſt Eſteem and Admiration.

Not to ſay, as ſome have done, that Injuries are conſecrated by their Greatneſs, and that Exceſs is the Glory of a Crime: This

Opinion would be ſomewhat extravagant; but yet we may ſafely ſay, that this fantaſtical Inequality of our Prejudices, touching the very ſame Things, proceeds from an Habit, we have gotten, to judge of Qualities meerly by their Relation to the State and Condition of thoſe that poſſeſs 'em. A Woman is branded with Shame and Diſgrace for being miſ-led and abus'd, and yet he who is the Author of this Seduction, makes it a Motive of his Vanity: This prejudice is aſſuredly very extravagant; yet the Diſorder is founded upon the Maxim we have eſtabliſh'd. *Men* are thought to have a thouſand Topicks, whereupon to build an Eſteem and Reputation; all the Fountains of Glory lye open to their Appetite. A *Woman* is limited in this reſpect; She can neither govern States, command Armies, nor make a ſucceſsful progreſs in Arts and Sciences, at leaſt according to the ordinary Courſe, and for the Generality; and the Examples of the contrary are too few to lay any great ſtreſs upon: But ſhe can be Honeſt and Modeſt, for which reaſon nothing is more Honourable in a Woman than Chaſtity. Alſo that Empire of Beauty, which the World eſteems the Glory of Women, fails of adding the ſame Honour to *Men*, who are naturally deſign'd for other Purpoſes, than to make themſelves Amiable, and diſplay ſome Skill in throwing the Darts of *Cupid*. And ſometimes

times it happens that a Vice well plac'd, paſſes for a great Vertue; and a Vertue ill plac'd, is thought a great Vice. *Prodigality* becomes *Alexander* very well, who being Maſter of the World has, in his Cuſtody, the Treaſures of it. *Frugality* ſuits very well with *Hannibal*, who ſupports his Armies by a Miracle, when block'd up in *Italy* on every ſide. Even *Cruelty* it ſelf, which at another time would in no wiſe become him, agrees with the Circumſtances of that Condition.

But Wiſdom, Prudence, Honeſty, Fidelity, *&c.* being Qualities which ſuit with all States and Conditions, no wonder if the greateſt part of Mankind are equally concern'd about 'em: They don't endeavour to obtain theſe Vertues as being worthy of *Man*, but as they match and agree with their States and Intereſts.

They ſeek for true *Judgment* and *Prudence*, becauſe 'tis the Reality, and not the bare Appearance of theſe Vertues, that ſerves their turn, and promotes their Advantage; but they uſually content themſelves with a meer ſhew of *Honeſty*, becauſe they think that outward Appearances of Sincerity, are more for their Ends, than the Vertue it ſelf.

Men have ſufficient reaſon to hate *Hypocriſy*, and to be angry at this Impoſture of Vice, which ſeems deſirous to make Fools, both of God and Men, by an execrable Traffick of Appearances, and affected Out-ſides:

But to ſpeak the down-right Truth, *Hypocriſy* is a Vice which ſeems common to Mankind. All Men ſtudy to appear, as may be moſt for their Advantage.

'Tis a miſtake to imagine, that there be Hypocrites or Diſſemblers of none but Devotion; there be Hypocrites of Honour, Conſtancy, Valour, Liberality; and there be more that counterfeit themſelves in civil Life, than who put on a Vizard in the *Church*.

'Tis pretty to ſee two Fellows, that ſcrape Acquaintance, or are going to ſwap Wares, take each other for Cullies and ſoft-Heads; and neither ſay nor do any thing but what is to carry on the Deſign of Cheating. Men affect a ſhew of Complaiſance, Politeneſs, Probity, Honour, meerly to be thought really endow'd with theſe Qualities.

All this aſſuredly proceeds from a too ſhort View of *Self-love*, and leſt we ſhould Err, and go out of the way, 'tis neceſſary to return from the Road we went in before, to ſearch after *Man*, whom we deſir'd to avoid; and taking for Perfection, not whatſoever diſtinguiſhes us in the World, but what ſuits with this natural Equality of Perfection and Excellency, which we have in common with other Men; to conſider our ſelves not in *Our ſelves*, but *God*.

The Perfections belonging to the *Mortal Man* are very inconſiderable: But thoſe of the *Immortal Man* are all worthy of Admi-

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ration; he need not put on the Mask of Hypocriſy to counterfeit himſelf to the Eyes of Mankind: He need only renounce the Fallacies of his Pride, the vain Prejudices of the World; and take off the Veil which intercepts the proſpect of *himſelf*, to find that he's advanc'd above the *Sphere* of Admiration.

Even the Paſſions of Men ſet up for real Perfections, when they have their juſt Extent in the *Immortal Man*; and if you narrowly obſerve, you'll find that the Baſeneſs we conceive in theſe Affections of our Soul, proceeds from the too narrow Limits, where unto Concupiſcence and *Self-love* have confin'd 'em: Give the *Soul* Liberty to take its whole flight, let it act with the full extent of its Powers, and you'll find 'tis a Divine Sphere, that grows bigger and bigger the nearer it comes to GOD.

CHAP. XII.

Where we Treat of the general Vices which flow from Self-love, *and firſt of* Pleaſure.

THere are Three ſorts of Goods, whereunto Self-love is principally apply'd the Firſt, which is of it ſelf ſenſible, and this is *Pleaſure*: A Second, which is Deſirable for its own ſake, but becomes not ſenſible of it

ſelf, this is *Eſteem*: A Third, which is neither ſenſible nor deſirable for its own ſake, and hath only (as the *Schools* ſpeak) *a Goodneſs of the Means*, and this is *Riches*; to which we muſt add a Fourth Good, which ſeems to include all thoſe before-mention'd, namely, *Dignities*; which according to the ordinary Notion Men have of 'em, are a Compound of Pleaſure, Glory and Support, in order to lead a commodious and agreeable Life.

The love of Pleaſure is Natural, that of Eſteem is Lawful, the Deſire of Riches hath nothing Criminal in it ſelf; But all theſe Inclinations immediately commence Vices, when they become head-ſtrong, and ceaſe to be directed by the Dictates of Reaſon.

Self-love apply'd to irrational Pleaſure, is term'd Voluptuouſneſs; as it irregularly purſues Eſteem, it has the Name of Pride; and when 'tis converſant about Riches, deſiring 'em with an exceſſive Ardour, 'tis termed Covetouſneſs: Laſtly, Self-love eagerly aſpiring at Dignities, beyond the meaſures of right Reaſon, and the Tenour of Juſtice, is call'd Ambition: But as worldly Goods are reduc'd to Pleaſure and Glory, ſo the moſt general Diſorders of Self-love are reduc'd to Voluptuouſneſs and Pride, an Examination of which will be the Concluſion of our preſent Enquiries.

Pleaſure may be conſider'd, in reference either to the Perſon, who is the ſubject of it,

it, or in reference to Society, or GOD; for 'tis undoubtedly neceſſary in theſe Three reſpects. 'Tis by Pleaſure that the Author of Nature hath engag'd our Soul in the Preſervation of the Body; we ſhould omit to repeat the uſe of Food, had it not an agreeable Taſt. 'Tis Pleaſure that puts us upon mutual Commerce, whether in Oeconomical or Political Society, ſince the Union of Men, and even the Propagation of Mankind, is to be aſcrib'd to this Sentiment. Laſtly, 'tis the Pleaſure we find in loving, and being lov'd by God, in hoping for his Bleſſings, in receiving his Benefits, and in having a ſenſe of his Peace and Favour, that incites us to have our Converſation with him.

Hence it follows that Pleaſure is Criminal, either when 'tis oppoſite to the Good of the *Man*, who is the ſubject of it; or to the Good of Society, or the Commerce we ought to entertain with God.

The imbitter'd Pleaſures, which for a momentany Delight, coſt Men very durable and laſting Torments, are to be rang'd in the firſt Order. As the *Goodneſs* of God manifeſtly appears in this, That he hath affix'd Sentiments of Pleaſure to Food, and other things which naturally relate to the Preſervation of the Body; ſo his *Juſtice* becomes moſt ſenſible in the rigorous Puniſhment and Scourge of Incontinence. But we ought not to look only upon that Voluptuouſneſs, which af-

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flicts the Body, as contrary to Man; the ſame Judgment is alſo to be paſs'd upon that which weakens or diſ-compoſes the Mind.

Moreover Pleaſure is to be thought Criminal, either when it tends to deſtroy Society, or diſturb the mutual Order of it. Such are the Pleaſures which are founded upon Inſincerity and Infidelity, which eſtabliſh in Society a Confuſion of Family and Children, and which are attended with Suſpicions, Diſtruſts, and many times with Murthers, and Attempts upon the moſt ſacred and inviolable Laws of Nature.

Laſtly, That Pleaſure is to be eſteem'd Criminal, which God hath forbidden, either by his natural Law, which he has given to all Men, or by a poſitive Law; as alſo ſuch Pleaſure as weakens, ſuſpends or deſtroys our Commerce with him, by too much confining and fixing us to the Creatures.

Upon this Principle 'tis eaſy to ſee, what Judgment ought to be made of all the different kinds of Voluptuouſneſs, and to examine all their Characters. In general, as 'tis a natural and fundamental Truth, that the Corruption of the beſt Things is always worſt, ſo 'tis certain, that by how much more important and neceſſary any Pleaſure is to *Man*, in the natural and regular uſe of it, ſo much more dangerous and criminal is the Abuſe of it.

The Pleaſure of *Seeing*, *Smelling* and *Hearing* is perhaps the leaſt Blameable of all; be-

becauſe we don't deſtroy our Being, injure any Man, or offend God, generally ſpeaking, either in beholding agreeable Objects, in ſmelling delicious Odours, or hearing melodious Harmonies: I ſay, generally ſpeaking, becauſe there are infinite Circumſtances, which may render theſe Pleaſures Criminal, tho' they ſeem never ſo innocent in themſelves. A Man is to be blam'd for having ſuch an eager Deſire after publick Spectacles, Smells, or Muſick, as to neglect his own Affairs, omit to fulfil the Duties of Society; or laſtly, for being taken off, by the continual Uſe of Pleaſures, from the ſpiritual Commerce which he ought to have with God; not to mention thoſe many dangerous Pleaſures which are involv'd in the firſt. We think many times to purſue the Pleaſure of Sight, in our fine Walks and magnificent Houſes; Yet all this while our Bent is after the Pleaſure of Pride and Ambition, ſaying almoſt the ſame thing to our ſelves as the *Aſſyrian King* did in his arrogant Heart: *Is not this Babylon, the great City which I have built by the Power of my Might?*

'Tis eaſy to conceive that *Gluttony* is a more criminal Pleaſure than thoſe we have been ſpeaking of; it deſtroys the Health of the Body, debaſes the Mind, calling it down from thoſe ſublime and lofty Contemplations, to which it naturally tends, to the ſordidneſs of Senſuality, which makes it a Slave

Slave to Banquets and Tables, as if they were the Sources of its Happineſs;

Atque affigit humi Divinæ particulam Auræ.

But the Pleaſure of Exceſs in Eating, generally conſider'd, is not near ſo Criminal as *Drunkenneſs*; which not only impairs the Body, and debaſes the Mind, but diſ-compoſes our Reaſon, and ſuſpends us, for ſome time, from the glorious Character of *Rational Creatures*: A Man by this dangerous Pleaſure, mortgages his Reaſon, and becomes reſponſible for all the Miſdemeanours, which this Deprivation may occaſion him to commit; ſo that as there is no Vice in Nature, but may poſſibly enſue upon this loſs of our Underſtanding, Drunkenneſs may be ſaid to involve and comprehend all other Vices.

The Pleaſure of *Love* produces not quite ſo ſenſible Irregularities, but yet 'tis of no leſs dangerous Conſequence. Love is a kind of Drunkenneſs, and infatuation of the Mind and Heart of One, who gives up himſelf to the ſwinge of this Paſſion; this is the Intoxication of the Soul, as the other of the Body.

The former is guilty of an open Extravagance, expos'd to the ſight of all the World; the latter Dotes in reality, tho' he ſeem to have the Uſe of his Reaſon: Alſo the former renounces only the Uſe of Reaſon; whereas the other renounces at once both his

his Mind and Heart. Notwithſtanding I muſt own, that thus far the Diſorder of Drunkenneſs is much more ſenſible, and perhaps, really more enormous.

But when we come to conſider the Oppoſition of theſe two Paſſions, to the Good of Society, and our Converſation with God, we find irregular *Love* to be, in ſome ſort, more Criminal than Drunkenneſs; becauſe this occaſions in us but a tranſient Diſorder, whereas the other is attended with a continu'd and laſting Exorbitance. Moreover, Love is oftner the occaſion of Man-ſlaughter than Wine. Drunkenneſs is ſincere and open-hearted, but the whole Intrigue of Love is made up of Artifice and Infidelity: Laſtly, Drukenneſs is a ſhort Fury, which withdraws us from God to ſerve our Paſſion; but irregular Love is a perpetual Idolatry.

Self-love is not wholly confin'd to the purſuit of corporeal Delights, but it has a Hundred ways of mingling 'em together to highten the Guſt, and encreaſe their Reliſh: Moſt Arts are the Servants of Pleaſure, they are exercis'd in mixing Colours to delight the *Eyes*, Odours and Eſſences to pleaſe the *Smell*, Inſtruments, Tunes and harmonious Sounds to flatter the *Ear*. We make voluptuous Miſcellanies of Colours, Sounds and Odours; theſe we make uſe of to raiſe and ſet off the Pleaſure of Feaſting, and this with all thoſe other agreeable Objects, we make inſtru-

inſtrumental to yet more vicious Delights: And this ſenſual Pleaſure is ſo conſiderable in the Eyes of Men, that when they have a Mind to raiſe themſelves Credit and Eſteem, they think there's no fitter way for it, than to flatter the Senſes of their Aſſociates and Viſitants. They love to have rich and gaudy Ornaments to pleaſe the Sight, fragrant Eſſences to flatter the Smell, a fine Voice and skill in Muſick to charm the Ear. All theſe are the Ingredients of Men's Eſteem; we confound Pleaſures with Perfections, and think nothing Excellent but what diverts us.

Tho' this Pleaſure ſeem ſo much the more Criminal, by how much greater ſpace it takes up in our Soul, and ſo much more dangerous as 'tis common to all Mankind, yet indeed I am not of their Mind, who, by Subtleties and nice Speculations would diſpute the natural and lawful Uſe of the *Creature*; and fancy that either all Pleaſures are equally ſinful, or that none of 'em can be taſted without a Crime, unleſs we have at the ſame moment an explicit Intention of referring 'em to the *Glory of God*. This Opinion is extravagant, there being infinite Occaſions of taking honeſt and innocent Divertiſements, tho' we find no poſitive Relation they have to the Glory of God. It therefore ſuffices, hat we uſe 'em with Gratitude and Thankfulneſs to the Creatour, and not deſire

ſire to ſpiritualize and conſecrate thoſe things which are not capable of ſuch a Refinement.

CHAP. XIII.

Where we continue our Conſideration of the divers Characters of Pleaſure.

THe Generality of Men acknowledge but one kind of Voluptuouſneſs, which is that of the Senſes; they reduce all to Bodily Intemperance, and don't ſee that in the Heart of Man there are as many different ſorts of Voluptuouſneſs, as there are varieties of Delight for it to abuſe; and as great diverſity of Delights as there are Paſſions, which move and agitate our Soul.

Covetouſneſs, which ſeems willing to deprive it ſelf of the moſt innocent Pleaſures, and to adopt in their place none but Labour, Fatigues, Diſquietudes and Fears, fails not of its Pleaſure for all that, which retrieves the loſs of that Sweetneſs it renounces. *Populus me ſibilat*, ſays the Miſer deſcrib'd by Horace, *at ego mihi plaudo ipſe domi, dum nummos contemplor in Arcâ.* The power of enjoying temporal Goods is the ſame to him, that the actual Enjoyment is to other Men.

But as ſome Paſſions are more Criminal than others, there's a kind of ſpiritual Pleaſure,

ſure, which is particularly dangerous. It may be reduc'd to three *Species*; Namely, the Pleaſure of Hatred and Revenge, of Pride and Ambition, of Incredulity and Impiety.

Pride takes a delight in appropriating to us thoſe Goods which are none of our own, or ſuch Qualities as are in us, but are not properly ours; or a Glory which ought to be aſcrib'd to God, and not our ſelves. As the Soul reſents a kind of Grief at being ſtript of its Honour, to cloath and adorn another, which cauſes the ſecret Repugnancies it has to Humility, ſo it finds a very ſenſible Pleaſure in derobing others of this Glory, to cover and ſet off it ſelf with their *Feathers*.

We may very well wonder, what Pleaſure the *Romans* could find in the bloody Paſtime of the *Circus*, to ſee the *Gladiators* kill and mangle one another, to make them Sport and Recreation: This barbarous Delight may be reckon'd a Pleaſure of Ambition and Vain-glory: The Thoughts that theſe Combatants were *Slaves*, made the *Romans* forget 'em to be *Men*. This was a Flattery to Ambition, letting 'em ſee that the Men were made for no other purpoſe, but their Recreation and Divertiſement.

There's a Pleaſure of Hatred and Revenge which conſiſts in the Joy we perceive at other Men's Misfortunes. This is an hideous Pleaſure, which is nouriſh'd by our Neighbours tears: Yet if you look cloſely into the Matter, you'll

you'll find 'tis moſt agreeable to the Palate of worldly Men. This Pleaſure is proportion'd to the degree of that Hatred which gave it Birth. Hence a *Poet* of our Age, who had a competent Knowlede of Man's *Heart*, expreſſes the Exceſs of Hatred, by the Exceſs of Pleaſure:

Should Clouds diſgorge their Flames upon this Place,
And Thunder to the ground theſe Buildings raſe;
Should thy proud Laurels into Aſhes waſt,
And all the Roman *Stock new breathe their laſt;*
I cou'd endure theſe Objects in my ſight,
Cauſe 'em my ſelf, and Dye ev'n with Delight.

Incredulity fortifies it ſelf with the Pleaſure of all the other Paſſions which attack Religion, and are delighted with upholding ſuch Doubts as favour the Intereſt of their Diſorder; and Impiety, which ſeems to do Evil for Evil's ſake, and without any further Advantage, yet has its ſecret Pleaſures, which are ſo much the more dangerous, the more the Soul hides 'em from it ſelf at that time, when it moſt exquiſitely taſts 'em.

It often happens, that an Intereſt of Vanity, makes us irreverent to the *Supream Being*. We wou'd fain ſeem formidable to Men, by ſeeming to have no fear of God: To menace and threaten the Earth, we blaſpheme Heaven.

But yet that is not the principal Ingredient of Impiety: Man naturally hates God, becauſe he hates the Dependance which ſubmits him to his Dominion, and the Law which

which reſtrains his Deſires. This Abhorrence of the Deity lies hid in the bottom of Man's Heart, or Infirmity and Fear many times conceal it from the Eyes of Reaſon: This inward Averſion perceives a ſecret Pleaſure at any thing that dares and affronts GOD; Men love thoſe flights of Wit which ſcandalize the *Divinity*.

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.
Il dédaigne de voir le Ciel qui le trahit.
He ſcorns to ſee the Heaven, which betrays him.

This ſeem'd Brave and Great, becauſe it was Impious.

I am inclinable to their Opinion, who hold that Fear is the original Source of Superſtition, provided we join Hatred and Fear together, as they are often found in the Heart of Man; it being hard for us not to have ſome Hatred and Averſion at that which we very much fear and dread. 'Tis certain, that Superſtition would not be ſo common in the World (for ordinarily 'tis made up of an inhumane Extravagance) did not Pleaſure inveigle Men to that which Reaſon forbids; and this Pleaſure conſiſts in an inward Satisfaction, at ſeeing the *Deity* abus'd and degraded. The *Pagans* did not only meet with a Pleaſure of Pride, in raiſing Men to the Order of Gods, but alſo a Pleaſure of Hatred and Impiety, in debaſing the Gods to the Condition of Men; and it may be they were not

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ſo much delighted with reading thoſe Fables of their *Poets*, which related the *Apotheoſes* of Men, as thoſe which feign'd the Wounds and Defeats of the Gods, by Humane Arms.

So that whoever ſounds the Depth of our Heart will find, that Superſtition and Profaneneſs are not ſo oppoſite as Men commonly imagine; and that they are united in this ſecret Hatred of God, which follows the State of our Corruption, and which nothing can cure but Grace.

As *Pride* and *Hatred* are united to form that vaſt Pleaſure, which Superſtition aims at, and the Delight we find in Impiety; ſo alſo they combine to make the Pleaſure of Malignity, Slander and Calumny.

Here we find a Pleaſure of *Vain-glory*: For we many times diſpraiſe other Men, with a Deſign indirectly to commend our our ſelves. Any Man in the World would openly praiſe himſelf, if he dar'd be ſo bold; but fearing leaſt a breach of Modeſty might make a Blemiſh in his Eſcutcheon, he's obliged to go a By-way to work, to uſe Cunning and Artifice in diſplaying his Merit to the Eyes of Mankind, ſo as not to attract the Reproach of too great Vanity: He dares not commend himſelf in plain Terms, but hopes that by ſpeaking of others, he ſhall give an indirect Deſcription of himſelf; that by making a ſhew of Horrour and Deteſtation of

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an evil Action, he ſhall teſtify how much his Vertue removes him from the like Fault: And that the more he blames the Vices of others, the greater Evidence will he give of his own Exemption from 'em, and make People think him endu'd with the oppoſite Vertues. A dull and unpolitick *Self-love* draws this Diſcourſe, ſaying, *As for my part, tho' I have very great Defects, yet may I boaſt that I have not This:* But an ingenious and prudent *Self-love* knows better how to manage its Modeſty, and many times hides its Contempt, but much more the deſign it has in Contemning.

But beſides this Intereſt of Pride, which makes us delighted in deſpiſing other Men, there's alſo an Intereſt of Hatred, which creates in us the like Diſpoſition. We look upon other Men as our Enemies, becauſe we regard 'em as Competitors in the purſuit of temporal Enjoyments: You'll always be pleas'd at ſeeing 'em Degraded, whilſt you think 'em in a Condition to rival you in any thing: But no ſooner does this Oppoſition ceaſe, but there's alſo an End of that Pleaſure you conceiv'd in their Debaſement; hence it happens that Slander has for its Object, not the *Dead*, but the *Living*.

After this 'tis eaſy to judge, that the Pleaſure of Converſation, is not ſo innocent as Men commonly fancy. Indifferent things are tedious to us; thoſe which concern and nearly

nearly relate to us, excite a Pleaſure either of Pride, Hatred, Impiety, Ambition, or ſome other Paſſion no leſs Criminal.

As there is a Pleaſure of Converſation, there is alſo a Pleaſure of Thoughts, which proceeds from the ſame Source with the former: It ariſes from this, that our Heart, being prepoſſeſs'd with certain Paſſions, can't enjoy it ſelf, but when it thinks upon certain Objects; and therefore ſuſpends all our other Thoughts and Reflections. Such is the Pleaſure of a Lover, who forgets every thing elſe to think of the Object of his Love; he perceives a ſort of Delight in his Amorous Contemplations, (which is deſtroy'd by Paſſion) becauſe the Pleaſure of Thought yields to that of Senſe.

Men commonly imagine, that the uſual Diſtractions and Wanderings of thoſe that pray to God, or exerciſe any other Duties of Religion, are the leaſt of Faults; but if they enquire into the Cauſe of 'em, they'll change their Opinion: For indeed theſe proceed meerly from the too great Pleaſure, which the Ideas of temporal Things excite in our Minds; and that, as I may ſo ſpeak, we deſire to retain thoſe worldly Objects by the Pleaſure of Thinking, which eſcape our reach thro' the Suſpenſion of our ſenſual Delights.

We every where ſeek for Pleaſure, juſt as Bees for thoſe Flowers which afford 'em

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Nouriſhment; and as they many Times find what they ſearch for in foul and mooriſh places, ſo it frequently happens, that we perceive a kind of Pleaſure in Affairs, Dangers, Labours, and ſometimes even in Affliction, if it be not very great. There's a Pleaſure which might juſtly be term'd, the Pleaſure of Complaints and Tears: We take delight in lamenting the Death of illuſtrious Perſons; the Glory of thoſe, who are bewail'd, ſignalizing, in ſome ſort, even thoſe who bewail 'em. We take a Pleaſure to prolong and eternize our Sorrow: We think to give a *Specimen* of the Conſtancy of our Soul, by an inconſolable Affliction. Laſtly, we are very glad to make an appearance of the Greatneſs of our Loſs, thinking to engage the Compaſſion of others to reflect upon our own Worth.

In the laſt place, we perceive a ſort of Pleaſure even in *Idleneſs*, which oftentimes cauſes us to renounce all the reſt. It proceeds from a certain Effeminacy and Softneſs, which makes us hate even the leaſt Pain and Incommodity: For our whole Buſineſs being the ſearch of *Pleaſure*, we accuſtom our ſelves to think, love, deſire, ſpeak and act with Pleaſure; to ſeek for ſuch Company as delights us, and to avoid all manner of diſagreeable Occupations. Hence the leaſt Inconveniency puts us in Deſpair, it being contrary to this prevailing Habit, and ſuſpending

pending the Perception of ſo many different Pleaſures, the Thoughts whereof are always preſent to our Mind.

Wherefore we muſt not think to find Stedfaſtneſs and Conſtancy in Voluptuous Souls: *Pride* indeed may cauſe 'em to affect a ſort of Hardineſs, to ſupport Diſgraces and Calamities, but certainly they never put on a real Fortitude till they are freed from the charming Idea's of Pleaſure.

Bodily Pleaſure is more ſenſible than Spiritual, yet this appears more Criminal than that: For the Pleaſure of *Pride* is Sacrilegious, which appropriates to it ſelf the Honour belonging to God; the Pleaſure of Hatred is Barbarous and Blood-thirſty, which is delighted in nothing but Deſolation and Tears; and the Pleaſure of Incredulity and Superſtition is, as we before ſhew'd, full of Impiety and Wickedneſs, which is nouriſhed and upheld by any thing that ſeems to debaſe or annihilate the *Deity*.

This ſhews us, in the firſt place, that Pleaſure is as univerſal as our Corruption, it being certain, that they who are abandon'd to one ſort of Pleaſure, ſeldom fail to enſlave themſelves to another. It ſignifies but little, for Inſtance, to make great Scruples about the Uſe of ſenſual Pleaſures, when we are given up to that of the Mind, which is far more criminal and dangerous.

Secondly, we may reaſonably conclude, that 'tis impoſſible to cure One-ſelf of this Vice, by Motives purely Temporal. For when you allege to a Voluptuous Man, the Conſiderations of Honour and *Decorum*, of his Intereſt and Eſtabliſhment in the World, you may perhaps ſo far work upon him, as to oblige him to prefer the Pleaſures of Pride and Ambition before ſenſual Pleaſure; but this will but tranſport him from one Vice to another.

If you'd find ſuch Motives as are capable of withdrawing him from all kinds of Pleaſure, you muſt put the caſe to him of forſaking all worldly Delights, if need be; and to this End, ſet him upon making this Reflection, That himſelf ſhall laſt to *Eternity*, and thoſe *Pleaſures* but for a Moment.

Indeed upon the Principles of a mortal and periſhing Man, the Cauſe of Pleaſure ſeems juſt and reaſonable; for 'tis natural to One that is not to be very long in a Condition of enjoying the ſweetneſs of Pleaſure, to ſeek and purſue it, ſo long as he has an Opportunity: This Piece of Morality is prettily expreſs'd by *Horace:*

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Were all *Man's* Hopes and Pretenſions confin'd to the ſhort Duration of this Life, there would be Truth and Reaſon in theſe Maxims;

ims: But being deſtin'd to live after Death, the Light of Nature teaches us, that he ought in like manner to aſpire at thoſe eternal Delights, whereof Religion ſo happily informs him.

To this I add, that the *Immortal Man*, or as I have already deſcrib'd him, he who believes he is Eternal, and acts according to this Principle, eaſily renounces the Allurements of *Pleaſure*, thro' his deſire of an endleſs and unlimited Happineſs. 'Tis impoſſible he ſhould become a ſlave to ſenſual Delight, which he knows the Author of *Nature* imploy'd purely as a Motive to engage us in the Preſervation or Propagation of the *Body*. He's as far from placing his *Supream Felicity* in the Pleaſure of being applauded and extoll'd by a Society of Mortals, as any Man in his right Senſes would be from placing his Glory in the Praiſe and Commendation of one that's to ſee him but for a Moment. He is not affected with the Pleaſure of Revenge; he'll hardly look upon thoſe Perſons as Enemies, who do him but a temporal Prejudice. He patiently ſupports the ſhort Dependances of this Life, and for the ſame reaſon taſts not any criminal Pleaſure, in being a Superiour, regarding his Condition as a proviſional and tranſitory State, which ſcarcely deſerves his Care and Attention. In a word, the *Immortal Man* has no Paſſions but what are very moderate about the Objects of this Life, and as his plea-

ſure in the World, is proportion'd to the Degree of his application to theſe Objects; 'tis eaſy to conceive, that he finds himſelf ſituated above the Sphere of Voluptuouſneſs; in which certainly he cannot be ſaid to loſe any thing, being advantagiouſly indemnify'd by the Commerce of Love, Gratitude, Zeal, Joy and Conſolation, which he holds with God, who by the Sentiment of his holy and unſpeakable Delights, raiſes him above the melancholly *Scene* of our ſad and intoxicated Pleaſure.

Wherefore Man does not eſcape the fond Embraces of Pleaſure, as 'tis uſually fancy'd, either by Pride, Intereſt, Revenge or Ambition; he that ſhuts himſelf up in the narrow limits of this Life, will be Voluptuous, do what he can. Let the *Pagan* Philoſophers tell us as many fine Precepts of Vertue, and preſcribe as many Remedies as they pleaſe againſt Intemperance, we'll indeed admire their Maxims, becauſe of the ſecret Relation they have to our natural Dignity, of which we have a confus'd and imperfect Knowlege: But ſhall never find our ſelves any farther diſpos'd to practice 'em, than as we are convinc'd of our Eternity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein we Treat of the general Diſorders of Self-love, *and particularly of Pride.*

PLeaſure and Glory are the two general Goods, which give a ſeaſon and reliſh to all the reſt: They are, as it were, the Spirit and Salt of all the others, differing in this, as we before obſerv'd, That Pleaſure becomes amiable and deſirable purely for its own ſake, whereas Glory is perceiv'd meerly upon the account of that Pleaſure which attends it.

But tho' Glory be perceiv'd only by means of that Pleaſure, wherewith 'tis accompany'd, yet may it ſtill be ſaid in ſome ſenſe to be deſirable for its own ſake; at leaſt it muſt be certainly acknowledg'd, that 'tis no eaſy matter to find out the primitive and ancient Reaſon, upon which our Love of Eſteem is founded. This is no ſatisfactory Solution, to ſay, that we deſire Eſteem becauſe of its appendant Pleaſure: For this Pleaſure being a Pleaſure of Reflection, the Difficulty is not ſo eaſily ended, ſince it ſtill remains to know why this Eſteem, which is ſomething foreign and remote in reſpect of us, ſhould cauſe our Satisfaction?

Nor is it more to the purpoſe, to alledge the Utility and Profit of Glory, for tho' the

Eſteem and Repute, we acquire, may ſerve to make us ſucceed in our Deſigns, and procure us divers Advantages in Society, yet there are Circumſtances, under which this Suppoſition will not hold good. What proſpect of Advantage could *Mutius*, *Leonidas*, *Codrus*, *Curtius*, and all thoſe other Heroes propoſe to themſelves, who laid down their Lives in the Field, and purſuit of Honour? What Advantage could they ſee in ſacrificing their Goods and Themſelves upon the Altar of Pride? Thro' what Principle of Intereſt do thoſe *Indian* Women, who burn themſelves in the Funeral Pile of their deceas'd Husbands, ſeek even in deſpight of Laws and Remonſtrances, for an Eſteem which they Survive?

A certain Perſon hath ſaid upon this ſubject, That *Self love* delights to foſter and cheriſh an Idea of our Perfections, which is, as it were, its domeſtick Idol, being unable to endure any thing that oppoſes this Idea, as *Contempt* and *Injuries*; and on the other hand, paſſionately ſearching after all that flatters and magnifies it, as *Eſteem* and *Commendations*. According to this Principle the Advantage of Glory would conſiſt in this, That the Eſteem which others have for us, confirms the good Opinion we have of our ſelves: But that this is not the principal Source of the Love of Eſteem and Honour, appears from hence, That Men for the generality

nerality make more account of the apparent *Merit* which they obtain by the Eſteem of others, than of the real *Merit* which attracts the Eſteem of themſelves; or, if you will, that they had rather have thoſe Faults which Men eſteem and value, than ſuch good Qualities as are not priz'd in the Eyes of the World; and that moreover there are multitudes of Perſons, that ſeek to make themſelves conſiderable and valu'd by ſuch Accompliſhments and Qualities, as they very well know they are not endu'd with, which deſtroys the *Opinion*, that they have recourſe to an outward and forreign Eſteem, to confirm the good Sentiments they have of themſelves.

'Tis equally groundleſs to imagine, that we deſire Eſteem meerly for this reaſon, That we may be diſtinguiſh'd and rais'd above the common Rank; for this is to explain the Cauſe by the Effect. We don't ſeek for Eſteem, that we may diſtinguiſh our ſelves, but we diſtinguiſh our ſelves, becauſe we would be eſteem'd, by departing from the Multitude, and leaving the Dungeon of our former Obſcurity.

Laſtly, The Love of Eſteem in its general Idea, can't be ſaid to proceed from this Idolatry of Self-love, which aims at being Eternal and Immenſe like GOD, exhibiting to us an imaginary Eternity in the memories of Men, to ſave us from the Ship-

wrack of Time, and maugre its consuming Malignity to perpetuate our Name; and trying to enlarge our Dimensions, and extend 'em to the utmost limits of the World, by buisying the Minds of Men with the Consideration of our Actions and Grandeur. If that were the only Source of the Love of Esteem and Honour, 'twould follow, that we cou'd not innocently desire the Esteem of other Men, nor consequently be blamable for dreading Infamy and Disgrace, which is contrary to Reason.

Tho' we search ne're so long for the Springs of this Inclination, I'm perswaded, that the reason of it will no where else be discover'd, but in the Wisdom of the Creatour. For as God imploys the Use of Pleasure, in order to preserve and propagate our Body, to unite us together, and make us sensible of the Good and Preservation of Society, wherein we are plac'd, so there's no doubt, but his Wisdom makes use of the Love of *Esteem*, to defend us from the Debasements of Pleasure, and put us upon exerting honest and laudable Actions (which so well agree with the Dignity of our Nature) and at the same time to unite us more conveniently one with another.

This Pre-caution would not have been necessary, had Humane *Reason* acted only by it self, and independently from *Sense*: For then this *Reason* would be able, not only to shew

ſhew us what is Honeſt, but alſo to prefer it before what is Pleaſant: But becauſe this *Reaſon* is Partial, and many times judges in favour of Pleaſure, tying Honour and Decorum to that which delights us; the Wiſdom of the Creatour thought fit to give us for the Arbitrator of our Actions, not only our own Reaſon, which ſuffers it ſelf to be corrupted and brib'd by the ſoftneſs of Pleaſure, but alſo the Reaſon of other Men, which is not ſo eaſily ſeduc'd.

Wherefore, becauſe the Author of *Nature* was ſo pleas'd, that other Men's *Reaſon* ſhould be in ſome ſort our Law and Judge as to moral Honeſty, and the Decorums of reaſonable Nature: Upon this very account he form'd us with a natural Deſire of raiſing an Eſteem of our ſelves in the Minds of others; a Deſire, which aſſuredly precedes the Reflections of our Mind.

For tho' the Utility, Pleaſure and Deſire of finding Confirmations of the Opinion we have of our ſelves, *&c.* may be capable of ſatisfying the Love of Eſteem, yet we have ſhewn, that they are not the Cauſe of it.

And here we might diſtinguiſh Three *Worlds*, which the *Wiſdom* of the Creatour has founded upon Three natural Inclinations: The Animal, the Rational, and the Religious *World.* The firſt is a Society of Perſons united by Senſe, the ſecond of Perſons united by Eſteem, the third of Perſons

united by natural Religion. The first has for its Principle the Love of *Pleasure*, the second the Love of *Esteem*, the third *Conscience*. All these three Principles are Natural, and the Grounds of 'em is not elsewhere to be search'd for, than in the *Wisdom* of the Creatour. The first of these Worlds relates to the second, the second to the third, and the third to the last. Wherefore these things are thus subordinated to each other, *Esteem* regulates the Love of Pleasure, and *Religion* ought to regulate the Love of Esteem; and this Subordination is no less natural than these Inclinations.

The Love of *Pleasure* may truly be attributed to Nature: But the Irregularities of Voluptuousness are to be reckon'd to another Account. The Love of *Esteem* may be said to be Natural; but yet we are not to suppose, that the Extravagancies and Enormities of *Pride* arise from the Womb of *Nature*. To this we may ascribe the Fear of *God*, and the Love of *Vertue*: But we ought not to give it an Appennage of all those Superstitions, which Men have been pleas'd to ingraft upon the Principles of Nature; and consequently 'tis necessary, that the Love of Pleasure, of Esteem, and Conscience, should have their natural Law, Rules and Limits: But 'twill not be amiss to insist upon the Love of *Esteem*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Where we examine all thoſe Irregularities, which are the Ingredients of Pride.

IT ſeems, that hitherto we have not had a very perfect Knowledge of *Pride*, and doubtleſs the reaſon was, becauſe we have not throughly diſtinguiſh'd its ſeveral Parts, nor with ſufficient Attention examin'd all its Characters. *Pride* in general may be reduc'd to Five principal Branches: Namely, to the Love of Eſteem, to Preſumption, Vanity, Ambition, and Haughtineſs. For tho' Men are wont to confound theſe Terms, and uſe 'em indifferently to ſignify the ſame Thing; 'tis certain that theſe Expreſſions have ſomewhat different Significations. The Love of Eſteem is Natural and Lawful in it ſelf, as we before obſerv'd; but 'tis Vicious and Diſorderly when it riſes to Exceſs: This is the moſt general Irregularity of *Pride*, for when our Deſire of *Eſteem* is exceſſive, 'tis natural to romage in our ſelves for ſome eſtimable Qualities, and finding we have none, our Imagination preſents us with ſome in Complaiſance to the Inclinations of the Heart, from whence ariſes *Preſumption*. Moreover this immoderate Love of *Eſteem* makes us value our ſelves upon any Endow-

Endowment, whether good or bad, and for want of real Sources of Glory, to aim at an Eſteem upon the account of thoſe things which are in no wiſe Eſtimable, unleſs in our own Fancy; this is properly our Vanity. For this Expreſſion originally ſignifies the Emptineſs of thoſe Objects, wherein we erroneouſly ſeek for Eſteem, and which are naughty Sources of Vain-glory. From this exceſſive Love of Eſteem ariſes the Deſire we have to raiſe our ſelves above other Men, having a Perſwaſion, that we can't attract a publick Eſteem and Conſideration, whilſt we are confounded with the Vulgar Rabble; and this produces Ambition. Laſtly, The Deſire we have to make a great Show, by diſtinguiſhing our ſelves from the common Rank, makes us deſpiſe other Men, ſeeking all poſſible means to degrade and pull 'em down, that we may ſtand upon their Heads. All the Irregularities of *Pride* being reduc'd to the exceſſive Love of *Eſteem* as their firſt and original Principle, we can't uſe too much Diligence in conſidering this latter. The two general Faults of this Inclination are *Exceſs* and *Irregularity*; the Firſt conſiſts in this, That we love Eſteem too much: the Second, That we love falſe *Eſteem* as well as true.

In order to underſtand what is the Exceſs of the Love of *Eſteem*, we muſt conſider the Deſign of God in placing this Inclination

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in our *Heart*. He gave it to us for the Preſervation of the *Body*, the Good of *Society*, and the Exerciſe of *Vertue*. I ſay, for the Preſervation of the Body, ſeeing that the Love of Eſteem defends us from thoſe Extravagances of corporeal Pleaſure, which would preſently tend to our Deſtruction and Death: For who doubts, that the Deſire of raiſing an Eſteem of our ſelves, is a powerful Motive to ſtave us off from that exceſs of Debauchery and Senſuality, to which we are drag'd by the Love of Pleaſure, and which is of ſo fatal Conſequence even to our Body. He plac'd in us this Inclination for the Good of Sciety; for 'tis this Deſire to obtain an Eſteem in the World, that renders us Affable and Complaiſant, Obliging and Civil; that makes us love Decency and Sweetneſs of Converſation. And yet all this while, who does not know, that the fineſt *Arts*, the moſt lofty *Sciences*, the wiſeſt *Governments*, the moſt juſt Eſtabliſhments, in general, moſt that is Admirable in reaſonable Society, proceeds from this natural Deſire of Glory? Let us not fancy, that our own *Corruption* and *Concupiſcence* brought this excellent Benefit to Mankind; doubtleſs the wiſe Inſtructions of the Author of *Nature* had the chiefeſt Hand in this Matter. Laſtly, 'tis certain, that the Deſign of God was to ſteer and incline us to honeſt and laudable Actions, by giving us for the Judge of our Conduct, not only

only our own *Reaſon*, which is oftentimes brib'd by the Enticements of Pleaſure; but alſo the Reaſon of other Men, who are not ſo partial in our Favour as we our ſelves. Indeed God may be conſider'd either as the Author of *Society*, or *Religion*. As the Author of *Society*, he thought fit Men ſhould enter into mutual Commerce, during ſome Time; and with this Intent he endow'd 'em with ſuch Inclinations as were neceſſary to the Good and Preſervation of Society. Among theſe are to be reckon'd the Love of *Pleaſure*, and the Deſire of *Eſteem*: This latter is the Spring of Humane Vertues, which ought not to be ſo much cry'd down, as uſually they are, for if they are not inſervient to eternal Salvation, yet are they deſign'd for the Good of temporal Society; they proceed from the Intention of the Author of Nature; they are a part of his Model and Platform; Love of *Eſteem* being the means he makes uſe of to perfect Society, as the Love of *Pleaſure* is deſign'd to found it. As for *Religion*, that has more lofty Views; for it undertakes to direct Men to the eternal and infinite *Good*.

Hence it follows, that the Love of *Eſteem* is Exceſſive: Firſt, when it tends to deſtroy the *Body*, inſtead of preſerving it; Secondly, when it diſturbs the good and order of Society, inſtead of maintaining and ſupporting it; Thirdly, when it cauſes us to violate the

the Precepts of Vertue, inſtead of putting us upon the Practice of 'em.

We find a pat Example of the firſt of theſe in the Fury of *Duels*: That, in my Opinion, is a very extravagant point of *Honour*, which would have us love *Glory*, and yet deſpiſe *Life*, which is the main Foundation, and partly the End of it, as we have already ſeen. What will Men's *Eſteem* ſignify to me, when I am not in Being to enjoy it? Without Life this Honour is nothing. Life is ſomething, even without this Honour, and God himſelf thought fit to let us know by his Conduct, that the former is more Eſtimable than the latter; for he incites us to the Love of *Honour*, but by one bare Motive of *Glory*, and makes us in love with Life, by *Pleaſure* and *Glory* too.

But if it be anſwer'd, That 'tis not ſo much the love of Honour and Eſteem, as fear of Contempt and Shame, that makes a Man expoſe himſelf to revenge an Affront; and that 'tis natural to a Man of *Honour* to be unable to live under the preſſure of Infamy: this Reply is not ſatisfactory, becauſe as 'tis a Weakneſs not to be able to endure Grief, 'tis no leſs One to be unable to ſuffer an unjuſt and groundleſs Contempt.

In the bottom we find the Love of *Eſteem*, as to this Example, to be irregular in every Reſpect. For this is to love *Eſteem* too much, To love falſe *Eſteem*, and that

too

too more than *Life*, and conſequently more than the Preſervation of the Body, than Society, which is depriv'd of one or many Members by the Fury of thoſe infamous Combats: And laſtly, more than *Vertue*; ſince 'tis to love it more than Humanity, Juſtice, Charity and Moderation.

I know when the Caſe is put to ſpend one's Blood for the good of Society, and the Service of the *Prince*, who is its Repreſentative, and has its Rights and Properties deputed into his Hands, a Man ought not to make the leaſt reſiſtance, or ſcruple to expoſe his Life; but then 'tis *Vertue*, and not *Eſteem*, that he prefers before Life: He purſues the Deſign of the Author of *Nature*, conforms himſelf to his Model and Will; ſince he that made us has plac'd us in a State of Subordination and Dependance. All the Irregularity proceeds from this, That Men have not a competent Knowlege of *Honour*, and love it Blindfold; they have only a confus'd Notion of it, which Education, Examples, and the Judgment of other Men do inceſſantly change. *Honour*, in its ordinary Idea, includes three Things; 'tis a Sentiment of one's Excellency, a Love of Duty, and a Deſire to be Eſteem'd. A Man of *Honour* ſhould be ſenſible of Vertue and Merit, and conſequently be grated and offended at any outward Contempt or Diſreſpect. He ſhould ſo far love his Duties, as even to

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expoſe himſelf to the greateſt Dangers, rather than fail of obſerving 'em; and he ought to love the Eſteem of rational Perſons, and make it his endeavour to deſerve it.

This general Idea is juſt and true, but the Application, Men make of it, is ordinarily Falſe; for they attend not ſufficiently to their real Merit, which is far greater than they imagine, in not having an Idea of their Duties, which are of much larger Extent than they ſuppoſe, and being unable to diſcern falſe Eſteem, from true, which is the Thing to which they ought to aſpire.

Nevertheleſs 'tis probable, that Men, even in their Irregularities, have a ſort of confus'd Sentiment of their natural *Dignity*, which joyning it ſelf with their falſe Prejudices of *Eſteem*, and worldly *Glory*, cauſes that Impatience, or rather Fury, at receiving Abuſes and Affronts. Would one, whoſe Merit reaches no higher than that of a Mortal and Dying *Man*, reſent ſo great Horrour in Debaſement? And would he be ſo exceſſively vex'd at being reduc'd, even to that *Nothing*, which ſurrounds him on every ſide? No certainly, there's an Inſtinct in *Man*, which continually puts him in Mind of his Condition, and renders him ſenſible of all that oppoſes the Idea of his Perfections.

But 'tis certain, that this *Glory* to which we aſpire, includes many different Sentiments

ments, which are the conſtituent Parts of it. We may diſtinguiſh Four: Namely, *Eſteem*, *Conſideration*, *Reſpect*, and *Admiration*. *Eſteem* is a Tribute we pay to a Man's proper Qualities, and Perſonal Merit; *Conſideration* has for its Object, not only the Merit of a Perſon, but alſo his external Accompliſhments, as Birth, Riches, Power, Credit, Reputation; and in general all thoſe Advantages, which make the Difference of Conditions, and Diſtinction of Perſons in *Society*. *Reſpect* is nothing elſe but an high Conſideration; and *Admiration* is no more but a great *Eſteem*. The fineſt, or at leaſt the moſt proper *Glory*, conſiſts in Eſteem and Admiration: But the moſt ſenſible and conſpicuous Glory, conſiſts in Conſideration and Reſpect; the reaſon of it is, Becauſe all the World are not capable of diſcerning a worthy and deſerving Man, from an unworthy; whereas every one can diſtinguiſh a great Lord, from a private Man.

'Tis certain, that every Man which wears a Head, may juſtly demand this Sentiment of us, when we conſider his Excellence, and natural *Dignity*. We owe Eſteem and Admiration to thoſe Perfections which GOD has pleas'd to endow a Man with. We owe Conſideration and Reſpect to the Rank and Station he has in the *World*: But this original Glory of Man has been darken'd, and almoſt defac'd by *Sin*; and here we can't with-

without Surprize and Amazement conſider the prodigious Depravation and Irregularity of corrupted *Man*; ſee his Pride, as it were, ſpringing up from the Ruines of his Glory, and his Humility ending, where his real Vileneſs begins.

'Tis ſomewhat ſtrange, to ſee Men Complementing and Praiſing one another, whilſt they equally deſerve an eternal Shame and Reproach:

But we need not wonder at it, God being willing to preſerve *Society*, even after the Corruption of *Man*, was not oblig'd to deprive us of this natural Inclination towards publick Eſteem, which makes, as we ſaid before, the Perfection of civil Converſation.

The Example of thoſe *Philoſophers* is not to be minded, whom we have ſeen deſpiſe Men's *Eſteem* to ſuch a Degree, as even to count themſelves Unhappy if they chanc'd to attract it. It may be, theſe *Heroes* in Humility did not really deſpiſe Glory, but only made an appearance of deſpiſing it to the Eyes of *Men*. *Cicero* ſays, that none of all thoſe who wrote Books concerning the Contempt of Vain-glory, ever forgot to put their Names to 'em; this is a politick Contrivance of *Pride*, to aſpire after Glory by ſeeming to ſhun it. When a Man openly profeſſes his Deſire of *Eſteem*, he meets with a great many Emulators and Rivals, who obſerving his Deſigns, are ſo much the more

more eager to ſtand in his Light with their own Eſteem; and more vigorouſly endeavour to deprive him of the Eſteem of other Men, with how much greater Ardour he reaches after it: But when a Man ſeems to deſpiſe this Eſteem of the World, which is ſo much courted and ſought after, then as he voluntarily ſeparates himſelf from the Number of thoſe, who directly aim at it, he's very well thought of, Men like his *Diſintereſtedneſs*, and would even force him to accept of that which he ſeems to refuſe. *Gloria*, ſays St. *Auguſtine*, *ſequitur fugientem.*

Moreover, *Merit* and *Fortune* have always been at Daggers-draw, for the Upper-hand in the way to *Glory*. Grandees are inveſted, by the Priviledge of *Fortune*, with the moſt illuſtrious Honours, which uſually attract the Affections of the Multitude. The Philoſophers, maintaining the Rights and Properties of *Vertue*, and *Wiſdom*, in oppoſition to *Fortune*, have rais'd, as it were, a Party of Confederates againſt Grandeur and Renown; being uncapable of obtaining it, they betake themſelves to contemn and deſpiſe it. They made a Show of renouncing that ambitious Deſire, which makes Men cringe and run after the Diſpenſers of the Goods of *Fortune*, leſt an eager Officiouſneſs might be a tacit Confeſſion of their Inferiority; and becauſe the *Multitude* condemn'd 'em by their

their intereſted Conduct, they pretended to deſpiſe vulgar Eſteem, and popular Applauſe; but let 'em once change their Condition, they'll preſently be of another Mind.

But the Irregularity conſiſts principally in this, That our Thoughts are ſo much taken up with gaining an *Eſteem* amongſt *Men*, that we don't take time to think of approving our ſelves to *God*: Not but the Approbation of God ſeems to us, in the Bottom, more precious and valuable than Men's Eſteem: But it falls out thus, becauſe to obtain the Eſteem of Men, 'tis not requiſite that our *Heart* ſhould be chang'd, it ſuffices that we diſguiſe our ſelves to the Eyes of the World; whereas we can't approve our ſelves to God, unleſs we change the very Foundation of our *Heart*. Now 'tis no hard matter for *Self-love* to put on a counterfeit Viſage; but 'tis a point of Difficulty to be willing, in good Earneſt, to become new Men.

CHAP. XVI.

Where we conſider the Second Irregularity of Pride.

OUr exceſſive Deſire of *Eſteem*, inſpires us with an ardent Deſire to have eſtimable Qualities, and an extream Dread of being

being ſtain'd with thoſe Faults which do us a Diſparagement in the Minds of Men, or of betraying our ſelves by not raiſing a very advantagious Opinion of our Perſons. Now as we are perſwaded of what we deſire, and of what we vehemently dread, it happens, that we either conceive too good on Opinion, or fall into an exceſſive Diſtruſt of our ſelves. The firſt of theſe Faults is term'd, *Preſumption*, the Second, *Timorouſneſs*; and tho' they ſeem oppoſite, yet they both ſpring from the ſame Original, or rather they are but the very ſame Fault under two different Forms. *Preſumption* is a confident Pride; and *Timorouſneſs* is a Pride fearful of betraying it ſelf: We are inclin'd to one or the other according to the Diverſity of our Temperament. A predominancy of Blood uſually makes Men aſſur'd and perſwaded of what is for their Profit and Advantage; hence ariſes Confidence. Melancholly cauſes a Man to believe whatſoever he fears; 'tis the Principle of Diſtruſts and groundleſs Suſpicions: But Diffidence and Confidence are both grafted upon the Stock of *Pride*, ſeeing they both ſpring from the exceſſive Love of *Eſteem*, which is the Firſt-born of our Irregularities.

'Tis the Opinion of all the World, that a preſumptuous Man values himſelf too highly: But I may venture to ſay againſt all the World, that he eſteems not himſelf enough; and

and that his Fault lies in a Defect, and not Exceſs of Elevation, beyond what he really is. He is not truly ſenſible, that he's endu'd with a greater Excellency than the Object of his Vanity, and that the Deſert of the *periſhing Man* is very light and inconſiderable, if weigh'd in an equal Balance with that of the *immortal Man.*

Yet 'tis not to be wonder'd, that he had rather conſider himſelf with relation to *Time* than *Eternity*, ſince in the firſt of theſe Views he uſurps *Glory*, aſcribing all to himſelf, and none to the *Supreme Being;* whereas in the proſpect of *Eternity*, he's oblig'd to derobe himſelf of all his own Glory, to offer it a Sacrifice to God. Strange Blindneſs! Which permits him not to ſee any other real Happineſs, but what is confounded with the *Glory* of God.

But yet I own, That in one ſenſe a Man may eſteem himſelf too much; and that 'tis common to ſee Perſons have immoderate Pretenſions to Humane *Glory.* To know this we need only call to Mind what we have already ſaid, that the Love of Eſteem was engraven in our Hearts, with relation to Society: For thence it follows, that they have a Right to the greateſt ſhare of this outward *Glory*, who moſt promote the Good of Society, and are moſt conſiderable in the Eyes of the Publick; whether thro' their Services, Offices, or the Eminency of the Rank to which

which Providence may have ty'd Dominion. Great Perſons have reaſon to pretend to external Homages, becauſe theſe things are meaſur'd with reſpect to *Society*: But they'd be vain and unreaſonable, if they ſuppos'd the intrinſick Foundation of their Merit to be ever the greater upon this account, than that of other Men; and would not own, that theirs is a Preference of *Order*, and not of real *Excellency*; for again I ſay, that the Advantages of the *mortal Man* are nothing, if compar'd with thoſe of Him, who ſubſiſts to Eternity: Nay, ſo far are they from this, that the whole temporal *Society* of Men, taken all together, with its various Governments, Power, Dignities, &c. don't counterbalance the *Immortality* of one Man.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the Third Irregularity that goes to make up Pride, which is Vanity.

THe exceſſive Love of Eſteem does not only deceive us, by perſwading us, that we have thoſe good Qualities and Accompliſhments which we really want: But alſo makes us take for Sources of Glory, either eſtimable Goods, or even the moſt ineſtimable Objects.

The end of Vanity is conſecrated by the Cuſtom

Cuſtome of making the ſame Eſtimate of that Man's Diſpoſition, who attributes to himſelf thoſe Qualities which he truely poſſeſſes, that we do of his, who endeavours to build a Foundation of Honour upon falſe Advantages.

It ſeems, that Man's Vanity commenced, when he loſt the Sources of his real Glory, by quitting that State of Sanctity and Happineſs, wherein God had originally plac'd him. For being unable to renounce the Deſire of Eſteem, and finding nothing worthy of it in himſelf, after *Sin*, or rather not daring after that to caſt a ſteady view upon himſelf, when he found he was guilty of ſo many Crimes, and become an Object of the Divine *Vengeance:* What muſt he needs do, but ſee abroad into the *World*, and ſeek for Honour, by cloathing himſelf with the apparent Gayety of outward Things? And Mankind are ſo much the more willing to agree, and univerſally conſent to this, as they all find themſelves by Nature equally expos'd to Nakedneſs and Poverty.

Methinks the Condition of *Men*, in this reſpect, is very well like that of a *Monarch*, rob'd of his Treaſures, who having neither Gold, nor Silver, is forc'd to make Copper Money paſs.

We ſhall plainly ſee this, by conſidering, that the Sources of Humane *Glory* are reduc'd either to things that are indifferent

on this Account, being ſuſceptible neither of Praiſe nor Diſpraiſe; or to ridiculous Things, which are ſo far from raiſing any real Honour, that they are the fitteſt Mark to denote our Vileneſs; or to criminal Things, and which by conſequence can't but be Shameful and Unworthy in themſelves; or laſtly, to thoſe things, all whoſe ſeeming Perfection and Glory conſiſts in the Relation they have to our Defects and Infirmities.

I place *Riches* in the firſt Rank, which tho' they have nothing Contemptible, yet neither have they any thing Glorious in themſelves.

Our covetous and intereſted Deſire never informs it ſelf either of the Source, or Uſe of the *Riches* it ſees in other Men's Bags. Their meerly being Rich is ſufficient to obtain its firſt Homages, and tho' it be not actually profited by their Wealth, yet it ſtill reſpects 'em upon the bare Poſſibility of being the better for 'em one time or other.

But if your Heart would pleaſe to receive a diſtinct, inſtead of a confus'd Idea, 'twould be often ſurpriz'd at the Extravagance of its Sentiments; for ſince Riches are not eſſential to *Man*, and there muſt be ſome accidental Cauſe to give him his Eſtate, it would find, that it many times eſteems his Perſon, becauſe his Father was a Profligate, or himſelf a Knave; and that when it pays ex-

external Homages to *Riches*, it either blows a Kiſs to *Robbery*, or commends Infidelity and Injuſtice.

'Tis true, this is not its direct Intention: It follows the Hankerings of its Deſire, rather than the Dictates of Reaſon: But is a Perſon whom you thus court and accoſt, oblig'd to correct, by all theſe diſtinctions, the Baſeneſs of your Carriage; and to ſeparate that which your Intereſt gives him, from what your Reaſon would pay him, if it did but follow its own Counſel and Advice? No, no, He receives your outward Deference and Reſpect, as a Tribute to his Excellency. As your covetous Deſire draw'd you in to make a Fool of you, ſo his Pride fails not to Chowſe, and put a Trick upon him. If his Riches don't encreaſe his Deſert, yet the greatneſs of your Complaiſance enhances and augments the Opinion he has of 'em. He interprets all in a literal Senſe, and fails not to magnify and aggrandize himſelf, in his own Thoughts, at the outward Ceremonies and Veneration you pay him, when you are ſcarce a Farthing the better for his Wealth. Not but there is ſomething in *Riches* which ſeems to render 'em an Object of *Eſteem* to the Eyes of Men, as there's ſomething in *Poverty*, which makes it an Object of Contempt; and this I believe, is, becauſe by the former we are inveſted with a kind *Power*, which advances us to a pitch above

other Men, and puts us in a Condition to live without being beholding to 'em; whereas *Poverty* places us in a State of *Neceſſity* and *Weakneſs*, which forces us to rely upon the Aſſiſtance and Succour of others: But we may ſay even in this, That Opulence owes its Glory to our Ambition, and *Poverty* is not Shameful, but meerly thro' our *Pride*.

Nevertheleſs, we don't by any means approve of their Carriage, who can't endure any Perſons ſhould receive the Bleſſings of Providence, but they muſt preſently vent their Malice and Outrages againſt 'em. We turn 'em every way, diligently examine all their Faults, and in that bate 'em not an Ace. Certainly if the Eſteem Men have for *Riches* proceed from *Self-love*, the Contempt and Scorn which ſome affect for wealthy People is always a Mark of *Envy*; and this very Envy is extreamly ſhameful and unworthy. In the bottom, the dependance of *Intereſt* is much more prevailing than that of *Envy*; and Men had rather voluntarily give Place to thoſe, from whom they expect ſome Benefit, than to ſpurn above 'em, and do, as it were, a forc'd Homage thro' a Diſpleaſure at the Proſperity of them, whom they envy.

Riches are to be eſtimated meerly by the good or bad Uſe Men make of 'em; as alſo Birth, Authority, and Dignities. All theſe things put Men in an Engagement to do good and laudable Actions. If you practice the Duties

Duties to which they engage you, they become Fountains and Cauſes of your Glory; if you tranſgreſs the Obligations they lay on you, they ſerve to no other purpoſe but to brand you with Infamy and Diſgrace.

They, who being arriv'd to ſome Degree of ſignal Proſperity, get Drunk with the Thoughts of their Grandeur, are not curious Artiſts in the Trade of Vain-glory; would not an apparent Moderation, which ſhould make a Shew as if they were above thoſe Things which elevate and raiſe 'em, gain 'em much more Honour, than this hair-brain'd Statelineſs, which gives People occaſion to think they are beneath their Fortune; ſince they ſo little underſtand how to manage and ſupport it? This is ſo much the more ſurprizing, as 'tis not the Fate of thoſe alone, who are not ſufficiently enlighten'd to know the Prejudice which this Conduct does 'em, to forget their own Condition: But alſo of thoſe who perfectly know this Truth. The reaſon is, Becauſe when Men are advanc'd to ſome Dignity or Preferment, they change, if I may ſo ſpeak, their inward Station, *Pride* mounting 'em to an higher Poſt than they were in before. In vain will *Reaſon* adviſe 'em to abide in their former Situation, and to affect for their Glory an Evenneſs of Temper, which may hinder 'em from taking notice of the Advancement of their Fortune: Men chooſing rather to

follow the Sentiments of the *Heart*, than the Lights of the *Mind*; it happens, that they inſenſibly forget the refin'd Intentions of their Vanity, and purſue the Career of their Inclination, to make the beſt Market of all their Advantages. They, whoſe *Grandeur* is of long ſtanding, or to whom the Splendor of a lofty Fortune was Hereditary, are not altogether ſo ſubject to thoſe Dazlings of *Vain-glory*; becauſe their Mind being long accuſtomed to look down upon others, from the Tallneſs of its *Station*, does not much concern it ſelf to render that Difference remarkable which cauſes their Diſtinction: But yet the common People are miſtaken in thinking, that theſe Perſonages are more humble and modeſt than others; they'd undoubtedly ſhew the very ſame Inſolence, were they in like manner apprehenſive, that Men did not ſufficiently remark their State and Elevation; their Courteouſneſs and Civility is owing to a confirm'd, and (as they think) inconteſtable Opinion of their Superiority. To be certify'd of this, you ſhall ſee thoſe very Perſons, which are ſo Affable and Modeſt to thoſe that are extreamly Below 'em, Haughty and Inſupportable towards thoſe who are almoſt their Equals; the Reaſon is undoubtedly this, That the Civilities they ſhew to thoſe, who are much their Inferiors, ſeem to 'em of no unlucky Conſequence; they are ſure their

their Civilities and Condeſcenſions won't be taken in a literal Senſe, and they may gain the Name of Courteouſneſs without blemiſhing their Rank: But the Caſe is not the ſame when they have to do with ſuch as may enter into a kind of Compariſon with 'em; as the Diſtance, that ſeparates 'em from theſe latter, is not very great, their *Pride* ſeeks to extend and enlarge it as much as lays in its Power, and puts 'em upon doing a Thouſand unreaſonable and unnatural Things, that they may cauſe all the World to take notice of that, which they are afraid is not ſufficiently remark'd.

There are certain Temporal Advantages, which we take for Sources of *Glory*, tho' in themſelves, and ſeparately from the Uſe Men make of 'em, they deſerve neither Eſteem, nor Commendation; but we muſt bring under this Head, That Man oftentimes values himſelf upon ſuch Qualities as render him ridiculous.

I don't only mean thoſe who affect ſuch Accompliſhments, as they are not really endow'd with, tho' 'tis this that properly makes thoſe we term ridiculous People, or Naturals: Men give this Quality to whom they pleaſe, and laugh at the Coſt of whom they think fit: It may be if there were an Order of reaſonable Creatures exempt from our Imperfections, they'd find the Ridiculouſneſs of Humane Nature to be greater than

we imagine. *Man* indeed, conſider'd in his natural Excellency, is aſſuredly a Work of *God*, moſt worthy of Admiration: But this is becauſe he's Admirable in one ſenſe, and Ridiculous in another. Is there any Thing, for Inſtance, more unſuitable to our natural *Dignity* than the Vanity which is diſplay'd in Luxury of Habits, and Superfluity of Cloaths; is it not a more Ridiculous thing than all that Men uſe to laugh and make ſport at, that Embroidery and Gilding ſhould be Ingredients in the *Formal Reaſon* of *Eſteem*, that a Man well Dreſs'd ſhould claim an Exemption from the Laſh of Men's Tongues more than another; that an immortal Soul ſhould give its Eſteem and Conſideration to Horſes, Equipages, Furnitures, Liveries, &c. and that we ſhould attribute that Glory to the Ornament of the *Body*, which is the moſt glittering Jewel of the *Soul*? *Cicero* reproaches it; he calls One who left off the Glory of his Profeſſion, to follow this ridiculous *Vanity*; *Virum in dicendis cauſis bene veſtitum*: But he need not have paſs'd this flouting Jeer only upon one Man, who follow'd the common Prejudice, but in general upon all Mankind, who may juſtly be reproach'd for being in ſo great want of Glory, that they are put to the ſhift to ſeek for it even in that, whoſe primitive Deſign was to ſerve for a covering of their Shame and Nakedneſs. The Art of Dance-

ing

ing, which ſome People ſeriouſly ſtudy, is a Quality that would render us Ridiculous, if conſider'd in that high and lofty Situation wherein we are plac'd by Nature and Religion. An immortal Soul Dancing and Capering, is an Object equally odious and ridiculous.

I know, indeed, this Ridiculouſneſs does not appear, becauſe 'tis too general. Men never laugh at themſelves, and conſequently they are not much affected by this univerſal Ridiculouſneſs, wherewith all, or at leaſt, the greateſt part of Mankind are liable to be charg'd: But their Prejudice does not change the Nature of Things, and the wide Diſagreement between their Actions, and their natural *Dignity*, is no leſs Real for being conceal'd from their Imagination.

But, what is more grievous, Men don't only value themſelves upon Qualities which would make 'em Ridiculous, could they but duely weigh and conſider 'em, but alſo ſeek to gain a Reputation by Crimes and Villanies.

We have ſaid before, that Men tye Reproach and Diſgrace to Unfortunate, but Eſteem and Credit to Succeſsful Crimes: Theft and Murther, which are Harbingers to the Gallows, are diſdain'd in a private Man, but in a *Potentate* the greateſt Robberies, and moſt notorious pieces of Injuſtice, which mount him to the Empire of the

World, are very well thought of.

Old *Rome* is a famous Example of this: In her Birth ſhe was a Colony of *Rogues* and High-way Men, who fled to her Sanctuary for an Impunity of their Crimes. Afterwards ſhe was a Re-publick of *Murderers*, who extended their Injuſtices, far and wide, over all the Earth: So long as theſe Villains make it their Buſineſs to rob and plunder Paſſengers, to baniſh Peace and Security, from a little Corner of the World, to enrich themſelves at other Men's Coſt, they have no very creditable Reputation, and indeed they don't ſo much as pretend to *Glory*: But no ſooner does a notable Proſperity put 'em in a Condition to rob whole Nations, and ſignalize their Fury and Injuſtice by dragging Princes and Sovereigns to their Triumphal *Chariots*, but they have no more to ſay of *Impunity*, they pretend to *Glory*; they don't only dare to juſtify, but alſo conſecrate their famous Robberies. They aſſemble, as it were, the whole *Univerſe* in the Pomp of their Triumphs, to expoſe to open View the ſucceſs of their Crimes. They open their Temples, as if they'd bring in *Heaven* it ſelf for an Accomplice of their Ravages and Fury.

Moreover, There are very many things which Men eſteem meerly as they relate to ſome or other of their Infirmities. *Pleaſure* many times makes 'em think Debauchery honour-

honourable; *Riches* are beholding to poor People's greedy Desires, for all the Consideration they have in the World. *Puissance* derives its Worth from a certain Power of doing what one list, which is the most dangerous Present that can be made to Men; *Honours* and *Dignities* draw their principal Lustre from our Ambition; and so it may truly be said, That our Depravation, and Irregularity, is the only Source of the Glory of most temporal Things.

CHAP. XVIII.

Where we continue to examine the Characters of Men's Vanity.

OUr *Vanity* is so palpable and manifest in all these Things, that we need not be at any trouble to find it out: For what a piece of Blindness is it, for a Man to value himself upon those Advantages, which don't go to make up the Merit of his Person; and upon such Things as render us ridiculous, by shewing the extream Disproportion betwixt what we are, and what we ought to be: Or lastly, upon criminal Things, and consequently those which are essentially Shameful and Unworthy?

But methinks one may, at first sight, make quite another Judgment of the Qualities of the

the *Soul*, which are reduc'd to intellectual Qualities, that belong to the *Underſtanding* and Virtues, that belong to the *Heart*, ſince the one and the other make up what we term, Perſonal Merit.

Yet if we look cloſely into the Matter we ſhould find, that this is far from being the Seat of ſuch real Sources of *Glory* as is commonly imagin'd. What if we grant the Philoſophers, who made choice of this ſort of Advantages, to raiſe themſelves Eſteem and Credit, that there's ſomething more pure in their pretended Glory, than in that which Fortune and the Prejudices of the World tye to external Goods, yet we ſhall not fail to convince 'em of *Vanity*, and perhaps in the bottom they will not appear more reaſonable than the reſt of Mankind.

The natural Qualities are, *Memory*, *Apprehenſion*, and *Judgment*; the acquir'd Qualities are Sciences or Arts: and in general, all experimental or ſpeculative Knowledge, which adorns our Mind, by inſtructing us in that which we knew not before, or which is uſeful to the purpoſes of Life.

Memory is not reckon'd to be very ſignificant in point of *Vain-glory*. Men don't pretend to build much Grounds of *Eſteem* upon this Faculty, which appears from this, That they think they may ſafely boaſt of having a good Memory without offending againſt Modeſty; and that they are not fear-

ful

ful of blemiſhing their Character, by owning that they have a bad One. 'Tis to be imputed to this Reaſon, That there being in *Man* Two Qualities: Inferior, which are ſerviceable to ſome higher; and Superior, which direct and rule the reſt: We naturally more eſteem the Superior and ruling Faculties, than the Inferior and inſtrumental, ſuch as *Memory* is, which ſerves only to furniſh the *Underſtanding* with Memoirs; and ſome ſay that there are various Apartments in the *Mind* of Man, and that when one Power is enlarg'd, another is contracted and leſſen'd; whence 'tis thought, That Want of *Memory* betokens *Wit* and *Judgment*. In general 'tis certain, That Men never own their Faults and Imperfections for any other reaſon, but meerly to acquire a piece of Glory by vertue of this Confeſſion, which they value much more than the Quality they acknowledge themſelves to want; or to appeaſe the *Pride* of others, by an apparent Humility, and oblige 'em by an artificious *Diſ-intereſtedneſs* to render 'em their Due.

Men are as diligent and concern'd in point of *Wit*, as they are neglectful and careleſs in point of *Memory*; this appears both by the Senſibility they expreſs, when they are upbraided with the Want of it, and by the delicate Pre-cautions, their *Modeſty* takes to ſhew that they are Witty, tho' they

they don't pretend to it. He that ſhould openly ſay, *I have a great deal of Wit*, would be inſupportable toMankind; yet this would be no more than what he commonly thinks: but 'tis requiſite he ſhould diſguiſe his Thoughts, and ſtrive to gain a Commendation, by ſeeming to turn his Back to it.

Men are undoubtedly very much beholding to this kind of *Vanity*, ſeeing they owe to it very many agreeable Productions, not to reckon the Pleaſure they take in the Converſation of thoſe Perſons who act or ſpeak by this Motive: But indeed ſometimes this Vanitybecomes troubleſome and unpleaſant.

Whence ariſes the Habit Men have of contradicting in Company, but from a ſecret Envy and Deſire to make the World think that themſelves are more Enlighten'd than others, and better underſtand the Things ſpoken of, or at leaſt from a ſtrong Perſwaſion they have of it themſelves? They oppoſe thoſe, who take an Aſcendant, and pretend to be Maſters in Converſation, more freely than others, becauſe thro' a Principle of Pride they can't away with the *Pride* of thoſe who would be thought to have taller Underſtandings than their Brethren. They more voluntarily contradict in a very great Company, where there are many Witneſſes of what is ſpoken, than when they are privately Diſcourſing with a ſingle Perſon, with whom they can't enter into a Conteſtation, be-

becauſe then the ſame Man would be Judge and Plaintiff both at once. It alſo happens, that Men contradict, tho' they have nothing Material to urge, for when themſelves can't ſhew any ſpecimen of *Wit*, they ſtrive at leaſt to oppoſe the Glory of thoſe, who ſeek to make an Appearance of it.

To the ſame Principle may be imputed that Liberty, which moſt Men take to blame the Conduct of their Superiours. In this there is undoubtedly both Injuſtice and Blindneſs: Injuſtice, becauſe they judge of what they neither do, nor can underſtand; it being impoſſible for private Perſons, that have not enter'd in the Councel of their Governours, to know, unleſs very imperfectly, the Reaſons of their Conduct: Of Blindneſs, becauſe 'tis commonly ſeen, that thoſe very Men, who ſet up for Judges, and Cenſurers of their Maſter's Actions, prove very great Bunglers, when they happen to be call'd to the like Employ; and how ſhould they be off of it, ſince they are uncapable to frame a right and exact Judgment, of what is before their Eyes? It being a grand Rule, among the common Sort, That Adverſity is a conſtant Token of Diſgrace; and Proſperity is a ſufficient Ground of Eſteem and Commendation.

Yet who is ignorant, that Men confound an unfortunate Ingenuity, with Ignorance; and a fortunate Ignorance obtains the Glory

of

of Ingenuity? Nay, I dare say, and boldly maintain, that few great Events are owing to Humane Prudence; 'tis the Concourse of Circumstances, that causes the Happiness and Success of grand Exploits: There be *Heroes* of Fortune, if I may so express my self, and those in a greater Number than Heroes of Merit.

But *Wit*, taken for that vivacity and sprightliness of Imagination, which makes us conceive things with Quickness, and express 'em with Facility and Ease, has a kind of Inconsistency with *Judgment*. It most frequently happens, that these impetuous ebullitions of Fancy embaras, instead of directing us: They are false Lights, which lead us into Precipices. *Wit*, to define it in a word, Is, in the Hand of the Passions, an Instrument of committing great Faults.

I don't say the same of *Judgment*, which is undoubtedly the most Estimable of all the intellectual Qualities. 'Tis certainly a mistake to attribute great Things and Actions to *Wit*: 'Tis not *Wit*, but *Judgment*, that governs States; disciplines Armies; excels in Trading; soars in the study of Arts and Sciences: But not to set two Qualities at Variance, which are in no wise opposite; *Wit* must be said to be the Perfection of *Judgment*, and *Judgment* reciprocally the Perfection of *Wit*, yet with this difference, That *Judgment* without *Wit* is Something; where-

whereas *Wit* without *Judgment*, is worſe than Nothing.

The reaſon of Men's general Miſtake is, becauſe they imagine upon a Vulgar Prejudice, that *Wit* is rarely found, and *Judgment* is very common; 'tis quite and clean the contrary. *Wit*, that imagines, invents, refines, and ſubtillizes, in every Thing is frequently met with; but *Judgment*, which compares, examines, weighs, conſiders the Connection and End of Things, determines not it ſelf but upon ſolid Reaſons, is the rareſt Thing in the World.

Moſt Men have a Portion of *Wit*, every Paſſion inſpires 'em with that, and even the Strength of Wine creates a Vivacity; but there's ſcarcely a Man upon Earth, who wants not Judgment; ſince there's rarely One, that makes a juſt Diſcernment of what is truly Advantagious to him, from what is of little or no Concernment.

As in the World, *Vivacity* makes Hair-brains, and *Judgment* Perſons truly Ingenious. We need not wonder, to ſee in *Religion*, that *Good-ſenſe* believes, and *Wit* is incredulous; 'tis becauſe the later determines it ſelf, upon the leaſt Appearances, without any Attention; whereas Judgment compares, and examines all things before 'tis determin'd.

In vain have the *Learned* endeavour'd, to raiſe a Veneration of *Learning*, thro' an In-

Intereſt of making that Reſpected, which cauſes their Diſtinction in the World: It may be, by attracting the vain Approbation of the *Vulgars*, they have found out the Secret of ſatisfying Themſelves; if ſo, then Learning it ſelf ſtands in need of the Succour of *Vanity*: For pray, of what Advantage is moſt of our Knowledge, to One that is made for Eternity? What does Humane Learning teach us? Words, Etymologies, Dates, Facts, which are of no concern to us, and ſerve to no other purpoſe but to ſhew, that we know 'em; vain Queſtions, either ridiculous or dangerous; endleſs Speculations; a multitude of Fictions and Falſities, and ſcarcely any Thing that's profitable to us, or capable of nouriſhing our Soul. Moreover, How came the greateſt part of Men to know theſe Things, in ſo troubled and confuſed a manner, that their pretended Knowledge, ſerves but meerly to throw them into Errors? To have confuſed Notions, and a great deal of Vanity, is the ready way to perpetual Miſtakes; and 'tis certain, that the ordinary Learning implies the one, and the other: For 'tis impoſſible to make a Diſtinction of thoſe various Ideas and Kinds of Knowledge, which Men heap together in ſo great a Number; and it commonly happens, that they are mightily puft up, with the Attainment of this *tenebrous Booty*; as if a Man had any grounds to think him-

himſelf Happy, for acquiring new Prejudices and Errors; and as if a confuſed heap of Knowledge, which hinders the Exactneſs and Rectitude of the Mind, was more valuable than clear and diſtinct Notions, which produce a quite contrary Effect. In this they may take an Advantage of the Errors of the Vulgars, who uſe to confound theſe Things; but they'll never impoſe upon Perſons truly ingenious and enlighten'd, nor will they have much reaſon to be ſatisfy'd with themſelves; even thoſe, who have a clear and perfect Knowledge of what they pretend to know, who join natural *Qualities* to acquir'd, who are accuſtom'd, by the exactneſs of diligent Meditation and Attention, to refine and purify that Knowledge, which by its confuſion embroils and puzzles the Brain of other Men; don't in the main reap any other Fruit of their Studies, than to know how limited and finite Man's Knowledge is; they find themſelves every way ſurrounded with impenetrable Depths, can't move a Step without finding a Difficulty: Their diſtinct Knowledge is but ſmall and inconſiderable, and all that little is, as it were, Bury'd in almoſt an infinite Number of Prejudices and Errors, from which 'tis to be ſeparated and ſifted; and which is a yet greater Miſery, tho' Knowledge of this Character may enlighten the *Mind* more than any other, yet we don't

ſee

ſee that 'tis a whit more inſervient, at leaſt for the generality, to the Satisfaction of the *Heart*. *There are ſome,* ſays an Ancient, *who Know meerly to Know; this is the Effect of an unprofitable Curioſity: Some obtain Knowledge in order to obtain Honours or Riches; this is the Effect of a ſhameful Traffick: Laſtly, There be ſome who Know, that they may make a great ſhow of their Knowledge; this is the Effect of a ſwelling Vanity.*

In fine it may be ſaid, that the ordinary *Knowledge* is unprofitable in *Nature;* dangerous very often in *Society;* pernicious in the *Heart*, and moſt commonly mortal in *Religion*. 'Tis unprofitable and uſeleſs in *Nature;* you may reaſon long enough about the Cauſe of Storms and Diſeaſes, but can't avoid the Inſults of either. 'Tis often dangerous in *Society*, for there it ſtirs up Troubles and Diſorders; hence *Auguſtus* in the Model of *Politicks*, which he left to his Succeſſors, would have *Philoſophers* baniſht the Common-wealth, becauſe the Infatuation of their pretended *Wiſdome*, was wont to make them deſpiſe *Authority*. 'Tis dangerous in the *Heart*, ſeeing it moſt commonly coſts us our Humility: And mortal in *Religion*, becauſe it ſets up it ſelf for a Judge of *Revelation;* and would have us apprehend that of our Selves, which *Faith* credits meerly upon Divine Teſtimony.

The

The *Incredulous* do mightily Triumph and Inſult in this, That 'tis rarely ſeen, that Men of very great and eminent Learning, have the ſame Belief with the common ſort of People, as to the Myſteries of *Religion*. Let 'em not miſtake themſelves, the Objection is not of ſuch Force as they imagine: For a Learned Man, to define him exactly, is but a Man perplext with more Prejudices than others; and with Prejudices ſo much more dangerous, as he is ſet at a farther diſtance from the Knowledge of 'em, by the Preventions of his *Pride*. His great Reading ſerves to furniſh him with Materials for his Errors, by ſupplying him with indiſtinct Notions; and his great *Vanity* gives 'em a Form, by putting confus'd Ideas in the place of diſtinct, and changing his leaſt Conjectures into ſo many Demonſtrations.

'Tis the Property of none, but the *Immortal Man*, to rid the ordinary Knowledge of all theſe Defects: For by employing it in the Views of *Eternity*, he may be ſaid to Conſecrate the leaſt Degree of Knowledge, in directing it to ſo noble an End; the Moderation, in the Motions of his *Heart*, leaves a clear Diſtinction in his Ideas; he does not promiſcuouſly keep up all Kinds of Knowledge, but ſelects and picks it; he makes not Merchandize of that, for the Intereſt of *Time*, which may be ſerviceable to the purpoſe

poſe of *Eternity;* his Heart is not impoſthumated and puffed up with *Learning*, but *Learning* derives its whole Perfection, from the relation it has to the lofty Views, and Motions of his *Heart;* his Light, inſtead of diſturbing Society, procures the Good and Peace of it, by the Proſpect of that Eternal Converſation we ought to have with God: And laſtly, He places not the Honour, and Perfection of his Mind, in an Independance, which mounting him above the *Revelation* of God, ſubjects and pulls him down to the Prejudices of Men, or the Illuſions of his own Vanity; but he thinks his Knowledge ſufficient, when he knows what it pleaſed God to teach him for his Good.

'Twould now remain, that we value our ſelves upon Humane Vertues; as Courage, Intrepidneſs, Fortitude, Liberality, Magnanimity; but this would but betray our Ignorance of Man's *Heart*, to take them for real Sources of *Glory*. We won't ſay, that they always proceed from an Exceſs of our *Corruption*, neither will we ſet 'em up for true Sources of *Eſteem*.

For pray, What is Vertue taken in this Sence? 'Tis a Sacrifice of the inferiour Paſſions to the ſuperiour; 'tis to offer up One's other Affections as Victims to *Pride*, and the love of *Glory*.

Libera-

Liberality is nothing elſe, as we before obſerv'd, but a Traffick of *Self-love*, which prefers the Glory of giving, before what it gives. *Conſtancy* is but meerly a vain Oſtentation of the Strength of One's Soul, and a Deſire to ſeem above the reach of Adverſity. *Intrepidneſs* is but an Art of hiding One's Fear, or of putting off a natural Infirmity. *Magnanimity* is only a Deſire to make an outward Show, of great and elevated Thoughts.

Love of One's Country, which made the nobleſt Character of the Ancient *Heroes*, was but a ſecret and by-road, their *Self-love* took, to arrive to Conſideration, Glory and Dignities; and ſometimes 'twas only Ambition, diſguiſed under noble and venerable Names. *Cicero*'s Revenge, *Auguſtus*'s Ambition, *Lucullus*'s Intereſt, would not have been very well taken by the *Romans*, had they appear'd in their true and native ſhape; they were oblig'd to cover 'em with this Pretext, *The Love of their Country*. There have alſo been Caſes, wherein Men having ſome confus'd Sentiment of their Perfections, and ſeeking for natural Grandeur, left no Stone unturn'd, to give their Actions and Conduct ſuch an End, as was worthy of what they conceiv'd of their Excellency; but wanting good Direction, they diverted to falſe Objects. *Brutus* commends Vertue, and afterwards repents of it. *Cato* ſacrifices

to

to his *Country*, and conſiders not, that under the ſpecious Name of the *Country*, he adores, he works for a Company of Robbers and Uſurpers; and tho' a confus'd Idea of the *Publick* ſeem ſo Glorious, a diſtinct ought to cover him with Shame and Confuſion.

In a word, there's a Falſhood in *Humane Vertues*, which is obvious to all the World, and hinders us from ſetting a Value upon 'em, without a groſs Extravagance. Is there any more Sincerity in the Injuſtice of thoſe other *Heroes*, who became Ennobled by Crimes and Villanies, and Renown'd by their injurious Exploits? They Sacrifice their Lives and Fortunes, as if all were their own; *Alexander* is a lively Inſtance of this Diſorder: One would gueſs, from the furious Conduct of this *Prince*, that all Things were made for his Pleaſure and Glory; and that Mankind was good for nothing elſe, but to ſerve his Deſire. He Burns *Cities*, Ravages *Provinces*, Reverſes *Thrones*, makes other *Powers* the Play-game of his own, as if the Nations of the Earth were but Duſt and Worms in his Sight. Is it tolerable, that a Man ſhould make ſuch Sacrifices to himſelf, as he would dread to Offer to the greateſt of his Gods?

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Two laſt Characters of Pride, *which are Ambition, and the Contempt of the World.*

THE exceſſive Love of *Eſteem* produces another Irregularity, which is *Ambition*, becauſe our too violent Ardour, to make our ſelves Conſiderable in the World, cauſes us to aſpire at all that may render us eminent, and great upon the *Theatre* of Humane *Life:* Whilſt we are confounded with the common Rabble, others are equally reſpected by the *Publick;* if we would draw Attention, and a peculiar Deference, we muſt depart from their Company. *Superiority* challenges the Preferences of *Conſideration* and *Eſteem*, and for this reaſon we are ambitious of attaining it.

Every One ſtrives to excel in his Profeſſion, be it never ſo mean; and that, not becauſe he loves the Excellency of his Art, for its own ſake; but becauſe he would become more Famous and Conſiderable than others: They that expoſe themſelves to War, are not in love with the Dangers, but the diſtinguiſht *Glory*.

But leſt the Diſtinction, which proceeds from Merit and great Actions, may p. ſſibly

ly hid, be ſubject to Conteſtation, or not expos'd to general View, our *Heart* ambitiouſly covets another kind of Elevation, which is Inconteſtable, and acknowledg'd by all Men; namely, *Grandeur*, *Dignities*, and *Power*, aswe before obſerv'd.

The Fancy of *Self-love* is particularly tickl'd, when it ſees thoſe, whom it fear'd as Rivals in the Field of *Vain-glory*, court and crouch under its *Superiority*: 'Tis charm'd,and mightily taken with the Power that brings them under it; and loves them ſo much the more, as it leſs fears the Obſtacle of their Competition. But the ſame Sentiment of *Pride*, which excites us to love thoſe, that are ſubject to our Empire, ſo much tempts them to abhor the Neceſſity, which puts 'em in a ſtate of Dependance, that no leſs than an heroick and eminent Vertue, on our ſide, can force them to hide their Malignity.

Laſtly, The ſame Reaſon that makes us endeavour to mount our ſelves to a diſtinguiſht Rank, that we may no longer ly in the Obſcurity and Confuſion, which hinder us from being Remarkt in the World, inſpires us with that Inclination we have to deſpiſe and contemn our Neighbour: We are not contented to ſtand on Tip-toe,to ſeem Taller than other Men; but muſt alſo endeavour to Trip up their Heels,and throw 'em down, that we may ſeem Greater by their Fall and Debaſement.

The

The Pleaſure we take in *Satyr*, and *Comedy*, is not only to be imputed to our Spite and Malignity, but alſo to our *Pride*. 'Tis *Nuts* to us to ſee other Men diſgrac'd and pull'd down; eſpecially thoſe Perſons, who hereby become uncapable of being our Rivals in the Suit of *Vain-glory*; we take a particular Delight to ſee theſe Ridicule'd, becauſe this Debaſement ſeems greateſt and moſt incurable of all, Men being aſham'd to make thoſe the Objects of their *Eſteem*, whom before they derided and reproacht.

How comes it to paſs that Men, who never Laugh to ſee a Stone, or a Horſe fall down, can hardly forbear it when they ſee a Man fall; ſince the One is undoubtedly in it ſelf no more Ridiculous than the Other? 'Tis becauſe our Heart is not at all concern'd, or intereſted in the Fall of a *Beaſt*; whereas we are ſo much intereſted in the Fall and Debaſement of other Men, that even the Image of it delights and pleaſes us: Men think their Laughing is always innocent, and indeed 'tis always criminal and blamable.

This ſame Propenſity inſpires us with the *Contempt* of our Neighbour, which is term'd Inſolence, Haughtineſs, or Arrogance; according as 'tis Converſant about *Superiours*, *Inferiours*, or *Equals*. We are eager to Debaſe thoſe who were beneath us before, thinking we ſhall riſe higher, pro-

portionably, as they fall lower; or to diſparage and injure our *Equals*, that they may no longer be at the ſame Level with us; or to ſlight and undervalue our Superiours, becauſe the Luſtre of their *Grandeur* extinguiſhes ours: Herein our *Pride* viſibly betrays it ſelf; for if others are an Object of our *Contempt*, why ſhould we ambitiouſly covet their Eſteem? Or, if their Eſteem be ſo much worth, as to deſerve the moſt paſſionate Deſire of our Souls, how can we deſpiſe 'em? Is it not becauſe the Contempt of our Neighbour, is rather affected, than real? We behold his Grandeur and Excellency, ſeeing his *Eſteem* appears to us ſo Valuable; but we uſe our utmoſt Efforts to hide and conceal it, thinking we ſhall ſeem to ſpin our Honour out of our own Bowels.

Hence ariſe Slanders, Calumnies, Ironical Praiſes, Satyr, Malignity and Envy: Indeed we are very careful to conceal this latter, becauſe 'tis a forc'd Confeſſion, we make of the Merit or Happineſs of others, and an Homage we do 'em by a kind of Conſtraint and Violence.

Of all the Sentiments of *Pride*, *Contempt of our Neighbour* is the moſt dangerous; becauſe this directly oppoſes the Good of *Society*, which is the End, whereunto the Love of Eſteem, by the Intention of Nature, ought to tend; and alſo renders Men moſt odious, and deteſtable in the Eyes of the World.

When

When we ſee two Fellows, one whereof makes an outward ſhew of Vanity and Preſumption; the other ſwears he can't endure this Pride of all things in the World, we may boldly conclude that the latter is more dangerouſly tainted with this Fault than the former; 'tis meerly his own Pride that gives him an Idea of the Pride of others; and 'tis a leſs criminal Effect of Pride, to preſume too much upon *One-ſelf*, than to degrade one's *Neighbour*.

Preſumption and *Confidence* are a kind of Drunkenneſs in the Soul; but *Hatred*, *Envy*, *Malignity*, are a down-right Fury and Madneſs.

Envy is an implacable Sentiment, you may ſilence and ſtop its Mouth, by Benefits and Kindneſs, but you'll never bend, or alter its Courſe; 'twill laſt as long as your Merit: It may pardon the laſt Affronts and Abuſes you offer'd, or Time at leaſt, will blot out the Remembrance of 'em; but 'twill never excuſe your Deſert and Accompliſhments.

Envy and *Flattery* are two very oppoſite Faults: The former makes a ſhew of an apparent *Contempt*, tho' it ſecretly carry a real *Eſteem*; for *Envy*, in the bottome, is an honouring Sentiment; it tends to nothing but what it Eſteems; it lives and dies with Merit and Deſert: whereas *Flattery* cloaks a moſt real *Contempt*, under the Mask of an apparent *Eſteem*, ſince it ariſes meerly

from a ſuppoſition of his Infirmity and Weakneſs, who is the Object of it: And it may be ſaid, that ſome Satyrs are very Commending, and ſome Panegyricks moſt highly Abuſive. *Alexander*, intoxicated with the Fumes of his Vanity, ſees not, that the *Macedonian* Strength and Vigour gains him more Honour, than the Idolatry of the *Perſians*; yet he's much oblig'd to his Friends, if they won't ridicule and make ſport at him.

'Tis eaſy to judge, from what we have ſaid upon this Subject, how odious a Fault *Pride* is; for all its Irregularities are moſt criminal and ſinful. The exceſſive Love of *Eſteem* makes us reverſe the very Courſe of Nature, by changing the *End*, into the *Means*; and the Means into the End: For ſince the Love of *Eſteem*, as well as of *Pleaſure*, is only a Means, which God imploy'd to ſteer us to Vertue, and the Good of Society, is it not repugnant to the Rules of Nature, for Men to act as if they were born for no other End, but meerly to be honoured and eſteem'd? *Preſumption* caſts a Miſt before our Eyes, that we may not diſcern what is truly Eſtimable in us; it being certain, that what we are, is infinitely beyond what we think we are; and that our real Perfections, much better deſerve the Attention of our Soul, than thoſe imaginary Qualities we falſly boaſt of.

The

The Vanity, which applies it ſelf to falſe Sources of Glory, makes us loſe the ſight of the true and ſolid Foundations of Honour; which are Piety, and the Fear of God. The Contempt of our Neighbour neceſſarily reflects upon our ſelves, ſeeing we are not very different from *Beaſts*, if we truly differ ſo much from other *Men*; and the Diſtinctions of *Pride*, deſtroy all the Ideas of our natural *Excellency*.

But beſides all theſe, there's a more latent and hidden Fault in *Pride*, which exceeds all the reſt; for it makes us Uſurp the *Glory* of God himſelf. Our Perfections are Talents, wherewith God intruſted us, to the end we might improve 'em; the Profit reſulting from 'em is the Glory, which ought to be aſcrib'd to him, as being a Rivulet of his own immenſe Goodneſs: But this unjuſt and ſacrilegious Pride, which robs and pillages all it meets with, has no more Reſpect to Divine, than Humane *Rights*: All the Reverence it has for God is, That it dares not confeſs the Injuries and Wrongs it hath done him; and, that 'tis tormented with ſo great Horrour for its Sacrileges, that 'tis afraid to ſhew 'em in open View, or bring in *Reaſon* for its Accomplice and Confederate.

It may be gather'd, from what we have here ſaid, that *Pride*, as well as *Corruption*, in general, is almoſt equal, and the ſame in all

all Men: In ſome it does not ſhew it ſelf ſo manifeſt as in others. All are not alike ſollicitous and thoughtful to raiſe themſelves Eſteem and Reputation; becauſe Poverty impoſes upon many Men more preſſing Occupations; but all have undoubtedly the ſame Inclination to *Eſteem*. This Diſpoſition may indeed ly hid, and the Sentiment of it be ſuſpended; but yet, abſolutely ſpeaking, 'tis alike in all Mankind; or rather, there is no difference, but what is made by *Grace*. Some perhaps will make a greater Appearance of Preſumption than others; but there's no leſs *Pride* in Timidity, and thoſe punctilious Umbrages of One, who is continually afraid, that either himſelf or others, will blemiſh his Character, than in open Preſumption.

Some Men ſeem civil and good-natur'd to others; but yet they look to take the upper hand in the way to Glory: Outward Civility being, to ſpeak the plain Truth, nothing but an apparent Preference we make of our ſelves before all the World.

Again, there be ſome who are Maſters of themſelves, when commended; but not, when they are blam'd. Modeſty holds out againſt the Impreſſions of Flattery, but is diſturb'd, and out of Tune, at the Inſults of Abuſe. Pride makes it ſelf Miſtreſs of its Joy and Satisfaction, but can't command its Grief and Reſentment. Laſtly, There are

ſome

ſome, who ſeem elevated above the reach of of *Eſteem*, and make as if they are troubled at being careſs'd with publick Approbation; but ſearch deeply into the Motives of this Philoſophical Grief, and you'll find that Pride has a very great Hand in 'em. One puffed up with an Opinion of his Merit, thinks many times that Men don't render him his Due: Till all Mankind fall down to him on their Marrow-bones, he'll not leave his ill Humour; and if he be not Ador'd, you'll ſee him a *Myſanthropiſt*.

Hence, in the laſt place, it appears, that *Pride* lives by the Errour of other Men, and the Illuſions it puts upon it ſelf: It has eſtabliſh'd, I know not what, falſe Maxims in the World, upon which all Men reaſon as upon true and ſolid Principles; by Vertue whereof it endeavours to promote, and put forward its Pretenſions. Let no Man fancy, that theſe Prejudices can be deſtroyed by oppoſing 'em directly with *Reaſon*; Men hold faſt theſe Errours, maugre the Dictates of their Judgment, which tell 'em how Irrational they are, becauſe they proceed from the Diſpoſition of the *Heart*. The ready way to be cur'd, of theſe Cheats, is to moderate the exceſſive Love of *Eſteem*, which reigns in our Heart; and there's no other Means of deſtroying this latter, but by turning the Bent of our *Soul* towards the eternal and infinite *Good*, which is GOD, the

the only Source of our *Happineſs* and *Glory*.

This is the Summ of the Reflections I had to make at preſent, upon our moſt general Inclinations, and Irregularities; waiting till I make more particular Diſcoveries in the Knowledge of the *Heart*, which is ſo excellent, ſo important, and ſo worthy our Study and Application. May God, by his *Grace*, Bleſs thoſe I have made in this *Writing*; and make them Succeed to his Glory, and my Eternal Salvation. *Amen.*

FINIS.